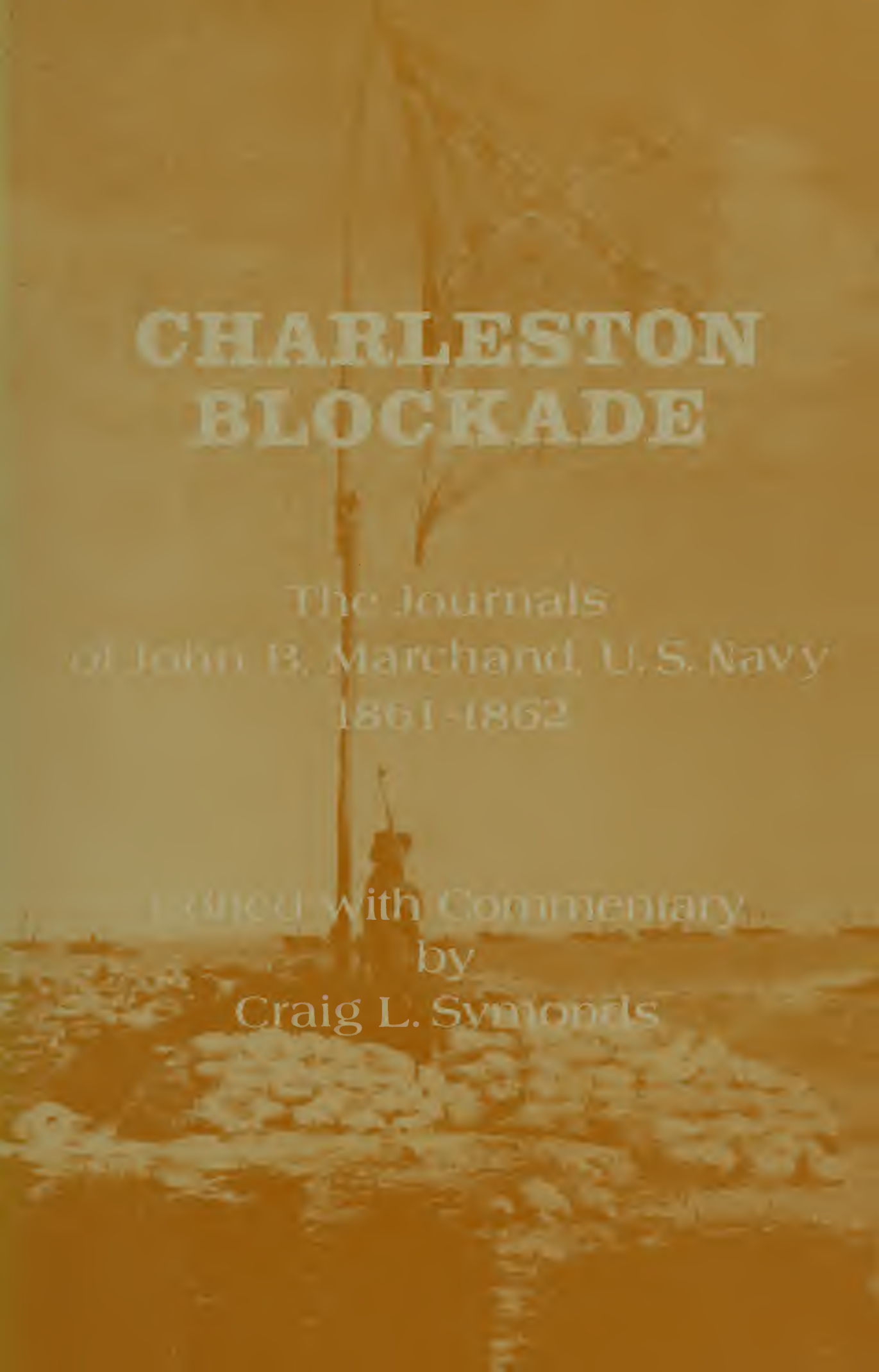

CHARLESTON BLOCKADE

The Journals of John B. Marchand, U.S. Navy 1861-1862

Edited with Commentary by

Craig L. Symonds

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of John B. Marchand, U. S. Navy
1861-1862

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by
Craig L. Symonds

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PREFACE

Students of the American Civil War, whose ranks are legion, have paid vigorous attention to the many facets of the Union blockade of the Southern Confederacy. Questions of its strategic and economic impact are frequently debated, as are the important problems of logistics and diplomacy. Relatively little attention, however, has been paid to the participants themselves. The men who served on the blockading ships of the U.S. Navy performed the most tedious, if not the most perilous, task of the war. This volume is about one of them: Comdr. John Bonnet Marchand, USN.

In these edited selections from Marchand's sea journals, I have tried to allow him to speak for himself in the hope of preserving the freshness of his own narrative. For the reader's convenience, however, I have corrected Marchand's spelling, punctuation, and occasionally his syntax. In some cases I have broken unmanageable sentences into smaller, more concise units, and, in the interest of clarity, I have paragraphed long entries. Rather than use *"sic,"* which has always distracted me in my own reading experience, I have either corrected the error myself or, when it appeared to be intentional, simply allowed it to stand without editorial comment. Abbreviations were spelled out. "Lieut. Comdg." has been translated throughout as "Lieutenant Commander" even though that rank was not officially established until 16 July 1862.

I gratefully acknowledge the valuable assistance I received in the preparation of the Marchand journals for publication. The very existence of the journals was first brought to my attention by Rear Adm. John D. Hayes, USN (Ret.), and Mr. Anthony S. Nicolosi, Curator of the Naval War College Naval Historical Collection. I am indebted to Professor Richard Megargee and my colleagues in the Strategy Department at the Naval War College; John Hattendorf of Pembroke College, Oxford; and Russell Weigley of Temple University for their invaluable comments and suggestions on the text of the manuscript. Mrs. Ruth Saurette not only typed the entire manuscript more than once, but saved me from many embarrassing errors. Mr. Chris Tomer of the Mahan

Library staff assisted me in locating research materials. My fondest thanks go to my wife Marylou for her patience as well as her invaluable assistance. Finally, my thanks are due the Naval War College where the work was done and the Naval War College Foundation which sponsored this project and made publication possible.

Craig Symonds
Newport, Rhode Island
September 1974

INTRODUCTION

This, in his own words, is the story of Comdr. John Bonnet Marchand, a story derived from his private sea journal and numerous official letters. The self-portrait which emerges is that of a serious man, piously religious, conscientious, dedicated, and competent. Yet, for all his dedication and competence, he was not a hero. His was not the stuff of heroes. He had an average intellect, an unprepossessing appearance, and normal human ambitions and weaknesses. If he were unique at all, it was in his own unforgiving sense of personal responsibility. Though he fulfilled a thankless task—maintaining the lonely vigil of blockade—he never complained except to chastise himself in his journal for his own unworthiness. When an illicit vessel succeeded in slipping through the blockade despite his watchfulness, it became the source of much self-recrimination.

Blockade duty in the Civil War was an assignment which Flag Officer Samuel F. Du Pont described as "the most onerous service in the world."[1] Like dozens of other officers in the blockading squadrons, Marchand served for months on end without setting foot on land. He drove himself relentlessly, often going without rest or food in his pursuit of duty. He was not a hero, but he was typical of hundreds of other professional officers who were also nonheroes. He did his job to the best of his ability, and one could hardly ask for more.

John Marchand was born in Greensburg, Pa., on 27 August 1808 and his childhood recollections of the war against Britain in 1812-1815 perhaps led to his lifelong animosity for the British. When he was not yet 20 years old, he accepted an appointment as a midshipman in the U.S. Navy, beginning a career that spanned nearly a half century. In the course of that career, Marchand served in three oceans and fought in two wars—against the Seminole Indians in 1841-42 and in the war against Mexico, 1847-48. The outbreak of the Civil War in April 1861 provided an eager Marchand yet another opportunity to serve his country. As

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[1] Du Pont to Benjamin Gerhard, Port Royal, 27 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers*, II, 75.

captain of the U.S.S. *James Adger* and senior officer of the blockading squadron off Charleston, he had ample opportunity to exercise his judgment on questions of strategy and diplomacy, though his greatest concern was reserved for the blockade itself. For him, and for all other saltwater officers of the U.S. Navy, the blockade was the very embodiment of the Civil War.

The decision to impose a naval blockade on the Southern Confederacy was among the first strategic decisions made by the North in the Civil War. It was originally proposed by Gen. Winfield Scott, the 75-year-old head of the Army, who saw it as one part of a grand scheme for ending the rebellion. Blockade their ports, he said, maintain a steady military pressure on their armies in northern Virginia, and send a strong force down the length of the Mississippi to divide the Confederacy in half. The rebellious states would thus be weakened economically and Southern leaders might even come to recognize the extent of their dependence on the North and rejoin the Union. Such a plan, although strategically sound, was far too conservative for impatient Union Congressmen and newspaper editors. They derisively dubbed it the "Anaconda Plan" after the South American reptile which slowly strangled its victims, and they insisted upon a more aggressive strategy for defeating the South. Pressure from such men soon forced General Scott into retirement, but his scheme remained the foundation around which Union plans were made.

On 19 April in his first formal proclamation after calling for volunteers to defend the Union, President Lincoln declared the seceded states to be under blockade.[2] Several concerned members of the Government objected to the use of the term "blockade." Senator Charles Sumner, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, felt that Lincoln's declaration implied Government recognition of the Confederates as belligerents. A solution to this dilemma was sought in the statutes for the regulation of trade. The interdiction of commerce in the Southern ports, said Navy Secretary Gideon Welles, was a "domestic municipal duty" made necessary by the fact that Federal duties could not be collected at those places. While this interpretation allowed the Government to maintain its claim of the indissolubility of the Union, it made

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[2]This first proclamation was directed only against those nine states which had seceded to date. On 27 April another proclamation extended the blockade to the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina, which seceded only after the initiation of hostilities. *Lincoln Papers*, IV, 338-9, 346-7.

enforcement of a blockade an activity of questionable legality. For example, the mere closing of ports did not justify the search and seizure of ships bound for those ports even though they might be loaded to the gunwales with contraband. Eventually the Government had to accept the name as well as the fact of blockade.[3]

The goal of the blockade was twofold: to prevent the shipment of war material to the Southern States, but also to isolate the Confederacy diplomatically.[4] For President Lincoln and his Cabinet there was no threat which contained greater potential for disaster than the possibility of European intervention in the war. Lincoln never forgot that the intervention of France had profoundly affected the course of the American Revolution, fourscore years before, and Confederate politicians were fond of claiming that the British would have to enter the war sooner or later because of their dependence on Southern cotton in the textile mills.

But the decision to impose a naval blockade, once taken, proved difficult to enforce. The Confederacy possessed over 3,500 miles of coastline from Alexandria, Va., to Brownsville, Tex., a coastline pierced by 189 harbors, inlets, and navigable rivers. To blockade this coast, the U.S. Navy possessed 90 warships, only 42 of which were in commission at the time of the proclamation, and only 8 of which were in home waters. The enormity of the Navy's assignment was obvious.

Euorpean observers scoffed at the effrontery of the blockade declaration. They pointed out in newspaper editorials that, according to international law, no blockade need be respected by a neutral power unless it were proven to be effective—that is, unless there was a naval force physically present offshore to prevent entry. The United States had insisted on the rule of "effectiveness" during the Napoleonic wars a half century before, and it was certain that Britain would hold the United States to the same strict standard. In his proclamation, Lincoln had declared that a

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[3] Donald, *Charles Sumner and the Rights of Man,* 19; Soley, *The Blockade and the Cruisers,* 29; Van Deusen, *William Henry Seward,* 300. Secretary of State Seward held that the blockade was not at all an admission of belligerency status, but was only a more effective means of enforcing municipal laws.

[4] Other writers have claimed that in addition to stopping the import of munitions, the goal of the blockade was to prevent the export of cotton. (See, for example, Soley, *op. cit.,* 45.) But this was, if anything, a secondary consideration. In fact, the Confederate government soon embargoed its own cotton in hopes of pressuring Great Britain into intervening in the conflict.

"competent force will be posted so as to prevent entrance and exit of vessels from the ports aforesaid."[5] But obviously this could not be accomplished with only eight warships. In the summer of 1861, therefore, the Navy began a dramatic program of expansion. Ships were purchased, armed, and commissioned, sometimes in a matter of weeks. In 4 months the number of commissioned ships had doubled, and, at the end of 10 months, the U.S. Navy had increased more than sixfold.[6]

To manage this newly created armada, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles convened a board of naval officers which, for lack of a better title, became known as the Strategy Board. It was headed by Capt. Samuel Francis Du Pont, a naval officer who had led a colorful and at times controversial career, but whose expertise was unquestioned. In July his committee submitted three formal reports to the Secretary recommending, first, the division of the coastline into separate theaters of command (the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, East Gulf, and West Gulf squadrons), and second, that in each command theater a naval base be wrested from the enemy to serve as a headquarters for the blockading fleets. The advantages of possessing such bases were obvious. "It will rarely be necessary for the blockading vessels to leave the coast on account of stress of weather," wrote the committee. "Though they may be driven from before the ports for a time, it will be easy for them to resume their stations when the storm has subsided." Furthermore, seizure of these points would not only provide a friendly haven for Union ships on blockade duty, it would be a dramatic demonstration to the Governments of England and France of the ability of the U.S. Navy to control its own coastline. "You are better aware than ourselves," wrote the committee, "of the favorable manner in which our foreign political relations would be affected" by such seizures.[7] Secretary Welles was convinced. But recognizing the advantages was one thing, actual possession quite another.

As the principal author of these suggestions, Du Pont was tabbed by the Department to carry them out. He declined an offer to command the entire Atlantic Fleet but accepted the post of

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[5] *Lincoln Papers*, IV, 339.

[6] There were 82 vessels in commission on 4 July 1861; by December there were 264. There were 427 in December 1862; 588 in December 1863; and 671 in December 1864. Of the latter number, 418 were converted merchantmen.

[7] Du Pont, et al. to Welles, Washington, 26 July 1861. O.R.N., XII, 202.

commander of the South Atlantic Squadron with the rank of commodore. On 3 August 1861, Du Pont received orders to proceed with his planned "invasion and occupation of the seacoasts of the states in rebellion."[8] But in August of 1861, Du Pont was still struggling to scrape together enough ships to comprise a fleet and enough young men to crew them. While several dozen erstwhile merchant ships underwent conversion at the New York Navy Yard, thousands of young sailors and would-be sailors flocked to enlist, some out of patriotism, some encouraged by recent pay increases voted by an anxious Congress, and some who hoped to avoid service in the Army where the chances of personal injury were much greater, but who were too conscious of the disapproval of their townspeople to simply stay at home.

To officer this rapidly expanding squadron, the Navy offered generous monetary incentives to merchant captains, tug masters, and even ferryboat skippers. Many such men accepted commissions as Volunteer Lieutenants or Acting Masters (ensigns) for the duration of the war. But the more senior ranks would have to be filled by experienced naval officers. For many veterans, the outbreak of war meant a release from the monotonous peacetime routine of inspection and daily reports. It meant being posted to command, a chance for active duty and promotion. If the expanded wartime fleet required an expanded officer corps, those with many years of dedicated service could rightfully expect to be elevated to positions of increased responsibility. One man with such expectations was Comdr. John Bonnet Marchand.

[8] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 3 August 1861. *Ibid.*, 207.

John B. Marchand

Steedman Papers

CHAPTER I

"CHARGED WITH . . . IMPORTANT SERVICE"
7 September–9 October 1861

In April of 1861, when the Civil War began, Comdr. John B. Marchand was a lighthouse inspector for the Eleventh Naval District. After more than 20 years at sea, he found his duty in Detroit repetitive and tiresome. Upon learning of the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter and President Lincoln's subsequent call for volunteers, he began to write letters to Gideon Welles, the new Secretary of the Navy, requesting "active service."[1] Finally on 7 September 1861 he received the orders he had hoped for. He was to report to the New York Navy Yard and take command of the U.S.S. *James Adger*. That night Marchand wrote again to the Secretary acknowledging receipt of his orders and claiming that he would leave "immediately."[2]

Journal entry: New York Navy Yard, Friday, September 20, 1861.

Being unable to leave Detroit that evening, and no conveyance available on the next day, Sunday, on Monday the 9th of September I turned over the official duties to my Clerk Nathaniel Thorne. The same evening [I] started from Detroit, left the family in Baltimore on the 11th, and continued on, reported for the command of the *James Adger* at the New York Navy Yard on the 12th.

She appeared a staunch side-wheel Steamer of 1152 tons with a draft of about 14 feet. The armament is broadside: 32 pounders of 42 cent[imeters] and a . . . gun known as [a] Parrott; [there is also a] Rifled gun on the Forecastle

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[1] Marchand to Welles, Detroit, 4 May 1861. *Marchand Papers.* Writing directly to the Secretary of the Navy was proper procedure in the 1860's.

[2] Marchand to Welles, Detroit, 7 September 1861. *Ibid.*

The U.S.S. *James Adger*

U.S. Navy Photograph

throwing a 20 pound projectile (shell or shrapnel). The complement of officers and crew to number about 145.

Marchand "took up . . . residence" on his ship on 20 September. Immediately he threw himself into the task of making the *James Adger* ready for sea. "Yet so much is before us to be done," he wrote, "that I cannot see how it can all be accomplished . . .."

One of his first official acts in New York had been to call upon the Commandant of the Yard, Commodore Samuel L. Breese, to pay his respects, but Marchand soon became a thorn in the side of the hapless commandant. Almost daily he sent requests to his seniors complaining of work that had been either improperly completed or not done at all. On 19 September he wrote Commodore Breese that the *James Adger* was "improperly fitted for want of pumps."[3] To Secretary Welles he wrote: "There has been no permanent Marine Guard detailed for this vessel."[4] He wrote again to Commodore Breese on the 27th: "The launch, or longest boat belonging to this ship is prepared as a single banked boat to pull but six oars. I request that she may be fitted as a double banked boat by having fitted six additional rowlocks."[5] He complained about the boilers, the magazine,[6] the coal, and the crew.[7] He even wrote to Flag Officer Du Pont claiming that "the armament of this vessel is not equal to that of her class under your command here . . .. This fact was represented to the ordnance office at the New York Navy Yard but no change was made to render this vessel as efficient as the others of her class."[8]

His complaints produced results. Work on the *James Adger* progressed rapidly. On 27 September, barely 2 weeks after Marchand had arrived in New York and only a week after he "took up residence," he received orders to take his ship out of the yard and anchor in the North River in order to make room for ships less advanced in their preparation for sea.

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[3]Marchand to Breese, New York, 19 September 1861. *Ibid.*

[4]Marchand to Welles, New York, 24 September 1861. *Ibid.*

[5]Marchand to Breese, New York, 27 September 1861. *Ibid.*

[6]Marchand to Breese, New York, 27 September 1861. *Ibid.*

[7]One of Marchand's earliest complaints was of a dearth of experienced officers. Only one commissioned officer, Midshipman Alfred Thayer Mahan, was on board. But he was soon to leave without betraying any evidence of a future as a prominent strategist and historian.

[8]Marchand to Du Pont, New York, 11 October 1861, *Marchand Papers.*

Journal entry: Off Navy Yard and Castle Garden New York, Saturday, September 28th, 1861.

With exception of some minor joiner work and stores from the Navy Yard, everything was ready by nine in the morning to leave the Navy Yard Buoy, but waiting for the mail and the Commodore, and landing the Mechanics, it was near ten o'clock before slipping the moorings. Then we steamed down the East and North Rivers and, wishing to exhaust the steam produced by the fuel necessary to produce it, ran down to the Narrows then returned and anchored in the North River near Castle Garden about 11:30 a.m. . . .. After mooring [I] was informed of the probability of fire in the Fore Hold. [I] had the crew called to quarters without ringing the fire bell and went below [where I] found much smoke. [I] had the hose from the steam pump and two hand force pumps led to the place and then ascertained that it arose from [the] smoking [of] the fires after being drawn from the furnaces.

To Marchand's dismay he noted that "some confusion existed" among the crew in their attempts to form a firefighting party. But he "was glad that the alarm occurred as it gave us experience."

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Sunday, September 29, 1861.

The northwest wind has subsided, the past night was cold, the first I have experienced this season, which was followed by a clear sunny day. The decks were holystoned this morning and paint work scrubbed being the first effort towards cleanliness in appearance as every [previous] effort has been devoted to gun exercising by the crew and officers. On the 27th inst. [I had] received instructions from Commodore Breese to administer the Oath of Allegiance to the United States of America to the officers separately and the crew collectively. This morning I done so [and] not a soul on board appeared to hesitate.[9]

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[9] At this point in his journal, Marchand enclosed the following list of ship's officers:

Commander	John B. Marchand
Lieutenant	James P. Foster
Acting Master	George B. Upham
Acting Master	Samuel Huse
Acting Master	John P. Carr

(Continued)

Even though it was Sunday, Marchand exercised his crew at the guns in the evening. The men were almost exclusively recruits, and Marchand feared that the time was not far distant when they might be called upon to use those guns against an enemy. Their first reprieve came on Wednesday when Marchand directed that they scrub clothes and do "an infinity of small work to put the Steamer in a proper condition . . .."

The rapid preparation of the *James Adger* for sea drew the admiring attention of Commodore Du Pont. He was anxious to begin his long-planned expedition and was growing increasingly concerned about delays in the refitting yard, delays which he felt were due to the slovenliness of the civilian workers there. Delays were critical to Du Pont. His orders had insisted that he "lose no time in getting afloat," and the administration in Washington was growing impatient.[10] On 18 September he received further prodding from the President. Lincoln wrote Welles urging that "all preparations go forward . . .." It was the President's hope that the expedition "be ready to move by the 1st or very early in October."[11] Du Pont was therefore anxious to seize every opportunity to augment his meager forces though at the same time he complained that expectations in Washington were unrealistic. He knew that the *James Adger* had been tentatively tabbed for Commodore Louis M. Goldsborough's squadron at Hampton Roads, Va., but he had no intention of letting a newly refitted vessel slip out of his hands.

Du Pont and Marchand first met on 24 September in the Navy Yard, where the commodore, after informing Marchand of his own

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(Continued)

Acting Asst. Paymaster	Clerk William W.T. Greenway
Acting Asst. Surgeon	Robert N. Atwood
Masters Mate for Temp. Service	Frank M. Case
	W.W. Reed
	George Couch
Acting 1st Asst. Engineer	Alexander D. Douglas
Acting 2nd Asst. Engineer	William J. Peterson
Acting 3rd Asst. Engineer	Charles Kiersted
Acting 3rd Asst. Engineer	James Fox
Acting 3rd Asst. Engineer	John Carren
Acting 3rd Asst. Engineer	Elisha J. Beacham

[10] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 5 August 1861. O.R.N., XII, 207.

[11] Lincoln to Welles, Washington, 18 September 1861. *Ibid.*, 208. An identical letter was sent to Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton.

appointment to the command of the South Atlantic Squadron, also told him that the *James Adger* was to be made a part of that squadron. In fact, Du Pont was anticipating events somewhat. The next day, Du Pont and Marchand met again, and this time the commodore told Marchand that he had only that day sent a telegram to Washington asking that the *James Adger* be assigned to him instead of being sent to Commodore Goldsborough as originally intended.

At lunch, 2 days later, Marchand was told by Commodore Breese that the *James Adger*: "was to remain at New York for the present instead of going to Hampton Roads by which I know [that] we [now] belong to Commodore Du Pont's Southern Blockading Squadron . . .."[12]

Despite his success in obtaining the *James Adger*, Du Pont had to report to Secretary Welles on 9 October that only two vessels were ready for active service, the *Florida* and the *James Adger*.[13] This, however, obscured the truth. The squadron at New York had been joined by the steamers *Augusta*, *Unadilla*, and *Curlew* as well as the *Alabama*. Despite his intense desire to complete the work of preparing his ship for sea, Marchand took time to make the acquaintance of each of the commanders of these new arrivals. He became particularly concerned about the well being of Lt. George H. Cooper of the *Curlew*. Marchand had been told that "he was sick, and an officer . . . said he was suffering from the effects of Isthmus Fever." Much concerned, Marchand sent the *Adger's* doctor to attend to the incapacitated lieutenant. But after a personal visit, Marchand's sympathy ended abruptly.

> *Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Thursday, October 3, 1861.*
>
> This afternoon on going on board the *Curlew*, the officer of the deck told me that he [Cooper] was always calling for liquor, then for the first time had I an idea that he was in the incipient state of *Mania a Potu* [insanity caused by drunkenness].

While Du Pont continued his efforts to increase the size of the fleet, Marchand struggled to familiarize his almost totally in-

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[12] From the journal entry of 27 September.

[13] Du Pont to Welles, New York, 9 October 1861. O.R.N., XII, 212.

experienced crew with the principles and methods of war at sea. The *Adger* remained at anchor off Castle Garden, and its commander watched with some satisfaction as the crew exercised at the guns.

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Friday, October 4, 1861.

Still another clear day. Mainly employed exercising at the great guns and small arms, indeed not an hour elapsed from breakfast time 'till sunset that a Division was not so employed.

[I] heard early in the morning that Flag Officer Du Pont had arrived in the city. I, at about 10 a.m., pulled alongside of the *Augusta* and with Commander [Enoch G.] Parrott called upon him at the Astor House. It became my painful duty as senior officer afloat here to report the condition as mentioned yesterday of the Lieutenant commanding the *Curlew* to Flag Officer Du Pont . . ..

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Sunday, October 6, 1861.

In the morning in company with Commanders Parrott [of the *Augusta*] and [Edmund] Lanier [of the *Alabama*, I] went ashore, called at the Astor House upon Flag Officer Du Pont and received instructions to go to Sandy Hook at the first possible time and practice at gunnery, these instructions were given at my urgent request . . ..

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Sunday, October 6, 1861.

The weather still pleasant, the early part of the day very sultry and later a strong south breeze. About sunset sharp lightning commenced playing towards the northwest amongst the clouds in that part of the horizon. At muster in the forenoon [I] had the Articles of War read, it being the first Sunday of the month. Although this is the Sabbath, the clearing of the forward and after orlops was completed for the accommodation of troops if necessary, and a condenser fitted in the Engine Rooms for the use of the Firemen and Coal Heavers to cleanse themselves with fresh water.[14] Then

[14] This was an "evaporator" for the desalinization of seawater, not a "condenser" for the boilers.

washes were done today with the prospect of going tomorrow to Sandy Hook or to sea to practice gunnery.

The U.S. Steamer *Florida*, J.R. Goldsborough, Commander, dropped down from the Navy Yard and anchored near us; she having only finished taking on board her crew from the Receiving Ship a few minutes before starting. I called and found Goldsborough profoundly engaged in stationing the crew as his first Lieutenant is not here and as on board this ship all the officers are acting appointments and ignorant of the duties of a man of war. [I] was also a few minutes on board the *Alabama* to ask Lanier [about] the wording of his written instructions . . . notifying Commodore Breese of his deficiency in coal, of which I received a verbal message yesterday. With Lanier [I] went ashore and to the Astor House and returned the visit of [Commander Daniel B.] Ridgely who accompanied us at Sunset to the boat at Castle Garden.

Journal entry: New York and Sandy Hook, Monday, October 7, 1861.

The weather looked doubtful and some hesitation was felt before ordering steam to be raised and in consequence we did not leave our anchorage off the Battery 'till seven in the morning when we steamed down and anchored inside of Sandy Hook to practice the men at the guns and small arms. In consequence of the wind springing up quite fresh from a direction not anticipated requiring this ship to change her berth, it was not 'till after 10 a.m. that firing from the broadside and pivot guns commenced and, after a hurried dinner by the crew, small arm exercises by muskets continued 'till nearly 4 p.m. The exercise at target practice was most satisfactory, never for a moment did I think that inexperienced hands could do so well. Considerable delay was also experienced in filling and organizing things, yet as time and patience was not exhausted, things went on well. When starting from Sandy Hook to return to the anchorage off Castle Garden it was desired to stop at Coney Island and take in sand for cleaning ship[15] but rain commenced falling and

[15] No doubt for sanding the decks. Clean white sand was a valued commodity on ships of war.

we made the rest of our way up and after once shifting berth took nearby an old position.

The next day dawned rainy with a freshening wind out of the north that soon worked up into a gale. The *James Adger* rode uneasily and Marchand felt constrained to drop a second anchor. The wind continued all night, and the current in the bay was so strong that "the mothers of two men on board were compelled to remain all night." The following day, however, the weather moderated and once again Marchand "exercised all the divisions at the great guns and small arms."

By mid-October, this training was well advanced and Du Pont's preparations were likewise nearing completion. His squadron now consisted of 10 ships: the steam frigate *Wabash,* which he selected as his flagship, four other steamers, including the *James Adger,* three gunboats, and two small steamers, the *Mercury* and the *Pettit.* The target of this growing fleet was kept secret, but Marchand, in the *James Adger,* hoped to be in the forefront of the expedition wherever it was bound.

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Sunday, October 13, 1861.

The ship begins to look clean. Several steam transports left today some filled with troops and others to take troops on board at Annapolis, all destined for the Southern Expedition of which the Squadron here is to form a part. The naval part to be commanded by Flag Officer Du Pont and the Army by General [Thomas W.] Sherman.[16] It is said that all [will] rendezvous at Hampton Roads and as some of the transports have started, there is no doubt that the middle of the coming week will find us all away . . ..

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Monday, October 14, 1861.

In the evening [I] called on Lanier and Parrott in the *Alabama* and *Augusta* and learned that we would in all probability leave here tomorrow . . ..

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[16]Thomas West Sherman (1813-1879) was Commander of the Department of the South. In deference to the more well-known William T. Sherman, he often called himself "the other Sherman."

But as frequently happens in military planning, events stole the initiative away from the planners. After completing his nightly journal entry for 15 October, Marchand prepared for bed secure in the knowledge that the morrow would see the beginning of the long-awaited expedition. In fact, it was to begin that night.

Journal entry: Off Castle Garden, New York, Tuesday, October 15, 1861.

It was after 10 o'clock p.m. when the foregoing was written and I was preparing to retire when at 10:30 Commander Parrott came on board with the information that Flag Officer Du Pont had just received a telegram from the Navy Department that the Steamer *Nashville* had run out of Charleston and passed the blockading force at midnight on Saturday, October 12th, having on board Ex-Senators [James M.] Mason and [John] Slidell as commissioners from the Confederate States to England and France and that it was the desire of the Department that the Flag Officer should send a fast steamer to try and intercept and capture her. It was the desire of the Flag Officer (said Parrott) that the Gun Boat *Curlew* should perform the duty but that she could not carry sufficient fuel to cross the Atlantic and cruise for a time off the English Channel; besides which most of her officers were ashore to make the necessary report to the Flag Officer. I informed him that our 1st Lieutenant and Paymaster was out of the ship but their absence would not prevent the *James Adger* leaving immediately upon receipt of proper orders. As Parrott [was] going ashore to make [his] report, he landed our officer from this vessel [in order] to bring a Pilot on board should the Flag Officer determine I had to leave. On Parrott's departure, the fires were lighted to raise steam and I also pulled on shore. It was about midnight when I reached the Astor House, the headquarters of the Flag Officer. He was awaiting me in his room. [I] told him the preparations I had unauthorizedly made and he wanted to know if I was willing to leave without a Lieutenant or Paymaster. He was informed neither was indispensable . . .

Marchand waited in Du Pont's office at the Astor House while the Flag Officer retired upstairs to prepare the written orders. The mission on which he was about to embark was one fraught with

difficulties. The most obvious problem was the physical improbability of intercepting at sea a reputedly faster ship whose destination was unknown. But the even more difficult problem was determining what action might be taken if and when that ship was overhauled.

James Murray Mason and John Slidell were the duly appointed representatives of the Confederate States government to Britain and France. Their mission was no secret: they were instructed to bend every effort to bring the two great powers of Europe into the war on the side of the Confederacy. The U.S. Government placed a high priority on their capture, perhaps unnecessarily high, for this sense of urgency would eventually lead to precipitous action by another naval captain, Charles Wilkes, action that inadvertently would nearly achieve the goal for which Mason and Slidell were originally dispatched.[17] The *Trent* affair, however, was still a fortnight off, and as Marchand sat in Du Pont's office at the Astor House, he was the subject of much envious congratulation by Commanders Parrott and Charles Steedman, both of whom were anxious to be sent in pursuit of the *Nashville,* but whose ships had not the coal capacity for a transatlantic voyage or else were not ready for sea. At 1:30 in the morning, Du Pont came downstairs and handed Marchand the following orders:

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, October 15, 1861 (Midnight)[18]

Sir, I have received a telegraphic dispatch from the Honorable Secretary of the Navy giving a report that the Steamer *Nashville* has run the blockade of Charleston with Messers. Mason and Slidell on board—bound, of course, to England or France, most likely the former.

The Department is anxious to have this vessel intercepted and taken; the speed of your Steamer and her supply of fuel and your own intelligence offers the best chance of doing this of any vessel at my disposal. Although regretting much to lose you even for a few days from my squadron, for I can ill

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[17] See chapter III below. See also Charles F. Adams, "The Trent Affair," A.H.R. (1912), 540-562; Victor H. Cohen, "Charles Sumner and the *Trent* Affair," J.S.H. (1956), 205-219; Arnold Whitridge, "The *Trent* Affair, 1861," *History Today* (1954), 394-402; and Lynn M. Case and Warren F. Spencer, *The United States and France: Civil War Diplomacy* (Philadelphia, 1970).

[18] Du Pont to Marchand. New York, 15 October 1861. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., I, 114.

spare you from pending service, yet it is very desirable that an effort should be made to overtake or intercept the *Nashville*.

You are therefore charged with this important service, and I leave to your discretion the best course to steer in order to effect it. The *N[ashville]* will probably, after leaving the coast, steer a direct course, or inclining south of it.

You are at liberty to choose as to where you will enter to coal, either in an English or French port, or at the Western Islands [*the Azores*].

Some three or four vessels, it is believed, are on their way to Georgia or South Carolina with military stores or munitions of war from England and you should have an eye to their going or returning. You will enter the Chesapeake on your return and report to the Flag Officer present, with whom I will leave orders for you.

Trusting in your experience, and intelligence, discretion, and wishing you success. I am,

Respectfully yours,
S.F. Du Pont, Flag Officer

Despite the complimentary tone of this dispatch and the envy of his peers, Marchand may have been disappointed in the knowledge that he would be absent from the "pending service" to which Du Pont referred. But the mission thus tendered to him was one of obvious importance and of great delicacy, and after a brief delay to obtain additional charts, Marchand returned to his ship.

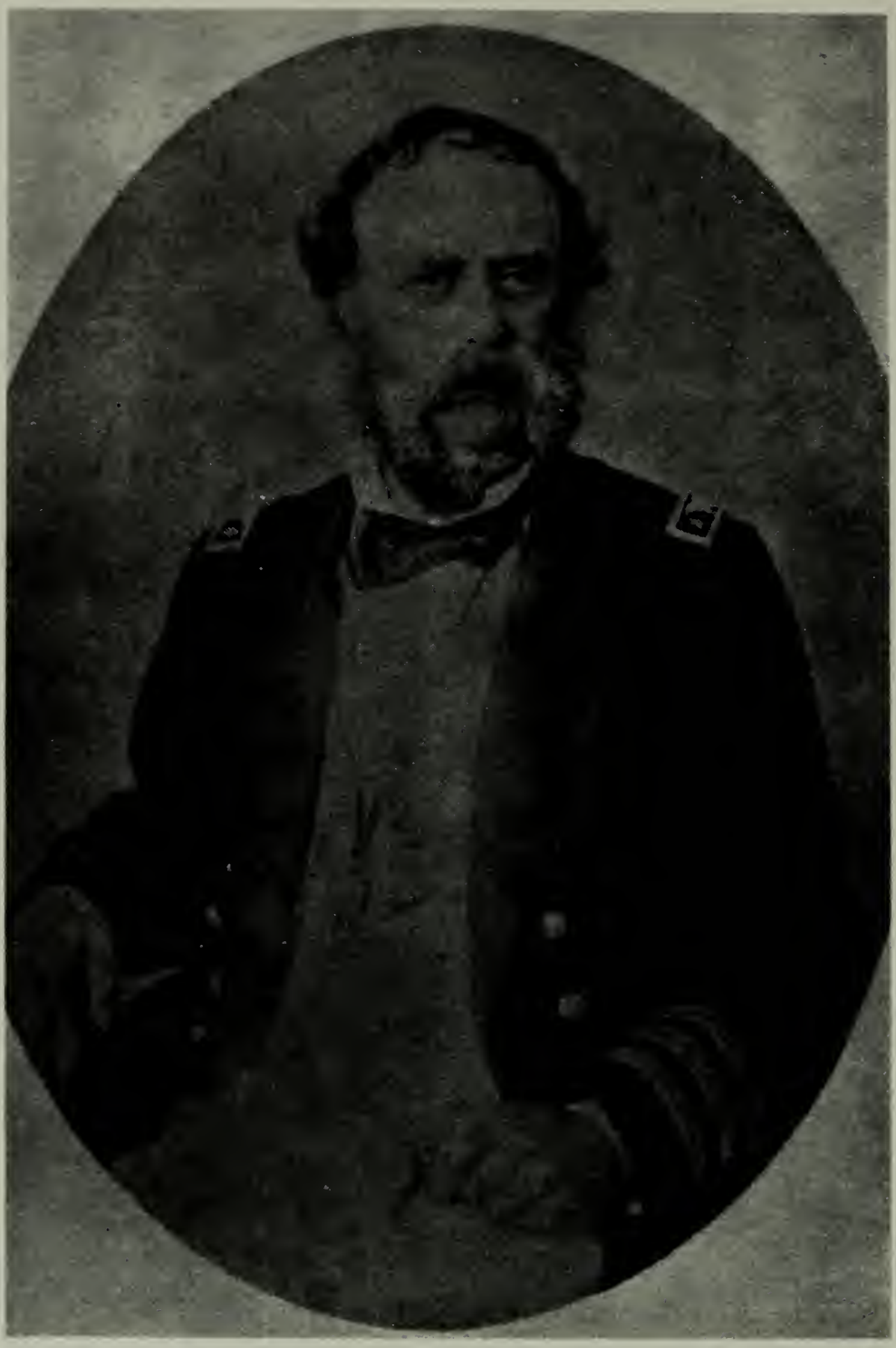
Journal entry of October 15, 1861 continued

After the delivery of the Sailing orders I was delayed for some minutes waiting for Commander [Charles Henry] Davis, the fleet captain, who had gone in search of charts as none of the squadron had any except coast charts. [I] took an affectionate leave of all, requested Steedman to write to [my wife] Maggie, and with Parrott carrying part of the charts and sailing directions, started for the ship.

On reaching the wharf [I] found the boat crew ready and was informed that Lieutenant Foster, the Pilot, and the officer who had gone in search of the latter had all gone on board. [I first] pulled with Parrott to the *Augusta* to look for

a descriptive account of the *Nashville* but not finding it, returned to the *James Adger*. Soon after leaving the wharf, my ear was agreeably greeted with the sound of the chain being hauled in. That indefatigable officer Lieutenant Foster had immediately on his reaching the deck commenced preparation for leaving as soon as I returned. But a few minutes after I had gotten on board the anchor was weighed. It was then about two in the morning and we started out . . ..

[I] was much perplexed in the lower harbor between Staten Island and Sandy Hook by reason of a thick fog which for a while I was afraid would compel us to anchor, but partially clearing off [I] saw the lights and at 4:30 a.m. crossed the Bar and was at sea. Near the Light Ship [I] put the Pilot on board a tow boat and in the still darkness of the night stood away from the land and shaped a course the nearest towards the English Channel.



Rear Admiral Samuel F. Du Pont

Du Pont Papers

CHAPTER II

"IN SEARCH OF THE STEAMER *NASHVILLE*"
10 October–6 November 1861

Because Marchand had been informed that the *Nashville* was a faster steamer than the *James Adger,* he planned to take the most direct course to England across the North Atlantic and to intercept the *Nashville* upon her arrival in the English Channel rather than attempt to search for her at sea. This plan, however, required that the *James Adger* arrive at the entrance to the channel first and therefore speed was essential. Luckily, progress the first day was encouraging, though Marchand suffered somewhat from his lack of sleep the previous night.

Journal entry: North Atlantic bound towards England, Wednesday, October 16, 1861.

As daylight opened upon us the highlands of Neversink had disappeared and the only land in sight was Long Island, but far off. I felt very sleepy and fatigued not having a thought of sleep or being in my stateroom all the night, but the extreme inexperience of all the officers . . . compelled me to remain on deck until 9 o'clock in the morning . . .. [But] at 10 a.m. I turned in and slept 'till one in the afternoon . . ..

All day the various exercises at the great guns and small arms were continued and in the evening [we] went to general quarters but were interrupted by a dense fog suddenly coming up, wetting the small arms and everyone on deck . . ..

Journal entry: North Atlantic bound towards England, Thursday, October 17, 1861.

Yesterday the wind was from about east, directly ahead, but light. Today it had held from southeast by south admitting our carrying fore and aft sails and a little fresher than yesterday. Yesterday there was hardly any sea running, [but] today a slight swell sets in from the southeast. The

weather throughout [was] pleasant. Found the guns most suitable for trimming ship and used them for that purpose . . ..

The gun exercises look[ed] great . . ..

Despite the pleasant weather and successful drills, Marchand experienced all the self-doubts and misgivings of a captain at sea. He worried over the accuracy of his sailing master ("The inexperience of the master renders this day's position on the chart still more uncertain than yesterday . . .."), he worried about his ship's compass ("Another source of disquietude to my mind . . .."), and he worried about the general lack of experience among both officers and crew. ("I feel a little heartsick at the inexperience of the Acting Masters, but keep a smiling face.") But most of all, he worried about his mission. ("I will risk anything to reach the English Channel.")

His doubts drove him to appeal for guidance and strength to his God, always nearer to a sailor when he is out of sight of land:

Journal entry: North Atlantic bound for the English Channel, Friday, October 18, 1861.

I give thanks to our Heavenly Father for vouchsafing to us for variable weather, a smooth sea and protection from all danger since our departure from New York. It has been through His guidance alone that we have escaped the shoals and difficulties of the way. Now on board the 1st Lieutenant who can give me any aid in the performance of duty and that kind Providence which has ever protected me (unworthy as I know myself to be) I devoutly pray may be still extended towards me. In the performance of the duty imposed I most devoutly pray for wisdom to act for from long experience I know that in acting without heartfelt prayer I have ever been wrong. The duty imposed on me in the present cruise is such as has never fallen to my lot and oh Holy Father enlighten and guide me in the performance. Without thy aid I can do nothing but what is wrong. Help, oh help me, undeservedly as I feel myself of thy protection, but thy will be done, not mine for what thou doest is only right. Look, I pray the most holy one, upon my dear wife and children, protect them from the evils and dangers of the Civil war now raging over our land, preserve them in health and in happiness and, oh

God, visit not upon them my sins but let me suffer thy chastisement. 'Tis their reputation now, oh Father, that I desire to honor.

As if in answer to his prayers, the weather remained calm all day with light southeasterly breezes. "We are indeed blessed with good weather," Marchand wrote, "Far beyond our deserts." The *James Adger* steamed on throughout the day at "between 10 and 11 miles an hour" mostly against the wind. An occasional sail was sighted, but with one exception, they were all ignored. Marchand did not even pause to exchange news with the one ship, an American merchant vessel, that did pass close by, even though it passed within a half mile of the *James Adger*.

Journal entry of October 18,1861 continued

I would have ran to and spoken [to] her, but my extreme desire to reach the English Channel prevented [it]. Even this anxiety would not have prevented [me] could any information of the whereabouts of the *Nashville* be procured from her, but the American ship being in such a high latitude could not have been in the way of the *Nashville*.

Though on 19 October Marchand recorded that "a good Providence has safely brought us to the close of another day," the good fortune of the *James Adger* was about to expire.

Journal entry: North Atlantic, bound for the English Channel, Sunday, October 20, 1861.

During the past night the wind continued hauling slowly and at six in the morning it was at East. It did not stop then but continuing to blow stiffly hauled to the south-southeast about ten a.m. and was a gale. At noon the wind lulled a little but soon after, recommencing from that quarter, a heavy gale of wind was upon us. Rain fell all afternoon . . .. At eight, when writing, the gale is on the increase with a falling barometer and we have a bad night in prospect before us. The prayer of a good wife at home may preserve us from danger, for mine cannot be heard at the throne of Grace . . ..

The extreme badness of the weather caused me at 8:30 in the evening to put on my storm clothes and through the rain and heavy wind [I] remained on deck 'till half past 12 at

night. During the evening the wind continued slowly hauling to the west and at 11:30 p.m. it came out from the northwest, the weather there sometimes was clear and at others cloudy with rain squalls. Barometer still falling.

Journal entry: On Newfoundland Banks, Monday, October 21, 1861.

The ocean is green in color around us and much troubled by the gale from the southeast, southwest, and now out [of the] northwest. All forenoon and 'till 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon the waves crossed each other but after that time [came] a heavy sea from the northwest. The gale of wind from the latter direction was the most seriously felt beginning about 11 in the morning in passing clouds with rain showers or rather squalls towards evening; some hail accompanied the rain. The motion of the ship is much less violent than I had anticipated, still it is great. The sea in the afternoon and at present (7 p.m.) is on the quarter causing heavy lurching. In time of the heavy lurching during the afternoon the sea carried away a portion of the outward covering of the lee (Starboard) wheel box, the first accident since leaving New York.

The gale continued throughout the following day. The green seas grew increasingly troubled as the gale mounted and boxed the compass from southeast to northwest. So violent was the storm that Marchand cancelled the customary inspection at quarters as well as the gun exercises. "The creaking of the cabin and ward-room bulkheads is alarming," he wrote. With some envy he noted that "the crew are truly comfortable below, the berth deck being perfectly dry and warm from the furnaces . . . whilst in the [Captain's] cabin the creaking would induce the belief that the ship was going to pieces."

Marchand spent a sleepless night, mostly walking the storm-tossed decks. The wind blew "fearfully" all night and into the next morning filling Marchand with anxiety lest the ship break apart. At 3 in the morning, the storm reached a crescendo "carrying away portions of the starboard wheelhouse and lockers . . .." The storm also claimed the "water closet" forward of the wheelhouse, and part of the forward guards. Giant green waves broke over the ship, making it impossible to move about to

inspect the damage in the dark. But at sunrise it was discovered that the damage was indeed extensive. Most serious of all was the damage to the housing of the massive paddle wheels on the sides of the ship:

Journal entry: Bound from New York towards the English Channel, Tuesday, October 22, 1861.

When daylight was fairly upon us it was discovered that the frame work . . . of the after part of the starboard wheel box . . . was partially detached [about three feet] from the outer frame work of the ship, and rising and falling with the revolutions of the wheel, rendering it likely to be caught in the wheel and bending the iron arms of the wheel or carrying away the paddles. To prevent [such a] disaster the engine was stopped and after much labor in clearing the iron railing the whole after part of the paddle box was detached and fell in[to] the sea.

In his subsequent report to the Secretary of the Navy, Marchand intimated that the damage would not have been so extensive had the ship been properly maintained in the past:

Letter: Marchand to Welles, October 30, 1861.[1]

A considerable leak[age] also took place, rendering the officers' rooms almost uninhabitable, which upon examination was found to proceed from the lower side of the sheer plank on both sides at the after guards, a portion of which was reported as never having been calked. That portion of the wrecked covering of the wheelhouse [which was] saved, showed that both the battens of the wheelhouse and guards, the sheathing of the wheelhouse, and bulwarks were in a state of decay and had been repeatedly nailed. By that accident, the ship has not otherwise been injured, but the covering of the wheelhouse being off, sheets of water are flying over the quarterdeck except when the wind is in a particular direction, rendering the loading of the after guns almost impossible without wetting the powder.

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[1] Marchand to Welles, Queenstown, Ireland, 30 October 1861. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., XII, 124-6.

Though rain squalls continued throughout the day, the intensity of the storm appeared to abate somewhat. At 8 in the morning the barometer began to rise, and by evening had climbed from 29.47 to 29.97. Marchand, much relieved, went early to bed "trusting to that good Providence which has ever favored me for the protection of myself and those under my command from the danger of the coming night."

Journal entry: New York towards the English Channel, Wednesday, October 23, 1861.

The northwest gale is still blowing at this time of writing (7 p.m.). In the early part of the past night the wind gradually changed to about north to northwest but this morning it hauled back to northwest. Throughout the whole time but little variation in the strength of the wind was perceptible but the slight change in direction reduced the swell. Still the waves are high and as we have no sails to steady the ship, she rolls and lunges at a great rate. The barometer this morning was above 30 and during the early part of the day reached 30.05 where it has steadily hung. I have to record no accidents today to individual, hull, or machinery. We are progressing at a fair speed . . ..

After writing the foregoing, I have been thinking of home and those I love. I most fervently pray the Almighty to take them in[to] his protection.

Journal entry: New York towards the English Channel, Thursday, October 24, 1861.

A beneficent Providence is still watching and protecting and aiding us, unworthy as we are of all His goodness. The northwest wind still continues blowing fresh but not the gale we had for the last three days. Slight changes in the direction of the wind have kept the sea from rising and now only occasional heavy swells are felt; not that we have not all the time heavy waves that keeps the ship rolling and creaking but the tremendous ones are less frequent.

With the easing of both the storm and of his own anxiety for the safety of the ship, Marchand spent increasingly longer periods of time trying to plan his course of action upon arrival in the English Channel. His instructions from Flag Officer Du Pont had

been vague, leaving much to Marchand's discretion. For example, in his reference to English shipping laden with munitions, Du Pont had written that Marchand "should have an eye to their going or returning."[2] But should they merely be watched, or intercepted? He had to determine, too, the most likely landfall for the *Nashville* and hasten to that place if he was to have any hope of seeing her at all.

Journal entry of October 24, 1861 continued

The discretional authority . . . has been the subject of deep thought, and after much consideration I have come to the conclusion that I will run from 20 to 30 miles south of Cape Clear and keeping good speed, run halfway to the Scilly Islands, slow down, cross the English Channel, sight the coast of France to the North of Brest and, as by that time the fuel will be nearly exhausted, make slow way to Southampton in England and communicate with our minister in London as regards to the whereabouts of the character or probable character the *Nashville* will assume on leaving either England or France. She may now be carrying the Confederate commission, be an armed merchantman, a privateer or a commissioned cruiser of war and it is with this view of ascertaining her character that I wish to put our minister at London in connection with all the consuls in England and France . . ..

That evening Marchand discovered that, once again, circumstances were to render his plans impracticable and would, in fact, determine his future course of action.

Journal entry of October 24, 1861 continued

This evening I sent for the chief engineer to consult about the ability to accomplish . . . [my plans] and was startled with the intelligence that he did not think there was as much coal on board as [was] represented by the authorities at the Navy Yard, New York. He said that when the *James Adger* was sold to the U.S. the [former owners] sold, and we paid for, 170 tons of coal on board and that in the Navy Yard

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[2]See above, chapter I. Du Pont to Marchand, New York, 15 October 1861. *Marchand Papers.*

they put in an [additional] amount to make up 325. That in addition to our consumption before leaving New York, nine tons were received a day or two before we left and that now he thinks there is nothing like this quantity on board, he supposed and presumed that there was a gross mistake when it was said that the owner in selling represented that there was 170 on board. Tomorrow he will make a close measurement and in the meantime I have instructed him to reduce materially the quantity to be consumed which will of course reduce the speed.

Journal entry: New York towards the English Channel, Friday, October 25, 1861.

This forenoon a critical examination was made of the quantity of coal in the bunkers and the startling information was given me by the chief engineer that we were 58 tons short of the amount we should have by the account given at the Navy Yard . . .. This will prevent my doing my duty . . .. It requires that we may have to put into Queenstown in the cove of Cork, Ireland, to obtain 40 or 50 tons of coal to effect the object in view. In so doing it will delay the ship by coaling and running out of the way at least 24 to 36 hours, a most important time, as in the interval the *Nashville* may have entered the English Channel.

After ordering a further reduction in the consumption of coal from 18 to 13 tons a day, Marchand retired to his cabin where he allowed his melancholy to find expression in his journal.

Journal entry of October 25, 1861 continued

My life in this gloomy cabin is a lonely one, the cheerful sound of voices and singing in the Ward Room sounds most agreeably upon ears and I wish I was entitled to a berth amongst them, none of them know my anxiety of mind or the responsibility else they could not envy my position. Often I get quite out of temper but instantly I look at Maggie's [picture] and at our little ones picture and it acts like oil upon a troubled sea, for I forget my troubles looking at them. Oh Heavenly [Father] protect and bless them.

His troubles, though, were only beginning. The next day he learned of another minor disaster which threatened the mission:

Journal entry: New York towards the English Channel, Saturday, October 26, 1861.

Soon after 9 o'clock this morning the gunner obtained from me the key of the Magazine to put therein the rockets, blue lights, and other fireworks as the armory in which they were kept was leaking. Soon afterward he returned and informed me that there was a foot of water in the Magazine from leakage. Upon this startling intelligence I went there and found that the leak proceeded from a break in the leaden pipe which leads from the ship's side through a corner of the Magazine up on deck to the forward force pump. More than an hour was consumed before the cock which stops the flow of water . . . could be turned on account of corrosion. . . . during the long time before the cock could be turned, buckets had been placed under the leak and three were run full showing that the leak in the Magazine could not have been of many hours duration, probably commencing towards daylight in the morning.

The leak was all the more important as the powder tanks were made of wood instead of copper, and since there was not sufficient shelving on which to place them, a great portion had been stowed on the floor. All of the powder thus stored was rendered totally useless, and it filled Marchand with anger to watch the bags of spoiled powder being dumped over the side. He had no doubt as to where the responsibility for the leak belonged:

Journal entry of October 26, 1861 continued

This disaster arises from wanton carelessness on part of the officers of the New York Navy Yard when making the Magazine to allow a lead pipe with an elbow in it to pass through the Magazine to the force pump on deck without being boxed off to avoid accidents such as occurred today. Fifteen minutes additional work at the time the Magazine was made would have saved the life of the powder and allowed us the use of the forward force pump in the event of fire, which now cannot be used . . .. This instance of carelessness is in keeping with the recklessness with which the commission for purchasing vessels and the officers of the yard received and drive away vessels of this class . . ..

Oh Lord God, I thank thee that thou hast permitted me to live through another day.

Journal entry: New York towards the English Channel, Sunday, October 27, 1861.

This morning when the Magazine was opened it was found that the bull's eye to give light [to the powder] room was cracked through its thickness in two places. The thickness of the glass is about 1-1/2 inches. It may have been occasioned by the motion of the ship last night aided by the heat from the lights in the light room which had been kept burning several hours yesterday and possibly its cooling with the ships motion may have produced that result. At present there appears to be no danger from the crack from sparks or fire from the Light Room as the cracks are closed tightly together.

As his troubles seemed to multiply, Marchand's despondency increased:

Journal entry of October 27, 1861 continued

This has been a day of some repentance in the solitude of my dismal cabin and [at] a late hour of the evening, I feel my heart still unchanged and that my prayers have not been acceptable at the throne of the most high. Holy intercession plead for me or I am lost. My dear wife cease not thy prayers for my soul's salvation.

His despair did not last long. Perhaps this was because the weather continued to improve and the *James Adger* was making a fine run despite the rationing of coal. In the early afternoon it became clear that they must be approaching land when a lone canary was sighted from the deck of the ship. It flew for some time around the ship apparently afraid to light, but eventually it did so. "The poor little thing seemed very tired and after resting for a while on a dry part of the deck commenced pecking the caulking from the seams in hopes of finding something to eat."

That evening, when still some 400 miles from Cape Clear, Ireland, Marchand had the chief engineer weigh the coal remaining

on board and discovered that there were only 40 tons, enough for 2 days at full steaming power.[3]

Journal entry of October 27, 1861 continued

In consequence of the deficiency of fuel my plan of future movement is entirely destroyed and instead of running for the English Channel and Coast of France near Brest I will be compelled to run for the nearest port where coal can be readily procured and I find that [is] Queenstown in the Harbor of Cork, Ireland . . .. I pray the Almighty that we may even reach there before the fuel is entirely consumed.

Another little land bird took a rest for a couple of hours in a shelter place on deck and then winged its way off. Poor little birdie (I think of [my daughter] Kate) was driven from the land by the strong wind and probably will never be able to reach it again.

The last few days of the transatlantic crossing were trying. No new difficulties arose, though Marchand worried constantly that the *James Adger* would be unable to reach a port before she exhausted her fuel. On 28 October the ship logged only 146 miles, "the shortest run by far since leaving the U.S." The nearest port was still 240 miles away, and another day's fuel had been used up. To add to his anxiety, Marchand suffered from the motion of the ship.

Journal entry: New York towards the English Channel, Monday, October 28, 1861.

Since the ship has become light from the consumption of coal she is extremely uncomfortable, pitching, tossing, creaking and shaking by the working of the paddle wheels to such a degree as to render it extremely difficult to write. She is really unpleasant everywhere but particularly in the cabin at her extremity. My apartment, the cabin, is a dismal hole and since the destruction of the covering of the paddle box I

[3] "At the Chief Engineer's suggestion, all the coal on board the ship was weighed and it was found that the computation made on the 26th was erroneous, we having seven tons less than expected. The whole quantity of coal on board at noon today is 40 tons, whereas if the quantity represented to have been on board on leaving the New York Navy Yard had been true, we would this day have 105 tons, thus showing that there was 65 tons less than they reported." From the journal entry of 27 October 1861.

have to keep the hole by which [my cabin] is entered covered with a tarpaulin to prevent being deluged, therefore on entering or leaving [I] have almost to crawl on my hands and knees. The paymaster told me he felt like [he was] entering a tomb when he crawled into the cabin. To add to my discomfort my steward was left behind in New York and I am kept half starved. Today for dinner I had pea soup and a piece of cold salt beef with boiled rice.

No vessel has been in sight today. After night wrote a long letter to Maggie wherein I complained more than I should, for a just and forgiving providence has bestowed on me more blessing than I deserve.

The ordeal was nearly over. The next day dawned clear "with the sun shining brightly" all day. After some exercises at the guns, the first since leaving New York, the crew was sent to dinner and not long afterward, at 3:30 p.m., land was sighted. The Irish coast remained a misty smudge on the horizon, however, as Marchand steered the *Adger* east-southeast "to run parallel with and at a distance of about six miles from the southern coast of Ireland." At 11 p.m. the navigational lights of Kinsale were sighted and Marchand offered a silent prayer.

At 3 in the morning the *Adger* lay hove to off Cork Harbor light waiting for a pilot. The Atlantic crossing had taken exactly 14 days, less the 4 hours difference in longitude. It had been a near thing, however, as the *James Adger* had only 7 tons of coal on board when she arrived at Cork. Marchand, after giving thanks to "our heavenly preserver," vented his wrath once again on the officers of the New York Navy Yard:

Journal entry: Queenstown, Cork Harbor, Ireland, Monday, October 30, 1861.

It would have been considered insanity to have attempted a passage across the Atlantic in the winter season . . . knowingly to have but 268 tons of coal, but the Chief Engineer as well as myself were deceived by the authorities at New York who represented that there was 333 tons. The coal had been put on board before the officers were ordered to the ship and before leaving an effort was made to see if the bunkers were properly filled but the scuttles were jammed full and it was not until we had been out several days that it was discovered

that they were not filled but the entrance to them artfully concealed by being heaped with coal.

As soon as the anchor was let go and before daylight the Paymaster and Chief Engineer were sent on shore to purchase and send off coal instantly designing to take in 75 tons. They roused out of bed a sort of agent of the consul, he being unwell, and [he] erroneously contracted with [a single supplier] for all the coal instead of going to different coal agents and each at once sending off portions. The consequence was that it was 7-1/2 o'clock in the evening before we had taken on board 72 tons, when I had expected we should have taken 75 tons before 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

This Cove of Cork is a very pretty place, the grounds around beautifully improved giving me some idea of an English landscape and the many hedged fields green as the season of Spring in the latitude of Baltimore. Queenstown stands on the side of a steep rocky shore and its zigzag straits look pretty from the anchorage. The entrance and all around is well fortified. At 11 in the forenoon [I] went on shore and called upon Patrick J. Devine, U.S. Consul, and on Captain Seymour, his adviser and assistant, a merchant and general agent. In Captain Seymour's carriage all three of us drove to the residence and office of Admiral [Sir Charles] Talbot[4] upon whom I called and paid my respects. The Admiral . . . hints as to our object and my reply was that we were bound upon a cruise. Late in the day I saw announced in the Cork *Examiner*, our afternoon paper of today, the arrival of this ship at Queenstown short of coals in pursuit of the *Nashville* that had run the blockade off Charleston having on board Messrs. Mason and Slidell, commissioners to Europe. From whom the information was obtained I do not know for I had told it to no other than Lieutenant Foster, Paymaster Greenway and Chief Engineer Douglas and they denied having given it. These persons had to be informed of the object of the cruise to facilitate the accomplishment. From the Admiral down it is the prevailing opinion that U.S. cruisers are coming into the Irish channel to overhaul all vessels coming out as it is reported that several vessels are

[4] Rear Admiral of the Red Sir Charles Talbot (1801-1876) was Commander in Chief, Cork, through November 1861.

being ladened to run the blockade to our southern coast from the port of Liverpool.[5]

In my interview with the Admiral I apologized for not saluting on account of the small number of guns on board.

About 7 o'clock in the evening Captain Seymour and [his] son came on board and as soon as the quantity of coal received was ascertained they were paid . . . and whilst so doing the chain was hove in and when they left (about 7:45) our anchor was weighed and we steamed out passing Cork light and discharging the Pilot at 8:30 p.m. Before leaving I took on board a Channel Pilot at the rate of 10 pounds Sterling for five days and 2 pounds for every successive day.

One of the most important things I neglected to mention which is that neither the newspaper nor to the knowledge of the Consul has the *Nashville* yet reached a European port with the Confederate Commission[ers], consequently there is a possibility of intercepting her.

Intercepting the *Nashville* was only half of Marchand's problem. The more perplexing question was what to do with her after interception. He reminded himself that Mason and Slidell were the accredited representatives of a nation recognized as a belligerent in both England and France. Interference with their mission might raise serious legal questions of international significance. The Governments of both England and France had shown great interest in the arrival of the *James Adger* in a European port—the nature of her mission had been advertised in European newspapers, much to Marchand's embarrassment—and it was certain that her subsequent activities would be watched with intense interest in both London and Paris.

Adding to Marchand's anxiety was the fact that he was almost totally ignorant of the legal status of the *Nashville*. Lincoln's original declaration of blockade had concluded with the warning that all ships acting "under the pretended authority" of the Confederacy would be treated as pirates. Justice for pirates had always been clearly understood: death by hanging, or worse. But this uncompromising stance had had to be modified because President Jefferson Davis promised to retaliate life-for-life with

[5] Later in the war this was, in fact, done and the depredations of Union warships in the English Channel severely strained United States-British relations.

Federal prisoners of war. There was no clear guidance on the government's new position, and Marchand, never an innovator, wondered what to do with the *Nashville* if and when he intercepted her. Was she to be treated as a passenger ship? Or did she possess a letter of marque, or perhaps even a Confederate commission as a warship? He would be unable to answer such questions until he could talk with the American Consul at Southampton who would have more intimate knowledge of the legal status of the *Nashville* and the general diplomatic situation. But since time was of the essence, that conversation would have to be put off until after he inspected the entrance of the English Channel. The *Nashville* was reputed to be a fast steamer—faster than the *James Adger*—and despite the rapid transatlantic crossing of the latter, it could be expected that the *Nashville* would arrive in European waters very soon. As the *James Adger* put to sea in the evening of 30 October, therefore, it was still Marchand's plan to patrol the narrow entrance to the English Channel hoping to intercept the *Nashville* on her arrival. He left with hope that he still had a fair chance to accomplish his mission.

"On leaving the Cove of Cork, the ship was steered [on] a course to pass the Scilly Islands . . .." Proceeding at a leisurely speed, the afternoon was spent cruising between those islands and Ushant, the traditional European landfall for east-bound ships.

Journal entry: Mouth of English Channel, Thursday, October 31, 1861.

> We are now especially upon our cruising ground and I have exacted the utmost vigilance on part of the officer of the deck and other watch officers to look out for all steamers. Day and night the officer of the deck will go to Quarters in the event of seeing a steamer coming from the west or south. All that I can has been done to effect the object of this cruise. In mercy, oh Heavenly Father, I pray thee aid me if it seemeth good to thee.

Meanwhile, the Confederate Commissioners themselves were relaxing in Cardenas, Cuba. The "urgent" telegram which Du Pont had received from the Secretary of the Navy and which had sent the *James Adger* to sea had been totally in error. The *Nashville* was still in Charleston Harbor when the *James Adger* steamed out of New York Harbor in the early morning hours of 16 October.

But the Navy Department *was* correct in claiming that both Mason and Slidell had slipped through the blockade. They had taken passage on the C.S.S. *Theodora* on 12 October and had landed in Cuba on the first leg of their voyage to Europe long before Marchand ever began his futile chase. The irony of Marchand's mission became even deeper when on 26 October, while Marchand's crew was heaving the bags of spoiled powder over the side, the *Nashville* took advantage of a dark night and fled to sea eluding the Charleston blockading squadron, thus beginning an infamous career of commerce raiding and blockade running. Mason and Slidell, meanwhile, were making plans in Cardenas for the second leg of their journey. They hoped, with some justification, that by taking passage on a British ship they would be protected against U.S. interference.

Ignorant of these developments, Marchand continued to wait off the mouth of the English Channel for the arrival of the *Nashville* which, so far as he knew, was still bound for the English Channel with the Confederate commissioners on board. His task was not an easy one. The channel storms proved to be the equal of those he had battled in mid-Atlantic. Towards midnight on Friday, 1 November, the wind "freshened up strong and there was every indication of a gale . . .."

The *James Adger* battled the channel storms for most of the night and all the next day. Twice Marchand had to run for the coast of Cornwall in order to get under the lee of the land where his ship would be protected from the direct force of the wind. The *James Adger,* still damaged from her earlier bout with the North Atlantic storms, began to pitch violently and the "alarming" creaking became a continuous refrain.

A number of sailing vessels were seen entering the channel during the day but they were allowed to pass unquestioned. Marchand would have liked to query their masters regarding the whereabouts of the *Nashville,*

> *Journal entry of October 31, 1861 continued*
> . . . but the wind was too powerful to hear what would be said and I had no wish forcibly to stop any as it might be offensive to the English Government, and none were suspicious, all seemed [to be] hurrying for a shelter.

The storm continued to grow in ferocity throughout the night of 2 November. Flashes of lightning punctuated the rain and hail

as the *James Adger* rode uneasily on the heavy seas. The channel pilot whom Marchand had retained became agitated and insisted that Marchand order the ship into port, but he refused to do so.

Journal entry: Falmouth, England, Saturday, November 2, 1861.

The ship [is] lying with her lee wheel two thirds under water in consequence of having no ballast except 50 tons of coal, and that [we are] consuming; and from the wheel being so much submerged, would occasionally stop turning. Still my duty was to watch the entrance to the English Channel . . ..

Marchand persisted in keeping the *James Adger* on station until about 10 in the evening when he was told by his chief engineer that "the shaft bearings would no longer bear the strain," and "reluctantly" he headed the ship into the wind and steamed toward Falmouth Harbor. He did not enter the harbor immediately, however, wishing to keep to sea as long as possible lest the *Nashville* take advantage of the storm to run for a channel port.

Journal entry of November 2, 1861 continued

At various times during the night the Pilot warned me to run into Falmouth but knowing him to be frightened with an unballasted ship no attention was paid to his remonstrances.

As daylight made its appearance and being aware that we were totally unable to pursue effectively any vessel not either before the wind or head to it, I determined to run and anchor at the entrance of Falmouth Harbor. A pilot boat came across us for which a Pilot was obtained and about 8 o'clock in the morning we anchored at the entrance of Falmouth Harbor.

Immediately I dispatched a message to the Consul [Alfred Fox] about having coal sent on board to act as ballast for the ship providing it came before 11 o'clock in the forenoon as there was some appearance of the gale abating yet at the same time sent word that I would go to sea as soon as it moderated. At nine the agent came off and said that he could not have the coal put in lighters and sent under those conditions, but if the ship was run into the inner harbor alongside of his coal ship, he would put 25 tons on board

immediately. I could not consent as my determination was to go to sea as soon as the wind moderated and he went in shore.

In expectation of a change of weather we remained at anchor at the entrance of the harbor until 2 p.m. and then I found the gale as violent as ever with heavy hail squalls. Not wishing to remain in this state and feeling that I was not doing all my duty to my country, I determined to run into the inner harbor alongside of the coal ship, take in coal sufficient to ballast the ship under any circumstances and go to sea during the night. It was not however until 4 p.m. that we succeeded in getting alongside of the coal ship and not'till an hour after before commencing to receive coal.

[The] way into the inner harbor was amongst a multitude of small craft as large ones lie outside. And when I discovered the impossibility of leaving the inner harbor during the night, therefore I determined to continue taking fuel on board all night with the belief that by daylight we would have from 100 to 125 tons additional to the 45 or 48 on board.

Marchand's hopes were not fulfilled. After working all night through the continuing storm, the crew succeeded in taking on board only 58 tons of coal. Nevertheless, at daybreak, Marchand made ready to go out to sea again.

Journal entry: Falmouth, England and off Ushant, Sunday, November 3, 1861.

We were lying amongst a crowd of small fishing smacks and coasters all of which by regulation were moored and it was doubtful if a soul was on board any. The harbor Pilot became alarmed on account of the size of our ship and did not know what to do. I told him to point out how near we could approach the shore and I took the ship (under Divine Providence) safely through the crowd of vessels, and the Pilot carried her out of port at a little before 8 o'clock in the morning. Again we were upon our cruising ground having abandoned it for 24 hours sorely against my will . . .. I would have given all I am worth to have been able to keep the sea for during the time we were in Falmouth, the *Nashville* may have passed and if so, no explanation will save my reputation.

The next 3 days were difficult and frustrating. The *James Adger* "ran backward and forward in the squally darkness . . ." between Ushant and Cornwall. Several steamers were sighted and a few were chased, but all proved to be innocent. Only one vessel eluded examination. On the evening of 4 November,

> *Journal entry: Entrance to English Channel, Monday, November 4, 1861.*
> . . . just at dusk a steamer was made out by its smoke for to the Eastward we increased our speed and stood for her. In the darkness of the evening and through the mist she could only be seen occasionally and then much to the south of where we expected. She had the greater speed and when last seen by the glimmer of her top light was a long way from us. I concluded it useless to further continue the chase as it was a steamer outward bound and not the *Nashville* coming in, when again I changed our course. About the time that I ceased chasing I was informed that the Pilot had said she had two masts and a black smoke stack. How he made that discovery was a mystery as he had no spy glass and in the mist and darkness nothing could be made out by any other person with a glass. This has been the only steamer that has thus far escaped in the rain and mist of the dark night.

The storm continued throughout the night but moderated with the approaching dawn. The barometer, which had dropped to 29.65 during the night, began to rise, and the prospects were good for a clear and sunny day. But Marchand's prospects of intercepting the *Nashville* seemed to be diminishing. The report of the *Nashville's* escape, if correct, was now 23 days old, a remarkably slow passage for a fast steamer, and Marchand wrote, "I am satisfied she has either reached a European port, broken down on the way, or did not leave Charleston."

> *Journal entry: English Channel, Tuesday, November 5, 1861.*
> These considerations induced me at 9 o'clock in the morning to change our course and run slowly up the Channel towards Southampton to watch for the *Nashville* higher up until tomorrow morning and then run into that port for fuel, repairs and consultation with our minister in London as to my future course.

During the afternoon the weather was much better than any we had experienced at sea since leaving the U.S. and we availed ourselves of it by exercising for the first time at general quarters since leaving New York.

Journal entry: Southampton (England), Wednesday, November 6, 1861.

In the mist, squalls, and gales, no land was visible for a time [but] at length it was seen three or four miles off, and finding that no Pilot would venture outside of the Needles when we proposed entering, the ship was kept for the eastern side of the Isle of Wight. About eight in the morning a Pilot came on board, we passed Portsmouth, Ryde, the Royal residence on the Isle of Osborn, [and] Spithead, and stood onward to Southampton where we anchored one and a half miles below the town at 11 in the forenoon.

Marchand immediately went ashore to arrange for the coaling of the *James Adger.* The American Consul there, Capt. John Britton, could give him no information about the *Nashville* but Marchand must have been a little surprised (and perhaps somewhat relieved) when he examined that morning's London *Times.* There were only two brief items listed under the heading of "Latest News" from America, but both were of vital importance to Marchand. He noted first that "a naval expedition, composed of 80 vessels, carrying 500 guns, and between 30,000 and 40,000 men will sail from Hampton [Roads] tomorrow." This was, of course, Flag Officer Du Pont's expedition, and Marchand may have experienced some regret that he would not be present. But the second item was even more significant: "It is reported that Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners to England and France, have arrived at Cardenas."[6]

Marchand did not record his emotions on making this discovery, but he wrote tersely in his journal that "Consequently the whole object of this ship's visit is accomplished. Now I am preparing to return to the U.S." He might have been even more terse had he known that on that very day, Du Pont was leading his squadron into Port Royal Sound and the next morning would inflict a decisive defeat on the Confederate defenders. This first great naval

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[6] London *Times,* 6 November 1861.

victory of the war brought fame to Du Pont, as a nation eager for victory celebrated the event in its newspapers. Also on that same day, Mason and Slidell left Cardenas on board the H.M.S. *Trent* bound for England on a voyage that was to have considerable consequences.

Marchand, meanwhile, having been denied participation in either incident, made preparations to return to the United States. In his journal he thanked the "God of mercy . . . that hast brought us safely to our desired haven." But so far, that kind Providence had also delivered him from success.

CHAPTER III

"TO FIND THE *GLADIATOR* AND TAKE HER"
7 November–2 December 1861

Having failed to intercept the *Nashville*, Marchand was anxious to return to the United States and rejoin Flag Officer Du Pont's squadron. Though he began immediately to prepare the *James Adger* for the transatlantic crossing, he estimated in a letter to Secretary Welles that it would require at least 4 days to complete the necessary repairs.[1] Meanwhile, it was incumbent upon him to make a formal report to the senior American diplomats in London. Such a report was customary for naval officers visiting foreign ports, but Marchand had refrained from doing so earlier because of the urgency of his mission. His reticence had been noticed at the Embassy. The American Consul at London, Freeman H. Morse, had already written with a touch of pique to Secretary of State William H. Seward that "Marchand . . . has not been in communication with anyone here."[2]

Coincidentally, the very day that letter was posted, Marchand was preparing for a trip to London to report to Morse and to the American Minister, Charles Francis Adams. The next morning, he breakfasted on board the *James Adger* at 7, then immediately went ashore intending to take the first available train to London. He boarded the train at 8:40 and as he watched the dreary gray countryside flow by his window, he may have glanced at the morning edition of the London *Times*. The featured article would have helped him evaluate British opinion regarding the American Civil War:

> We are very sorry for it, but we honestly confess [that] for a great many years we have been convinced, and that by proofs far too strong to admit of doubt, that we stand very low in

[1] Marchand to Welles, Southampton, England, 6 November 1861. *Marchand Papers.*

[2] Morse to Seward, London, England, 6 November 1861. O.R.N., VI, 455.

> the good graces of the multitudinous monarch of the United States. The hearty sympathy and assistance lent by American citizens to the rebellion of the French Canadians in Lower Canada, the violent language held with regard to the disputed boundary of Oregon, the refusal to allow the right of search, which has almost defeated our well-meant efforts to repress the slave trade, and the seizure of the island of St. Juan by an armed force while the dispute as to its ownership was pending between the two Governments have long convinced us that peace between England and the United States is only to be maintained by submission to many violations of the comity and way of the rights of nations . . ..
>
> In acts we have been neutral and impartial, but we have had the presumption to form an opinion, and, having formed it, to publish it . . ..
>
> We do believe, and shall continue to do so, that the Secession of the South has destroyed the Federal Union . . . the contest is really for empire on the side of the North, and for independence on that of the South, and in this respect we recognize an exact analogy between the North and the Government of George III, and the South and the Thirteen Revolted Provinces . . .. [these] are the general opinions of the English nation.[3]

In reality, it is extremely doubtful that these were the "general opinions of the English nation." Throughout the war, the *Times* was more outspoken in its sympathy for the Confederacy than was either British public opinion or the British Government. Nevertheless, British authorities were likely to be circumspect and cautious in their dealings with U.S. representatives, and Marchand could expect no deference from the British in his efforts to interdict Confederate shipping. Lord Palmerston, in fact, suggested pointedly to Adams that should Marchand commit any act offensive to the British flag while in British waters, such an act "would be regarded . . . very unpleasantly." In his zeal, Palmerston even went so far as to suggest that Marchand "had got very drunk on brandy" while in port and that it would hardly be proper for him to seek to harm British interests while full of British brandy. Adams, of course, discounted both Palmerston's threats and his

[3] London *Times*, 7 November 1861.

accusations. Nevertheless, Marchand found himself the uncomfortable center of a delicate diplomatic situation.[4]

American diplomats in London were concerned about the preparation of a particular British ship, the *Gladiator*, for sea. The reason for their interest was the unusual cargo she was to carry:

Letter: Morse to Seward, November 6, 1861.[5]

The Confederate [sic] steamer *Gladiator* . . . has in her cargo 1,112 cases of Enfield rifles, containing 20 rifles each (22,240). She is about one year old and a very fine vessel. Captain [Daniel] Bird, of the steamer *Adelaide* is to command her on leaving, and she will be clear in his name, but another man (perhaps [Raphael] Semmes of the *Sumter*) is to take charge when she gets to sea.[6]

I have good reasons for believing that the *Gladiator* is in reality Southern property, or will be on her arrival in some Southern port. But she leaves here under the protection of the English flag . . ..

Faced with this dilemma, the American authorities in London were most anxious to contact Marchand as the Commander of the only American ship of war then in British waters and to familiarize him with the designs of the owners of the *Gladiator*. They were anxious for Marchand to capture the vessel or otherwise prevent its departure but were unwilling to assume the responsibility for ordering him to do so. Over the next several days, the delicate neutrality of Great Britain served as a backdrop for a diplomatic drama with a cast which included spies, diplomats, adventurers, and mysterious midnight visitors, *dramatis personae* more appropriate to a revolutionary conspiracy than to wartime diplomacy.

Marchand arrived in London at 11 and drove "at once" to the American Legation.

Journal entry: London, Thursday, November 7, 1861.

On entering the house, Mr. Wilson, Secretary of [the] Legation, seemed particularly pleased at my arrival and not

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[4] Adams to Seward, London, 15 November 1861. O.R.A., II, 1078-9.

[5] Morse to Seward, London, England, 6 November 1861. O.R.N., VI, 455.

[6] Capt. D.T. Bisbie took command of the *Gladiator* on 6 November.

until being with Mr. [Charles Francis] Adams did I know the cause. The latter informed me that the *Gladiator*, an English propeller, was fitting out in the Thames with munitions of war destined, doubtlessly, for the Confederate states but under English colors, officers and papers and clearing for an English port in the West Indies [Nassau]. Being fully satisfied myself that were I to capture her in the English Channel or any place this side [of the Atlantic] in a direct line to her reputed destination it would be an illegal act and might embroil our government with England, I asked him the question if I had a right to capture her, he emphatically said no. [He] then told me I had better see Mr. Morse, the U.S. Consul in London, who he thought had evidence that the *Gladiator* belonged to individuals in the Confederate states.

Immediately I drove to Mr. Morse's office and had more than an hour interview. He seemed desirous that the *Gladiator* should be captured, but could adduce no evidence, only his conviction, that the propeller really belonged to people of the southern Confederacy.

It was about 3 p.m. before I reached Marley's Hotel from the American Consulate where I found awaiting me Mr. George Francis Train,[7] an ardent Union American, who had been watching the movements of the *Gladiator* and who had a spy or detective doing the same. Mr. Train gave me much information as regards the lading and shifting berths of the propeller but his advice was too violent for me to follow in capturing that vessel even had the *James Adger* been at the mouth of the Thames. He argued that war between the U.S. and England was evident and the sooner the better. In [rejecting] his advice I suggested that some evidence should be afforded me that the propeller possibly belonged to the southern Confederacy before I would be authorized to capture her unless near the Confederate coast. Several times during the afternoon he called [on me] and handed me letters only urging me to have the *James Adger* prepared for sea immediately. My reply was that I had telegraphed to Southampton to Mr. Foster, the 1st Lieutenant, to urge

[7]Scion of a prominent Massachusetts shipbuilding family, Train was in England to promote investment in American railroads though in the process he earned a reputation as "a half-lunatic, half-genius" by "building street-railroads and by denouncing the aristocracy." Donald, *Charles Sumner and the Rights of Man*, 83.

[the] work [forward and be] ready to go to sea on Saturday morning. At last interview he said he would find me evidence that the propeller was really owned by people of the southern confederacy.

In the evening after dark [I] walked around for a couple of hours looking at sights in the West End of London and retired much fatigued to my bed at 9 o'clock. An hour later I was awakened by a rap at the door and a stranger was ushered in who announced himself as Captain De Rohan [but] whose real name is [William] Dahlgren, brother of Captain [John A.] Dahlgren.[8] He frankly told me he was esteemed an [adventurer], that last year he aided Garibaldi by smuggling from England a large quantity of arms for Garibaldi and [by] hoisting American colors, took from Genoa and elsewhere a small fleet to Sicily and [he also] imparted [to me] an interesting interview he had with Commander [James S.] Palmer of the *Iroquois* in the Mediterranean.[9] He further added that beside myself and Mr. Train no human being in England knew who he was or to what nation he belonged. He said that the Mr. Campbell of the house of Traci Campbell & Co. had offered him the command of the *Gladiator* [to] run the blockade of the southern ports knowing his filibustering character, [but] that he declined it (being Union in feeling) on the ground that his engagement with Garibaldi would not allow his acceptance. He further said that . . . joint stock companies were forming upon the principle of sending three vessels [at a time, for] if only one was to enter a blockaded port and the remaining two captured, it would [still] be a profitable business. Captain De Rohan added that daily he was at the counting house of Traci Campbell & Co., that . . . he had been consulted about charts and sailing directions for the southern coast of the United States, as they had no specific ones, and

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[8]William De Rohan Dahlgren (1819-1891) never used his family name because of a feud with his brother John. He left America in his early adulthood and served in the naval forces of Turkey, Argentina, Chile, Italy, and Britain. Though he supported the Union cause, he did not enroll in the U.S. Navy for fear of being required to serve under his brother.

[9]The *Iroquois,* Commander James S. Palmer, had been part of the American Mediterranean squadron through May 14, 1861, when she was recalled by Secretary Welles. See O.R.N., I, 20-1.

> that the firm had told him they were going to clear the propellers for Nassau, and Honduras. He had advised [them] that the better plan would be not to mention the latter place but that the voyage terminate at Nassau, an English port. He added that the Company designed landing the munitions of war at Nassau and trans-ship[ping] them by small vessels into the southern ports. All this was communicated with the assurance of profound secrecy as his reputation would be entirely destroyed were it known that he was acting the character of a spy. He said he was actuated entirely by fidelity to the North and that no mercenary object prompted him, that Mr. Train had desired him to make the visit to convince me that the vessel was a proper subject of capture anywhere but more especially to dog her and make a seizure near our coast. His suggestion was to steer a course so as to intercept her near the Bahamas . . ..

The next morning, Marchand took the train back to Southampton still rather puzzled about the course of action he should adopt regarding the *Gladiator*. Precipitate action on his part could lead to dire consequences for both himself and his nation. The uneasy neutrality of Britain could suddenly change to open hostility if a ship of the U.S. Navy committed an act at sea that could be construed by the British as an insult to national honor. Though Palmerston was sympathetic to the Union predicament, he would not stand by while Americans attacked a British registered ship at sea. Evidence of the tenuousness of British neutrality would be given soon, though Marchand could not have known it, in the aftermath of the *Trent* affair. Even while Marchand was mulling over alternative courses of action on his trip back to Southampton, 2,000 miles away Capt. Charles Wilkes of the U.S.S. *San Jacinto* was forcibly removing Mason and Slidell from H.M.S. *Trent*, initiating an international incident of nearly catastrophic proportions. The legality of Wilkes' act would be debated bitterly in both capitals leading finally to the surrender of the commissioners to British custody and the renewal of an uneasy peace, but not before military preparations had been made in England and Canada. All this was in the future, though, as Marchand traveled south. For his part no action would be possible until the *James Adger* was made ready for sea. When Marchand returned to the ship in the afternoon, he noted resignedly that though "things

[were] progressing rapidly," he was "still without a hope of getting to sea before Saturday night, even if then."

Marchand kept his crew at their labors throughout the afternoon. The *James Adger* received 250 tons of coal and by 1 in the morning the bunkers were full.[10] The ship joiners were also kept busy repairing the bulwarks and paddlewheel boxes which had been damaged by the storm off the Newfoundland Banks. They, too, worked until well past dark. In the afternoon, Marchand went ashore to conclude his business with the American Consulate.

> *Journal entry: Southampton, Saturday, November 9, 1861.*
> Whilst at the Consulate [I] received letters from the Consul at London [Morse] giving advice and sending description of the *Gladiator* but no evidence that that propeller belonged to other than English subjects.[11] Also letters from Mr. Train urging the capture irrespective of the consequences and including his detective's (Captain De Rohan) description of the lading of the *Gladiator*.

While ashore, Marchand wrote letters of thanks to Adams, Morse, and Train but without committing himself to a specific course of action. He said only that he would keep "an eye upon the *Gladiator* . . .."[12] After dining with the consul, he returned to the ship.

Once again, however, the weather kept him from putting to sea immediately. The barometer dropped to 29.2, and a heavy gale came up out of the southwest. It could be seen, wrote Marchand, over the Isle of Wight, as a "dense black cloud careening up the Channel." Even after the storm abated the next morning, he was delayed by the information that more work was required on the engines.

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[10] In addition to the 250 tons taken on board 9 November, 50 tons were already on board, which, with the 79 tons stored in bags, made a total of 379 tons.

[11] Morse, however, pointedly reminded Marchand that the *Gladiator*'s "cargo is just what the rebels now most need, and to them it will be of very great value." Morse to Marchand, London, 8 November 1861. O.R.N., I, 227.

[12] Copies of these letters have not been found, but Marchand made this notation in his journal regarding their contents.

Journal entry: Southampton, Sunday, November 10, 1861.

I was all day chafing at the delay but could not help it as it would be the utmost imprudence to start across the Atlantic with a partially defective engine particularly in this ship which has but one [engine] and no sails to manage her in the event of injury to the machinery.[13]

I was anxious to get away as last night I received a telegram from Mr. Train in London that the *Gladiator* had cleared at the London custom house on Saturday afternoon for Tenerife [in the Canary Islands] with a crew of 27 men and 10 passengers. I am fully satisfied that if the *Gladiator* left the Thames on Saturday night she would have been compelled to anchor at Gravesend [at the mouth of the Thames] or some other place near there as she could not contend against the gale from the southwest which sat in during that night as she is a propeller whose speed under favorable circumstances does not exceed ten miles an hour and this conviction was my only consolation at being delayed.

Marchand knew that the *Gladiator* had left her berth alongside the quay in London and had slipped down the Thames River to Gravesend. He did not know, however, that on the morning of 10 November, after the night's storm had moderated and while Marchand's crew labored on the engines of the *James Adger*, she steamed slowly out of the mouth of the Thames and into the North Sea. Meanwhile, Marchand continued to receive visits from patriotic well-wishers.

Journal entry of November 10, 1861 continued.

About 3 p.m. it was announced that a gentleman had come off in a shore boat and wished to see me. He entered the cabin and announced himself as Captain [Zebina] Eastman[14] and I recollected that in my interview with Mr. Adams, our Minister, and Mr. Morse, our Consul, when in London, both

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[13] Presumably Marchand meant no sails capable of maneuvering the ship competently in poor weather. The *James Adger* did carry sails though her design limited their efficient utilization unaided by the steam engine.

[14] Formerly a Chicago publisher and a fervid abolitionist, Eastman was appointed U.S. consul at Bristol by President Lincoln in August 1861.

[had] informed me that Captain Eastman had been dispatched to Queenstown to meet me with information about the *Gladiator* and that he had not yet returned. Captain Eastman told me that he was in Brussels and learned that rifles were being shipped from that place to London to be sent to the Confederate states, that he watched the boxes until their shipment and that he and others tried to devise some plan to capture the vessel in which they would be sent from London but could not hit upon any plan and that the arrival of the *James Adger* at Queenstown altered their plans and offered the only means of preventing the arms being sent to the Confederate states. Captain Eastman then handed me a letter from the Honorable H[enry] S. Sanford, our Minister at Brussels, dated 3rd inst. [and] another from Mr. Adams, Minister of London dated 5th inst.[15] all breathing a desire for the capture of the *Gladiator* if I thought the evidence to be given me by Captain Eastman would justify my so doing. The latter gentleman on delivering the letters mentioned that they were the same that he had taken for delivery to me in Queenstown, since the date which the letters bear I have seen Messrs. Adams and Morse neither of which could show anything like evidence but that the *Gladiator* was a legitimate English trader and might be bound for Honduras or to Mexico particularly the latter as the French and English are about sending a blockading squadron there, nor could Captain Eastman give any evidence other than his conviction that the munitions of war were destined for the Confederate states.

I expressed to Captain Eastman the difficulty in which I am placed if I should succeed in capturing the *Gladiator* when on a direct course where her official papers state she should go. It would be a violation of international law. If I did not do so I would be blamed by our people at home and that the first course might embroil our government in a war with England. In either event I will be sacrificed upon returning to the United States. He agreed that the only safe course to pursue was to try and find the *Gladiator* out of her direct course to Tenerife and then capture her. I told him my

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[15] Adams wrote: "Much must be left to your own discretion, so that I do not tie your hands." Adams to Marchand, London, 5 November 1861. O.R.N., I, 226.

plan was to be in the Western Islands [the Azores] where probably she would be compelled to coal and that her going to Tenerife was but a fiction as it was so far out of the way. On Captain Eastman's leaving I told him that I would sacrifice everything to make the capture, if possible, provided it was not within three leagues of a neutral shore. This latter determination I devoutly hope to carry out.

Marchand had grown overly suspicious. The *Gladiator*'s listed destination, though curiously well advertised, was anything but a fiction. Had he been less clever, Marchand might have yet been able to overtake the slow-steaming *Gladiator* on her leisurely way to Tenerife. But having decided that the Confederate owners and their British friends were practicing duplicity, he planned to head the *James Adger* on a direct course for the Azores.

Journal entry: Attempting to get to Sea from Southampton, Monday, November 11, 1861.

At 3:40 this morning I was informed that the engineer had reported that the engine and its dependencies were all overhauled and that it was ready for sea service. I went on deck [where] the Pilot told me, and I could see for myself, that the southwest gale was still blowing and too hard to make anything against it, and the sea running in the channel. I told them to wait two hours before starting the fires. At 6 a.m. there was some appearance of a lull but the Pilot told me it was deception and that it was blowing as hard as ever outside of the River in which we were at anchor. But I could not bear the idea of remaining at anchor when there was a possibility of the *Gladiator* keeping the sea so I ordered the fires started and at 9-1/2 steam was up, our anchor weighed and we made a start.

In the Southampton waters the wind was not very strong but the moment we entered the more open water between the Isle of Wight and the mainland it swept powerfully from the southwest causing even in the confined waters quite a sea. The Pilot told me he would take me to sea through the Needles but from the extreme roughness of the channel outside we could make nothing to the westward. Several vessels passed us from sea under the closest reefed sails for a shelter in C[owes] Roads and many others had already

anchored there, off Spithead, and in Yarmouth Roads. I persisted in going onward and if nothing better also to anchor in the latter place. We reached there but the great strength of the wind and swell compelled me to acknowledge the danger of anchoring in Yarmouth Roads with the lightness of our anchor and the strong tides without keeping the engine going at the expense of consuming fuel. It was with the utmost reluctance that I agreed to the Pilot's wishes, turned around, ran about ten miles back and again anchored at the entrance to the Southampton waters six miles below the city. I felt mortified at having to do so, only a sense of duty compelled me for had we gone to sea or anchored at Yarmouth Roads the consumption of (to us valued) coal would not have recompensed.

I chafed all afternoon and done little else than run on deck to ascertain if a change of wind had taken place. After night a small steamer, tender to the frigate *Dauntless* came down from Southampton and anchored near, no doubt watching what we were about. On retiring at night I only took off my peajacket and shoes ready for a call if the weather moderated. At midnight I was again on deck, but the favorable change had taken place and I told the Pilot that we must be away before daylight.

Journal entry: English Channel, Tuesday, November 12, 1861.

At 2 o'clock in the morning the wind died away, steam was nearly up and the anchor was weighed. The Pilot tried to persuade me that the sea was still running too high in the channel to go out. We did, however, go out passing the Needles at 5 o'clock in the morning with everything in perfect darkness around except the lights from the Light House. Just after passing the Needles [I] discharged the Pilot. We found some swell in the English Channel but not as much as I had expected, the strong ebb tide having broken down in a great measure.

A little after meridian when off Start Point a steam propeller was observed standing nearly the same course with ourselves but closely hugging the land. She was a three masted vessel and I had a strong impression that it was the *Gladiator*. From the course she was going to shave Start

Point, ours would intercept her a mile or less from the land and within the jurisdiction of Great Britain. I altered our course so as to pass within good view of her that I might make her properly out, at the same time give the impression that she was not recognized intending to draw her off the land that I might capture her not within three marine leagues (the verbal advice of Mr. Adams) of a neutral land. Our respective courses brought us near enough to her to find that she did not in any respect answer the description of the *Gladiator.*

By evening the *James Adger* had run the length of the English Channel and Marchand set a southwesterly course to make a landfall in the Azores where he hoped to intercept the *Gladiator.*

Journal entry of November 12, 1861 continued

'Tis said that she cleared at the London Customs House for Tenerife but so much deception has been practiced by the Confederates and their instruments that I have no faith in them or their acts and clearing for Tenerife was only a ruse to get me to go there whilst the *Gladiator* would take the most direct route and if necessary coal at the Western Islands [Azores].

Though he was at sea again, under a fair sky and homeward bound, Marchand was once again in a melancholy mood. The delays and bad weather had sapped his optimism and he found much in his present situation to pity. His major concern was still what to do about the *Gladiator* if and when he encountered her at sea.

Journal entry of November 12, 1861 continued

It is my intention (God willing) to capture her if I can. [But] should I do so and not be able to prove her a proper subject for capture (for I have not an iota of evidence to prove that she belongs to the Southern Confederate States or that she is anything else than a legitimately bound merchantman), I know that I will be dismissed from the Navy and be mulct into damages far beyond my means of payment. But it may have the effect of stopping the formation of other joint stock companies in Great Britain to aid the south by endeavoring to run the blockade.

Should I be able to find the *Gladiator* and take her, another subject presents itself that gives me concern. She is said to have passengers amongst which [is] a British Vice Consul. What disposition to make of them has occupied my attention. At first I thought of landing them in the *James Adger* at the place of destination but that would conflict with the "Act for the better government of the Navy" which requires all papers found on board a captured vessel to be sent for adjudication, therefore, I have come to the conclusion (if it should become my fortune to capture the *Gladiator*) to send everybody found on board to the U.S. As I said the consequence may be my total sacrifice but I will alone assume this responsibility. The government can avoid difficulties with England by releasing the vessel, assuming the damages, disavowing the legality of my act, and of course sacrificing me. I will have the consolation of knowing that what I intend doing will be with the view of benefitting my Country. Upon giving a course to steer at 11 o'clock at night, I took a last look at the dim outline of the English coast and retired to the privacy of my room and fervently prayed for wisdom in action, the preservation of the ship's company and our country and for the welfare of my family and friends.

For the next 6 days, the officers and men of the *James Adger* steamed southward through gray seas. They experienced another northwest gale on the evening of the 13th. Marchand did not sleep that night as he "sat up and lay down" in his bed, but "without closing my eyes." The gale continued for most of the night but moderated in the morning. On inspection Marchand discovered that the storm had once again washed the forward water closets over the side, and the newly replaced port-side wheelhouse was also washed away. Even more important, it was discovered that "the lead suction pipe through the magazine . . . was again slightly leaking creating a further dampness in the magazine."

Journal entry: North Atlantic, Thursday, November 14, 1861.

The sea and spray flying over kept the deck and every person on it wet which together with the dust from the bituminous coal . . . kept the officers, crew, and everything black with dirt.

The next day, though, Marchand noted that the "strength of the heavy wind and rain squalls seemed to have exhausted themselves . . .." For the next 4 days, in fact, the weather continued to improve and though the seas remained rough, the weather ceased to be a source of anxiety.

His greatest source of apprehension was now the dampness in the magazine. On the 15th, he found that "the whole magazine was damp and that the ceiling was covered with drops of water from condensation." He began to fear that all of the powder in the magazine might be injured, and his apprehension was increased because the condition of the sea prevented its testing. The next day, however, the ceiling of the magazine was found to be dry. Nevertheless, Marchand ordered the charcoal air filters to be dried by the fires in the galley in hopes of making them more effective.

Monday, 18 November, finally saw the fulfillment of Marchand's prayers for good weather. "This has been the only truly pleasant day we have experienced at sea since leaving the United States," he wrote. The *James Adger* made 240 miles that day, and Marchand took advantage of the good weather to exercise the men at the guns finding that some of the powder, at least, was still serviceable. In the afternoon, the island of St. Michael was sighted to the south, being the northernmost of the Azores, and by nightfall, the islands themselves were visible from the deck.

Journal entry: Horta, Island of Fayal, Tuesday, November 19, 1861.

At various times during the night I was up being in sight of the Azore Islands. At 1:30 a.m. I went on deck to remain. At that time we had the Island of Pico a little west of north from us and by the light of the full moon it and the Island of St. George were in full sight. The Peak of Pico was occasionally obscured by passing clouds, still it served as a landmark. The course steering carried us five or six miles from the land and our steam was so regulated at low speed as to be at the west end of the Island of Pico at daylight. At seven it was daylight and we were off the channel between that island and Fayal and at eight anchored off the town of Horta, Island of Fayal, and sent a boat on shore to ascertain privately if the *Gladiator* had been here and to procure from 60 to 90 tons of coal to carry us to the U.S. if nothing of her had been heard. Three American vessels were at anchor which

showed their colors and four foreign ones who did not exhibit them. Subsequently [we] learned that all the American vessels were whalers. No steamers were in port and on the return of the boat learned that no steamers had been here for some weeks and no information could be obtained about the steamer *Gladiator*.

After shifting berth twice, and nearly colliding with another vessel, the *James Adger* finally came to anchor off a lee shore in the crowded harbor. "It was mentally an uncomfortable place" for Marchand "with a fresh wind and squalls and a lee shore so near at hand," but it was adjacent to the coal depot and so Marchand "determined to hold on," although "at the expense of much, indeed intense, uneasiness of mind . . .."

Journal entry of November 19, 1861 continued

My intention was to have gone ashore (to which effect I sent word to the Vice Consul)[16] to call at the Consulate and upon the proper civil and military authorities, but the uncertain and precarious condition of the ship prevented; Lieutenant Foster having in the morning told the Vice Consul that should I not come ashore it would be owing to my anxiety in getting away and the Vice Consul told him that he would see the proper authorities and make the necessary explanation.

Not until the afternoon did the crew start to take coal on board because "baskets had to be rigged for whipping it in . . .." But by evening coaling was completed and the *James Adger* once again had a full complement (333 tons) of fuel.[17]

Marchand spent part of his evening describing the beauties of Fayal and dwelling at some length upon his own situation.

Journal entry of November 19, 1861 continued

The island of Fayal is picturesque and cultivated to its greatest ability, but the lower class are impoverished and

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[16]The American consul, a Mr. Dabney, was absent in Boston and his son was acting as vice consul.

[17]The *James Adger* took aboard 38 tons of bituminous coal and 36 tons of anthracite coal for which Marchand paid $11 a ton.

almost in a state of want from the failure of the grape crops for several years, the labor upon the vine being in a great measure their means of support. Begging therefore is prevalent. Six miles across is the Island of Pico with the Peak so near that it seems a short walk, but a day's labor on donkey 'tis said only will accomplish it. That Island is equally well cultivated but the lower classes in the same condition there as Fayal. But little time had I to look with a curious eye upon things around, my mind was too intensely engaged on the work going on, being anxious to reach the U.S. to give information of the *Gladiator* which now I am satisfied has gone as claimed at the London Custom House, to Tenerife . . .. Also to give the aid of the *James Adger* whether for blockading or fighting purposes. It has been a subject of much dissatisfaction that I have not been able to participate in the landing of the troops on the southern coast and the difficulties and dangers, my brother officers have done so, and although this ship was the first assigned for that purpose, she is necessarily absent and the other officers commanding steamers may have gained renown, I have done nothing and am lost to history. Not that I wish eclat for myself so much as for my family, but my Heavenly Father who is ever watching over me for my good, undeservedly as I am, has ordered everything for the best and I bow to His decree.

It was 8:30 p.m. before the coal was stowed, the ship's bills paid, and the guns secured, when all hands were called [to] "up anchor." Some delay was experienced in clearing a line used for a lighter from one of the wheels and in heaving up the anchor, but about 9 p.m. we were under full headway standing out of the harbor of Horta. Half an hour after, we were clear of the land and I gave a course for the Chesapeake Bay. It was then only that I felt the fatigue, having been 20 consecutive hours on my feet on deck except for a few minutes for my breakfast at ten in the morning and at dinner at seven in the evening and probably half an hour with my visitors in the middle of the day. The excitement being over when I returned to my cabin I could scarcely stand on my feet they were so sore and swollen and being enveloped in coal dust . . .. Not hearing anything of the *Gladiator* was mortifying as I had strong hopes of finding her here, but divine providence willing it otherwise I bow to the decree and

hope my government will sanction my actions. For thy manifold blessings and protection I thank thee my God.

Three days after the *James Adger* arrived at Fayal, the *Gladiator* steamed slowly into the harbor at Tenerife. She was delayed there for several days while coaling and then put to sea again, arriving at Nassau in the Bahamas, her listed and legal destination, on 9 December. At Nassau her valuable cargo was transferred to several smaller and faster steamers for the short run into a southern port.[18]

For the crew of the *James Adger*, the next week passed without incident. The skies were for the most part clear, the seas smooth, and aside from the regular musket and gunnery drills, the most notable event was the sighting of some flying fish. The ship's crew took advantage of this time to put the ship in order after its bout with the storm and the process of recoaling. Marchand set them to "cleaning paint work, guns, [and] deck of the coal dust . . .." On Sunday Marchand held inspection in quarters as usual and gave thanks at night for the gentle seas and steady progress.

Progress was indeed rapid. The *James Adger* averaged nearly 220 miles per day during this week of calm. At the end of 7 days, however, the Atlantic, as if to prove that it was not to be conquered so easily, once again blew up into a gale.

Journal entry: From the Azores towards the Chesapeake, Wednesday, November 27, 1861.

A [gale] sat in about 9 o'clock last night . . . and has continued 'till the present time (8 p.m.) without diminution accompanied at long intervals by rain and heavy wind squalls. The ugly cross sea caused the ship to plunge so as to be dangerous and steam was reduced giving only headway of from 2-1/2 to 3-1/2 miles an hour. These heavy cross seas continued all day and some of the plunges were dreadful, but altogether the ship rode the seas beautifully scarcely dampening the deck except in the plunges when a whole sea would come over her forecastle and deluge the deck as our course was head to it, nor could we keep away without running far off our course as the swell came upon both bows.

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[18] See the report of the *Gladiator*'s captain, D.T. Bisbie, to Confederate Secretary of War Judah P. Benjamin, O.R.N., XII, 835-6.

The gale moderated in the evening "and the sea immediately went down." The weather once again became "clear and warm with frequent passing clouds .... A very little gulfweed and nothing else seen." But Marchand's mind was still troubled, not about the weather, not even about the *Gladiator* which he now realized had eluded him, but because of his own ignorance about the progress of events in America.

Journal entry: From the Azores towards the Chesapeake, Friday, November 29, 1861.

The last information we received from the U.S. was in England and of the date 26th October, over a month ago. What changes have taken place within that time I shudder to think of. I may now have no country. Our destination is Fortress Monroe but does it still belong to the U.S. or has it fallen? Again where is the fleet of the Chesapeake? By some fiendish devices of the enemy it may have been destroyed. We have to pass within gun shot of Cape Henry, what preparations may not have been made to fortify it to endeavor to prevent entrance, what devices may not the enemy adopt to entrap us who are in total ignorance of affairs? Then again where is my family, but the thought is too heartrending. My only hope for them and myself is that merciful God who has ever protected us.

Journal entry: From the Azores towards the Chesapeake, Saturday, November 30, 1861.

The remarks of yesterday were written towards 8 o'clock in the evening. At that time it was blowing strong and soon after it freshened to a heavy gale from the southwest. All evening lightning was frequent from northwest to north-northeast and I anticipated bad weather but it came on sooner than expected. The squalls of wind and rain were dreadful and the sea during the night caused much pitching, bumping and rolling. The consequence was that I was either up or awake the whole of the night. At 4:30 in the morning I permanently took my place on deck and was there nearly all the time 'till eight in the evening.

At five in the morning I went for Mr. Douglas, Chief Engineer, to ascertain if additional speed could be made without injury to the machinery as the wheels were only kept

revolving during the night, then for the first time he told me that he had made a critical examination of the bunkers and gave me the startling intelligence that there was only 100 tons of coal on board when I thought from his representatives the previous day that we had 140. It alarmed me as we were in a southwest gale and not knowing how long the bad weather would last and if it should continue we might have to put back to Bermuda or run the risk of being lost. Knowing the crankiness of the ship and her tendency to an improper trim by the head where the coal is nearly out I had 219 round shot taken from the shot locker forward and all the shot except one from each gun on deck stowed in the after hold and spirit room and 50 grape and 45 canisters taken from the forward to the after orlop. The weight of all those were five tons, 965 pounds. This removal of weight was to keep the ship by the stern as she pitched heavily and rolled much. As far as possible to keep her stiff I had all the empty water tanks and empty barrels filled with salt water to act as ballast. The entrance to the Chesapeake is 300 miles off.

Journal entry: From the Azores towards the Chesapeake, Sunday, December 1, 1861.

The northwest gale that sat upon us yesterday afternoon moderated about midnight and this forenoon was perfectly clear with light variable airs. About noon a breeze sprung up from nearly south and continued freshening so that at the present time (7 p.m.) it is blowing strong with cloudy weather with the prospect of a bad night. We were still in the Gulf Stream, the surface temperature has been running all the time 73°. Not a solitary sail was seen all day. [Today we] logged 160 miles but made good only 136, by far the shortest run we have ever made. The entrance to the Chesapeake is still 180 miles off.

The ship is now light and has a natural list to port, in order to remedy it, if possible, [I] shifted the kedge from the port to the starboard guard and as many things in the hold as possible. Today sent up the fore yard and set foresail topsail and fore and aft sails being the first time any sail had been set since last week . . .. I thank my God that he has permitted me, unworthy as I am, to see another holy day.

Journal entry: Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, Monday, December 2, 1861.

Last night was truly a bad one, it was blowing a gale from the southwest, and a heavy gale too. I lay with my clothes on in my bed for half an hour before 10 o'clock when I was sent for to come on deck where I remained 'till 7:30 o'clock this morning. Between 11 and 12 o'clock last night the temperature of the water fell six or seven degrees showing that we had left the Gulf Stream. Ineffectual efforts were made to get bottom with the lead until four this morning where it was obtained at 25 fathoms. There was much lightning after midnight to the south which indicated strong northerly winds to follow and caused me to be anxious to get into port. The brightest lookout for land was kept and before nine in the morning the trees to the south of Cape Henry showed themselves about the water.

I was not certain of the position of the ship and did not recognize the land until the lighthouse on Cape Henry loomed up. No pilot boats were outside and I piloted the ship to the tail of the horseshoe where one boarded us and carried us to the anchorage in Hampton Roads where lay Flag Officer Goldsborough's squadron.

The long chase was over; an even longer vigil was about to begin.

CHAPTER IV

"HEARTSICK AND TIRED"
3 December 1861–19 January 1862

The long pursuit across the Atlantic and back had yielded nothing. In search of glory Marchand found only frustration and disappointment. Yet he did not allow his ill luck to dampen his enthusiasm. He was still anxious to make an important contribution to the war. Accordingly, he reported his arrival in Hampton Roads to the commander of the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Flag Officer Louis M. Goldsborough, almost as soon as the *James Adger* dropped anchor. But though ready himself for immediate service, his ship would require extensive repairs. With perhaps a touch of bitterness he wrote:

> I have the honor to report the arrival of this vessel from the English Channel after a fruitless search for the Confederate Steamer *Nashville*. The engines and dependencies require considerable repairs before the vessel will be ready to keep the sea, and the magazine is not in a condition to preserve the powder.[1]

Goldsborough responded that such extensive repairs could not be completed in Hampton Roads. He ordered Marchand to proceed to Baltimore where the navy yard was better equipped to handle the work and where Marchand could report directly to Secretary Welles. Marchand was at first loath to do so, fearing that Du Pont would believe he had used his influence to have himself sent to Baltimore because his family was there. But Goldsborough was adamant, and so less than 2 hours after dropping anchor, the *James Adger* was again underway, steaming north up the Chesapeake into the teeth of an "exceedingly cold" wind.

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[1] Marchand to Goldsborough, Hampton Roads, 2 December 1861. *Marchand Papers.*

Journal entry: Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, Monday, December 2, 1861.

By seven in the evening the wind had gotten to north by northeast and it commenced snowing and by eight it was so thick that we were compelled to anchor having run [only] about 60 miles from Hampton Roads.

They lay hove to for about 8 hours unable to see the navigational lights for the snow, but at 4 o'clock in the morning, though the wind continued to blow cold out of the northeast, the snow finally stopped. The *James Adger* once again got underway and all that day the crew battled headwinds and rough seas. It was already dark on the evening of 3 December before they reached Baltimore where "after a little trouble" they anchored off Fall's Point.[2]

After securing the ship, Marchand had himself rowed ashore and by 8 o'clock was reunited with his family. His joyful reception was partially marred by the illness of his son. "Poor little Frank," he wrote, "was more sick than I expected." Nevertheless, he immediately penned a letter to the Secretary of the Navy asking for orders back to sea. "I most respectfully request that instructions may be sent as soon as possible that I may be enabled to join Flag Officer Du Pont's squadron to which this vessel is attached."[3]

In order to make it possible for the *James Adger* to return to active duty, repairs were begun immediately. From 4 December to the 13th, the entire crew was "engaged in repairing the engine and boilers and repairing ship." On 5 December, Marchand made an effort to renew his crew as well as his engines. He wrote to Secretary Welles for permission to replace sick members of his crew with new recruits from the receiving ship *Allegheny*.[4] Marchand also had the powder which was left in the magazine checked for potency by Army specialists at Fort McHenry. To his great relief, it was found to be uninjured.[5] By the evening of the

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[2] From the journal entry of 2 December.

[3] Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 3 December 1861. *Marchand Papers.*

[4] Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 5 December 1861. *Ibid.*

[5] Marchand to Capt. A.A. Harwood (Chief of Bureau of Ordnance), Baltimore, 10 December 1861. *Ibid.*

12th, the *James Adger* was again ready for sea and Marchand so informed the Secretary.[6]

During this ten day period at anchor off Baltimore, Marchand had occasion to demonstrate outward signs of a very characteristic intolerance of drunkenness. Liquor, of course, was one of the few pleasures accessible to the hands of the "lower deck," and during the tedious days of blockading that were to follow, it would provide the only break from the drudgery of shipboard life. But Marchand, who did not drink himself, could not tolerate drunkenness in others, particularly in naval officers.

Marchand was not atypical in his opposition to alcoholic spirits. Since the early 1840's the temperance movement in the U.S. Navy had been gaining ground rapidly especially among the officer corps. In 1842, Congress, on the suggestion of Secretary Abel P. Upshur, passed legislation which halved the traditional rum ration for sailors and eliminated it for persons under 21. By 1861 there was strong pressure, both political and professional, to put an end to this disgraceful tradition altogether. The next year, in fact, would see the successful passage of a bill which would do exactly that.[7]

Nevertheless, during the week-long interlude at Baltimore "five cases of drunkenness amongst the crew took place and were instantly and severely dealt with." That these cases were the result of drinking while ashore and off duty did not moderate the offense in Marchand's eyes. On 9 December, he reported Master's Mate Frank M. Case to Secretary Welles for drunkenness and recommended his dismissal. Marchand cited Case for "insubordination, and unfitness for service on account of indolence and indifference in the performance of his duty for which he has been repeatedly admonished." A terse postcript to this report records that "the above has been shown to Mr. Case who remarked that he had nothing to say."[8]

Unfortunately, Case's replacement did not fare any better. In a letter to Secretary Welles dated only 4 days later, Marchand reported that:

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[6]Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 12 December 1861. *Ibid.*

[7]A law banning the sailor's rum ration was passed on 14 July 1862. See Langley, *Social Reform in the United States Navy*, 209-69.

[8]Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 9 December 1861. *Marchand Papers.*

Letter: Marchand to Welles, December 13, 1861.[9]

Three days ago George M. Rice came on board and represented that he had been appointed as Acting Master's Mate and ordered by the Department to this Steamer.

At that time he was drunk and did not bring his appointment or orders. Since then he has not made his appearance.

On one occasion, Marchand was so completely outraged and mortified by the behavior of one of his officers that he felt constrained to describe the debauchery to Du Pont:

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, March 7, 1862.[10]

I have to report Acting Master William R. Clark, attached to this ship, for intemperance.

Yesterday evening when ashore on liberty he was in such an utterly drunken condition that he had to be carried out of the mud and into the boat by her crew, *in presence of officers and soldiers of the Army* [italics added], and on arrival alongside of the ship had to be helped out of the boat in presence of the ship's company.

I most earnestly request that he may instantly be detached, as by seniority, he takes rank and command next after the executive officer and his habits and inexperience renders him unfit to fill that position, should circumstances require his so doing.

Marchand was not always critical of his officers, nor was he averse to recommending them for promotion if they displayed competence, intelligence, and sobriety. During this same period, Marchand sent the following recommendation to Secretary Welles:

Letter: Marchand to Welles, December 11, 1861.[11]

In the event of promotions being made among'st the Acting Assistant Engineers for temporary service, I respectfully solicit the promotion of Acting Third Assistant

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[9] Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 13 December 1861. *Ibid.*

[10] Marchand to Du Pont, Fernandina, 7 March 1862. *Ibid.*

[11] Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 11 December 1861. *Ibid.*

Engineer Charles Kiersted and James Fox, now on board this steamer.

Both are practical machinists, capable Engineers, and faithful in the performance of duty. They have seen considerable sea service; the former especially and fully able to perform the duty of Engineer in Charge.

Even this handsome letter of recommendation, however, was to have a tragi-comic sequel. Three months later, Marchand was writing:

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, March 7, 1862.[12]

I respectfully report . . . Acting Assistant Engineers Charles Kiersted and James Fox for being drunk on shore yesterday evening.

Having finally completed the repairs on the *James Adger*, replaced the sick members of the crew with recruits, and disposed of the intemperate Mr. Case, Marchand informed Secretary Welles that he planned to leave Baltimore on the morning of 13 December to join Flag Officer Du Pont's squadron at Port Royal. Soon after steam was raised, however, Marchand "was informed that a leak had taken place in the boiler."

Journal entry: Baltimore, Friday, December 13, 1861.

It required all the night of the 13th to cool and repair the boiler. This delay was a great annoyance to me, although I was at home, as I wished to be rendering some service to my country and twice I had taken leave of my family expecting to be started for the southern coast.

It was on the morning of the 14th, therefore, that Marchand and the *James Adger* departed Baltimore to begin what would eventually stretch out to 3 years of blockade duty. Generally he would find it less exciting than his transoceanic chase of the *Nashville*. Oftentimes, in fact, he would feel that the monotony of the blockade was even more frustrating than inspecting lighthouses. There would be dramatic interludes of action—at Fernandina, at Charleston, and in Mobile Bay—but mostly there

[12] Marchand to Du Pont, Fernandina, 7 March 1862. *Ibid.*

would be long tiresome days of lying at anchor watching a distant shoreline. Nevertheless, Marchand was most anxious to embark, and he rose early the next morning to rejoin his ship.

Journal entry: Baltimore and Chesapeake Bay, Saturday, December 14, 1861.

At the dawn of day left Maggie, family, and Bolton Mansion with the hope of riding in the cars [by train] to Fall's Point but it was too early and had to walk all the way. At 7:30 a.m. [I] was on board. Some delay occurred as an officer had gone to the Post Office for letters and it was half past eight before the anchor was weighed and we had started. The Pilot had trouble in passing the small vessels at anchor but without accident we passed Fort McHenry and about noon were off Annapolis.

A little tug boat coming out of Annapolis sounded her steam whistle for a lengthless time and we stopped. On her reaching us, an Army officer informed me that the two large steamers ahead were aground having run ashore on the night of the 12th. I was compelled to decline giving assistance as I had dispatches for the Army and Navy at Port Royal. Besides which they had made but little effort themselves in getting off and had sufficient time to have telegraphed to Baltimore for more tug boats if they had thought proper. No effort had been made in lightening the vessels and my own impression was that the captains of the steam boats did not care about getting afloat.

We continued down the Bay under low steam as it was useless to get to Hampton Roads before daylight for I could not then see Flag Officer Goldsborough to report my arrival.

Journal entry: Hampton Roads and Atlantic Ocean, Sunday, December 15, 1861.

Towards three in the morning it became thick and foggy. We were then off Back River above the Horse Shoe in the Chesapeake and at the Pilot's desire we anchored, nor did it clear sufficiently 'till 7 a.m. when we started [up again] and a little after nine anchored in Hampton Roads. I immediately called on Flag Officer Goldsborough and finding that he had nothing to send to Port Royal other than a letter bag I returned to the *James Adger* and dispatched a boat to the

Post Office at Fortress Monroe for the mail which brought back six large mail bags for the Post Office at Port Royal. The officer of the boat informed me that he called upon General [John E.] Wool who had no dispatches to send.[13] I informed Flag Officer Goldsborough of my action with regard to the two steam boats aground near Annapolis, he said I acted properly.

Soon after 11 o'clock in the forenoon our anchor was again weighed and we stood seaward. At half past one in the afternoon we had passed Cape Henry and shaped a course along the land to pass clear of the Hatteras Shoals on our way to Port Royal, South Carolina, to join Flag Officer Du Pont's South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. Father of all mercies have compassion upon us.

Journal entry: From Hampton Roads towards Port Royal, Monday, December 16, 1861.

At all hours during the past night I was called and frequently on deck . . .. At [three in the morning] the temperature of the water indicated that we had entered the Gulf Stream and knowing that we must be off Cape Hatteras I changed the course to southwest by west in hope of getting out of the Gulf waters soon. But in [doing] it I was mistaken, for it was 9 o'clock before our striking green and cold water and then we were to the south and west of Cape Hatteras. Hourly we sounded without getting bottom, the ship being under full steam and therefore only about 25 fathoms line could run out. At noon with the lead got bottom in ten fathoms water. Immediately referring to the chart, which was a very old and imperfect one, [I] found we were almost on Cape Lookout shoal. I was startled, had the course changed to south and on sounding found nine fathoms, and being impressed with the belief that we were nearly on the shoal, changed the course at once to east and soon after to southeast and then south. Less than half an hour after changing to the latter course again sounded in ten fathoms, a tide rip was ahead and on passing it [we] found ourselves again in the Gulf Stream and on sounding had 45

[13] John E. Wool, USA (1784-1869) was the Commander, Department of Virginia.

fathoms. Immediately [we] stood in on course towards Port Royal.

The sudden changing of the depth of water convinced me that the chart was incorrect or that the chronometer was wrong.

Despite this near disaster, Marchand arrived off Charleston at 3 in the afternoon of 17 December. There he renewed his acquaintance with Commander Parrott of the *Augusta*. "The extreme smokiness of the weather" prevented Marchand from sighting the city then known as the "Athens of the South," but he found the stop a pleasant and informative one as he passed the evening exchanging information with Parrott.

Before dawn the next morning, Marchand got the *James Adger* underway again, intending to make the last 50 miles to Port Royal in the predawn darkness in order to arrive just after daylight.

Journal entry: At Sea and in Port Royal, Wednesday, December 18, 1861.

Directions had been given to the officer of the deck to call me if we struck under six fathoms water and at all events to call me at 5:30 as then we would be approaching the shoals off St. Helena. About that time the water shoaled suddenly to five fathoms and the officer of the deck called me, but I had not time to reach the deck before the ship grounded. The wheels were backed, the men made to run across the deck to give motion to the ship and in about half an hour we gradually slid off into deeper water. The ship was aground amidship upon a lump as we had plenty of water at the bow and stern.

Luckily there was no damage to the *James Adger* as a result of the mishap, and Marchand headed his ship to the south at reduced speed. "About 9 o'clock" he sighted a most unusual fleet of ships: " . . . we passed a fleet of vessels [about] 27 in number, ladened with stone to obstruct the entrance of Charleston Harbor." The brainchild of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gustavus Vasa Fox, the "Stone Fleet" was designed to turn harbors into landlocked seas by blocking the narrow ship channels. Though an imaginative innovation, it was to prove a disastrous failure. Underwater

currents disturbed the sunken rockpiles, and the only strategic fallout to the endeavor was the elimination of 27 ships.[14]

Journal entry of December 18, 1861 continued

At 11 we reached the entrance to Port Royal and anchored having neither a Pilot nor reliable chart. At 11:30 [I] sent Mr. Foster in the Gig for a Pilot from the Squadron at anchor in Port Royal distance about eight miles and at 4 p.m. he returned in a tug boat when we started and reached the anchorage off Hilton Head after Sunset. The *Wabash*, *Sabine*, and *St. Lawrence* with a hundred other vessels were at anchor.

Despite the impressive armada anchored in Port Royal Sound, Du Pont was hard pressed to cover the entire South Atlantic coastline with the ships at his disposal and he was pleased to add the *James Adger* to his list of available vessels. "I have spread my squadron to its utmost capabilities," he wrote to a friend, "and sigh for more gunboats." He was also full of praise for the converted merchantmen, like the *James Adger*, claiming that they had "worked out remarkably well."[15]

Consequently, Du Pont was eager to dispatch the *James Adger* to immediate blockade duty. Early the next afternoon, Du Pont informed Marchand that he was being sent to assume the blockade of Georgetown, S.C., in place of the frigate *Sabine* which was being sent north for repairs. In his written orders, Du Pont left Marchand a great deal of discretion:

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, December 19, 1861.[16]

Sir, You will please proceed with the *James Adger* and assume the blockade of Georgetown, S.C., from which station I have had to withdraw the *Sabine*.

The bark *Gem of the Sea* will be under your orders . . ..

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[14] See Arthur Gorden, "The Great Stone Fleet: Calculated Catastrophe," *United States Naval Institute Proceedings,* December 1968, 72-82; Howard P. Nash, "The Ignominious Stone Fleet," *Civil War Times Illustrated,* June 1964, 44-49; and John E. Woodman, Jr., "The Stone Fleet," *American Neptune,* October 1961, 233-259.

[15] Du Pont to George Denison Morgen, Port Royal, 24 December 1861. *Du Pont Papers,* I, 285.

[16] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 19 December 1861. O.R.N., XII, 411.

I leave to your discretion the best manner of covering the port. You may sometimes, by leaving the *Gem of the Sea* for a short time to watch it, extend a little your circuit to the southward or chase a vessel in the offing.

Du Pont also requested that Marchand use the *James Adger* to tow the disabled *Sabine* out to open sea from where she could presumably make her own way north.

Journal entry: Port Royal and Charleston, Friday, December 20, 1861.

At the break of day we were prepared to leave but were delayed a short time waiting for a coast pilot which I engaged yesterday and for the pilot to take the *Sabine* to sea. By 8 o'clock the *James Adger* had run down about four miles to where the U.S. Frigate *Sabine,* Captain [Cadwalader] Ringgold, was at anchor and [we] had her in tow. About ten we were all safely outside . . .. [We] cast off and received three cheers from the Frigate which was bound for New York for repairs.

We steamed away, spoke to vessels bound into Port Royal, and at 3 p.m. saw some steamers and other vessels at anchor, we supposed, off Stono Inlet. We were going to Charleston to deliver the letter bag and stood on. It was 4 1/2 o'clock p.m. when we discovered that we had missed the reckoning and passed Charleston. Stono Inlet was a mistake, it was Charleston where we saw the vessels! We stood back and by the light of the vessels anchored off Charleston.

The U.S. Steamer *Augusta* soon approached us and Commander Parrott came on board. He informed me that a number of the Stone vessels had been sunk on the outer bar of the main ship channel and that yesterday the secessionists had blown up the Lighthouse. Upon delivery of the letter bag I should have gone on towards Georgetown, S.C., but Lieutenant Foster had left his pea jacket on board the steamer *Florida* and as we could not find her position in the darkness, I concluded to wait 'till morning.

Journal entry: Charleston and off Georgetown, Saturday, December 21, 1861.

At daylight we started, ran alongside of the steamer *Florida* and got Mr. Foster's pea jacket and then under low

steam stood towards Georgetown, South Carolina. We could see the sunken stone ships on the bar, but could not make out the ruin and the Lighthouse.

As the sun rose a breeze sat in from the northeast and continued freshening and at 11 it was a stiff gale causing a considerable swell. Until this time (9 p.m.) it has continued with the prospect of bad weather for some time. I have been informed that since the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron has been on the station, that is from the latter part of October, the weather has been almost calm and the sea smooth as a mill pond. Since we passed Cape Hatteras we have found it so.

I had supposed that the Lighthouse at Cape Romain had also been destroyed by the Confederates and was agreeably disappointed in finding it still standing which enabled us to pass the shoal off it and shape a course towards Georgetown.

But Marchand had great difficulty in finding his station—indeed, in finding Georgetown at all! The gale that blew up on 21 December lasted until the morning of the 24th and brought with it a heavy rain which obscured visibility. Fearful of the treacherous shoals, Marchand steered his ship away from the shore and for 2 days ran back and forth waiting for the weather to clear. He lamented that it was "monotonous and comfortless . . . to all on board except myself who had the responsibility as I was on deck nearly all the time, and when not there felt great uneasiness."

At about 9 o'clock in the morning of the 23rd, "a sail was reported in the mist nearly ahead . . .." It was the *Gem of the Sea,* acting Lt. Comdr. Irving B. Baxter, who graciously informed a disoriented Marchand that Georgetown bore west by southwest.

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Monday, December 23, 1861.

We steered in that direction for a half hour and a lighthouse was seen: dark, thin, and high like a minaret. All about, particularly the coast Pilot, thought it was the Georgetown lighthouse and we stood for it upon the proper bearings. Land was seen from deck to the north and a white object like a sail. I would have given chase to the latter but saw that the *Gem of the Sea* was doing so and we continued on our course. The dark, high lighthouse was visible but not

the land upon which it is built and the latter should [have been] for at least four or five miles, but as we stood on, the water shoaled more than the chart indicated and we got almost on the shoal before I hauled off and then was informed by the coast Pilot at my own suggestion that it was Cape Romain. The Pilot then said that this white thing thought to have been a sail was the Georgetown lighthouse. We stood around the shoals and made the rest of our way towards the white Georgetown lighthouse but was anticipated by the *Gem of the Sea* for she was off that place before our reaching there and we ran around her and Captain Baxter came on board. Merciful Father, I thank Thee for our preservation and all Thy goodness towards us.

Journal entry: Blockade of Georgetown, Tuesday, December 24, 1861.

This has been a busy day to us. The scrubbing of hammocks took place but long before it was completed our consort, the *Gem of the Sea,* was reported as a strange sail and we prepared for following her. On discovery of the mistake, preparations ceased but not long afterward another vessel appeared in sight and we weighed our anchor and stood for her. The stranger and *Gem of the Sea* were not far apart . . . and [we] soon ascertained that the latter was in chase of the former which proved to our sight a schooner. The latter seemed ahead and running for the northern entrance and we ran towards the lighthouse to prevent her getting through that passage. The *Gem of the Sea* opened fire upon her but the schooner succeeded in getting into North Inlet and grounded. Her crew abandoned her and in a boat succeeded in getting ashore not, however, before setting her on fire. A boat from the *Gem of the Sea* went around the Island to her and found no papers as the cabin was in flames. On her stern was "Prince of Wales, Nassau, N.P." and as far as could be ascertained was ladened with salt and oranges.[17]

Not wishing to interfere with the *Gem of the Sea* in the capture, we did not run close in as I could not then keep a lookout to prevent the entrance or departure of vessels to Georgetown but seeing boats going ashore from the *Gem* we

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[17] See Baxter's official report, O.R.N., XII, 428-30.

ran to where she was hove to and a boat came from her to ask assistance in going in and destroying the schooner and scouting the Island. I was perfectly willing to do the former but at that instant a steamer was seen coming out of Georgetown harbor and not having time to lower and man boats, I stood at once for the steamer under heavy steam which was about nine miles off. After running up that distance, the strange steamer proved a tug boat and seeing us in pursuit put back again and ran up the river. We then turned and stood for the *Gem of the Sea* which had anchored, and passed her stood in towards the Inlet and anchored in 15 feet water, the *James Adger* drawing 14 feet 4 inches. We were then about one mile from the schooner and a little less from North Island. I went on board the *Gem of the Sea* and was informed by Captain Baxter that after our leaving in chase of the tug boat he sent in a couple of boats which got the schooner off shore and towed her to the entrance of the inlet where she grounded. In the meantime a company of cavalry and one of footmen appeared on the northern point of the Inlet and a number of armed men on the southern point and [they] commenced firing minnie balls at where the schooner then was aground about 100 yards from the southern point. Finding the shots whizzing too rapidly about them and not able to get her off, and she still burning, [he] then fired her in other places and returned. He (Captain Baxter) suggested sending in boats to destroy the schooner thoroughly and as the same [suggestion] had been made by Lieutenant Foster and thoroughly agreeing with them (as I had made up my mind to do so before either had spoken to me), I returned to the *James Adger,* had three boats lowered and armed under Lieutenant Foster's command, and as we were ready for shoving off two [more] armed boats came from the *Gem of the Sea.*

The sun had set sometime [previous] but in the twilight I could see that all the boats grounded, it being low tide, and as darkness spread over they returned and reported that the boats could not be dragged over the bar, they having gotten within about 300 yards of the schooner and that there was some deeper water between them and her preventing them wading. The schooner was now in flames all over, her quarters had burned down to the water's edge having been on

fire from 8 o'clock in the morning. The rise of the tide would dissolve the salt and at least injure any arms which might be stowed under it. It was sometime after dark when our boats were hoisted and we hurried away to watch the entrance of Georgetown harbor . . .. I should have mentioned that whilst the boats were aground, armed men came from the houses and sand banks and fired a shot or two, they were so near that their voices were heard crying "there they come."

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Wednesday, Christmas Day of 1861.

As usual we were underway as soon as objects could be distinguished in the morning. We ran to the northern entrance of Georgetown harbor off which the *Gem of the Sea* was cruising, spoke and told her that we would anchor in 7 or 8 fathoms water off the entrance and try fishing. We did so but no fish were caught.

In the light air the *Gem* ran for us and as a boat from her came alongside for fresh water, a sail was reported to the south. Doubting if it was a sail or Romain lighthouse, I consulted the officer from the *Gem* who said it was a sail. The water boats returned to the *Gem* and we stood for the supposed sail. Half an hour after found the object to be the Romain lighthouse and we returned to the *Gem* and sent her 600 gallons of water. It was sunset when the last boat with water left us and waiting for dark we stood into shoal water and anchored between the two entrances.

The bell was not to be struck during the night and the air ports darkened to prevent our being seen as a couple of small steam tug boats were in the channel below the lighthouse and we were watching them. I thank Thee Heavenly Parent for Thy protection, Thou has tempered the wind and the sea for our especial benefit, and to thank Thee as I should I feel my unworthiness. I feel that the prayer of my innocent wife is heard at the throne of graces for our protection.

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Thursday, December 26, 1861.

At daylight we were again away. The past night was calm and did not permit the *Gem of the Sea* to take her station at the northern entrance, consequently we ran toward the

lighthouse to prevent any entrance from the north as the light air was from that direction. About 8 a.m. the mist disappeared and we had a good horizon. The *Gem of the Sea* was some distance to the south and east. Nothing was coming out nor was anything approaching. We anchored about three miles east by north from the lighthouse.

The day was employed in exercising the men at Great Gun, small arms, single sticks and getting the boats prepared for service. The object I had in anchoring was to await the coming in of the *Gem of the Sea* to look out for vessels coming from Georgetown, whilst we could run to the northern part of North Island and take a look at the schooner burned and sunk by the *Gem* two days ago [and] at the same time to inform her commander, Acting Lieutenant Baxter, of my intention to run to the south of Cape Romain tomorrow to exam[ine] things there agreeable to the Flag Officer's orders. The *Gem* was in sight all day but at a great distance on account of the light wind and I waited 'till three in the afternoon when we commenced weighing the anchor to take a look at the burned schooner but its ground was not broken when the smoke of a steamer coming down the river from Georgetown was seen and we veered chain to wait for her. The smoke of the steamer inside was vacillating and as the evening advanced another steamer's smoke came down from the direction of Georgetown. We weighed anchor ready for them and lay without headway except occasionally for steerage and just before dark placed the ship's head in a direction to induce the insurgents that we had anchored at the Bottle or northern channel but after dark steered to the south and anchored between that and the southern channel to guard both entrances . . ..

The next morning, however, Marchand discovered that he had dropped anchor much nearer shoal water than he had realized. Not far away, in fact, was the hull of a sunken ship driven onto the rocks by some forgotten storm. Marchand was filled with curiosity about the wrecked ship and gave orders that the *Adger's* boats be lifted out so that it might be explored. But before it could be done, the two steam tugs which he had been watching the day before began belching black smoke and "showed a disposition to come out," while at the same time a

schooner came down the channel of the Santee River several miles to the south.

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Friday, December 27, 1861.

I was in a dilemma, should I run round the shoals to catch the schooner, the two masted steamers might run to sea and as the wind had been light during the night the *Gem of the Sea* was only [just] visible, and could of course, being a sailing bark, render no assistance either in pursuit of the schooner or by her guns prevent the egress of the two masted steamers. We, however, got underway and lay without the wheels turning ready for either emergency. About that time the schooner anchored on the mud flats two or three miles inside of where we could go and the two steamers were inside of the Island on which the lighthouse stands. The wind about 11 in the forenoon breezed up from the westward. The *Gem of the Sea* came within a reasonable distance of the entrance to Georgetown and the two steamers got underway and stood up towards Georgetown out of our sight. I then put a good steam and stood towards the anchored schooner at the entrance of the Santee River.

When rounding the shoals she was seen close under the land on the flats running for Georgetown. We could not approach her within three or four miles and contented ourselves with turning round and following parallel with her course. I saw her go towards Georgetown and as we were in nearly eight fathoms water where fish might be caught stopped the engine and as we drifted by the increased breeze, anchored. An hour was consumed in fishing and only one [was] caught . . ..

The next few days were marked by tedium. The only excitement was provided by occasional sighting of sails in the distance which proved with embarrassing frequency to be the *Gem of the Sea.*

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Saturday, December 28, 1861.

All night and 'till well in the afternoon the northeast . . . heavy wind prevailed creating a considerable sea. During

the night, after gaining an offing from the land, we stood up and down parallel with the coast in about nine fathoms water and about eight or nine miles from the land. At 2-1/2 in the morning a sail was reported close by and we went to quarters. So near was the vessel that we passed her before being ready for action that we had to stop headway and after a few moments ran alongside and found her to be the *Gem of the Sea,* our consort in the blockade.

After breakfast a strange sail was reported as being in sight close under the land to the north. Steam was raised and we approached the land to prevent her entering Georgetown. The crew was summoned to quarters and so certain was I of her becoming our prize that I had arranged in my mind the prize master and the crew to be sent, but we were doomed to disappointment as on approaching found her to be the *Gem of the Sea.*

In the afternoon the wind materially moderated and the sea decreased. And we ran pretty close into the land above the lighthouse to discover if possible if any forts had been constructed by the Confederates and at the same time to ascertain, if possible by vision, the cause of the numerous fires burning along the coast and inland. No discovery was made of any batteries nor could we ascertain the cause of the numerous fires.

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Sunday, December 29, 1861.

A very pleasant day and weather for which I feel thankful to the Great Disposer. It being the Sabbath Day I did not get the steamer underway but let her lay at anchor all day. There was no excitement; three false alarms of strange sails gave a little change in the monotony of things. In the afternoon [I] permitted the officers to take a boat to pull more seaward into deeper water to fish, but they returned unsuccessful. The *Gem of the Sea* was as usual far out seaward and only stood in about dark.

On 30 December Marchand cruised south to Cape Romain light searching the horizon for strange sails. Rounding the shoals off the Cape, he spotted the masts of another vessel and gave chase. It was the U.S.S. *Augusta,* commanded by his friend Commander Parrott,

who had been sent by Du Pont to commence the blockade of Bull's Bay, a part of the coast which previously had been assigned to Marchand. Du Pont's blockading force was increasing in strength almost daily and Du Pont utilized that strength by narrowing the areas of responsibility of individual ships.[18]

The weather continued to be "smoky," making visibility difficult, and so the *James Adger* anchored off Georgetown and remained at anchor there for several days. During these several days of inactivity, Marchand informed Lieutenant Baxter that he should make ready to depart the blockade station and take the *Gem of the Sea* into Port Royal to replenish her stores. Du Pont had ordered Marchand to dispatch the *Gem of the Sea* on 1 January, but Baxter postponed his departure by 1 day because of unfavorable winds. Marchand used the opportunity to write a formal report to Du Pont:

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, January 2, 1862.[19]

I have the honor to inform you that on the 24th ultimo, the *Gem of the Sea,* Lieutenant Commanding Baxter most creditably chased, ran on shore, and burned the British Schooner *Prince of Wales* of Nassau, New Providence, laden with salt and oranges, at North Inlet, nine miles to the northward of the entrance to Georgetown. A detailed report will be made to you by the Commander of the *Gem of the Sea.*

A small steam tug, or a two masted side wheel steamer of apparently 400 tons burden, comes down daily from the direction of Georgetown, keeping within the shoal water, and generally inside of the long sand point, on which the lighthouse still stands, and apparently looking around, immediately returns. Whether they are armed or not, cannot be ascertained, as they keep at too great a distance within the shoals.

Apparently no batteries have been erected at the entrance to Georgetown, but the depth of water is not sufficient for this ship to make satisfactory observations, or to draw a fire from the enemy.

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[18]Ironically, Parrott in the *Augusta* captured the blockade runner *Island Bell* in Bull's Bay on the very next day, New Year's Eve, 1861.

[19]Marchand to Du Pont, off Georgetown, 2 January 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

There is no battery at North Inlet, where the English Schooner, *Prince of Wales,* was burned by the *Gem of the Sea.*

The discharge of heavy guns, far off on shore, are sometimes heard as if at target practice, but so distant that it cannot be ascertained whether [they are] on the Santee River or at Georgetown.

The position of the *Augusta,* Commander Parrott, blockading Bull's Bay, commands a view of Cape Romain lighthouse and the coast south of it, and this steamer off Georgetown, having in view the same lighthouse, makes the blockade effectual between the North Inlet northward of Georgetown and Bull's Bay.

On 3 January, the *Adger* "went slowly up and down before the entrance of Georgetown." Marchand noted disgustedly that "the only thing that affected the monotony was a small sloop-rigged craft that came out of Georgetown and ran into the Santee [River] over the sound . . .." The fog resettled over the *James Adger* and two more monotonous days passed at anchor. On 6 January, however, the fog lifted and Marchand had his first look at the fortifications which the Confederates were building.

Journal entry: Blockade of Georgetown, Monday, January 6, 1862.

At daylight we had westerly winds which remained all day and rendered the atmosphere peculiarly clear, being in reality the only clear day since reaching this place. Heretofore it has been hazy and smoky although clear weather. At daylight we stood in having the land in sight when the fog lifted and [we] anchored northeast of the lighthouse. The Pilot thought he saw something like tents (when aloft) across North Island on South Island, upon which we ran into 3-1/4 fathoms water 1-1/2 miles above the lighthouse as near the shore of North Island as possible and anchored. From aloft, a fort or battery [could be seen] of a large size apparently constructed of timber filled with earth from the fact of its walls being high and perpendicular and alongside of it an encampment of 40 or 50 tents placed in three rows. A pile driver was also seen at work and five piles were observed to have been driven and a boat rowing between it and the shore but no soldiers were

seen nor could cannons be seen in the fort or battery. Upon completing the observation, we ran out to an old berth and after dark again shifted position.

The ships in the squadron kept their deck lanterns shuttered at night to make them less visible. In addition, Marchand made it a habit to shift the *James Adger's* berth after nightfall so that potential blockade runners could never be sure where their jailer might be anchored.

The next day, though again clear, the *James Adger* remained at anchor and the crew spent the entire day polishing the guns. A few small craft were seen within the sound, but "with those exceptions, all was monotony." For the next week, in fact, the *James Adger* ran up and down off the entrance to Georgetown without sighting another ship. By 10 January, Marchand's monotony had become nearly intolerable.

Journal entry: Blockade of Georgetown, Friday, January 10, 1862.

The southwest wind continued all day but not very fresh and we remained at the anchorage we had taken yesterday morning. Nothing broke the monotony and I became heartsick and tired. I paced the deck 'till tired, then tired myself doing nothing in the cabin. This continued until 15 minutes before four in the afternoon, then we were at fire quarters, when a steamer appeared in the offing. Our anchor was weighed and we stood towards her. It was the U.S. Steamer *Connecticut*, Commander [Maxwell] Woodhull, going the rounds with supplies to the various squadrons. We received fresh provisions for the crew and papers of the 7th. I received a letter from Maggie dated 15th October last.

Marchand also penned another official report to Du Pont which testified to his growing boredom:

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, January 10, 1862.[20]

I have the honor to inform you that nothing has transpired here since my last communication . . ..

I also forward a weekly report of vessels boarded and spoken [to]. None pass here.

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[20]Marchand to Du Pont, off Georgetown, 10 January 1862. *Ibid.*

We have fuel for about one week, at the expiration of which term, all the coal remaining will be required for ballast.

Journal entry: Blockade of Georgetown, Saturday, January 11, 1862.

The steamer *James Adger* is blockaded today or rather so thoroughly enveloped in fog that cruising is impossible. In consequence she remained at anchor at the same place she came to last night after the departure of the steamer *Connecticut*. We had not even a glimpse of the land and for all I know vessels may have ran out of Georgetown, if any are there to go, and we saw nothing of them, but vessels could not find their way in, which is a great consolation.

On Sunday, the Articles of War were read as they were every Sunday when the weather permitted. In the early afternoon a sail was sighted through the heavy fog and the *James Adger* gave chase. Marchand was about to give up when the chase turned towards him. It was the U.S.S. *Keystone State*. Her captain, Comdr. William E. LeRoy, came on board the *James Adger* and told Marchand that he was bound from Hampton Roads to Port Royal. He had looked for the *James Adger* off Georgetown, had missed seeing it, and was on his way to report to Du Pont that there had been no ship off Georgetown when the *James Adger* was finally sighted.

The next day the *Gem of the Sea* returned from Port Royal. Marchand had expected that her commander would bring with him orders from Du Pont for the *James Adger* to return to Port Royal to recoal. But Baxter brought no orders at all. He did, however, bring two letters for Marchand from his wife which served to alleviate his melancholy, at least temporarily.

On 14 and 15 January, the *Adger* continued to run "up and down in front of Georgetown." The fog, as always, was a serious problem. Marchand was also concerned over the sickness that had broken out on board, no doubt due to the continual dampness from the fog. But mostly, he worried over his diminishing supply of fuel. On 16 January, he signaled Lieutenant Baxter to come on board and Marchand told him that unless he were relieved by another ship very soon, he would have to take the *James Adger* into Port Royal without orders. He supplemented these comments

by an official letter in which he stated the imperatives which caused him to abandon his station.

Letter: Marchand to Baxter, January 16, 1862.[21]

Sir, Our coal is nearly consumed and it will be necessary for this Steamer to return soon to Port Royal for fuel.

I regret having to leave without a relief Steamer being here.

Some days ago I informed Flag Officer Du Pont that we had but one week's fuel remaining, and expected a relief by this, but as none has come, I will be compelled to leave tomorrow evening or the day after for Port Royal.

You will be pleased to take charge of the blockade of this place on the departure of this Steamer.

Marchand also wrote a private letter along with this official one explaining more fully his dilemma and "perplexity at leaving without being relieved." He reiterated the dilemma in his journal:

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Thursday, January 16, 1862.

I feel much perplexed with regard to the quantity of coal on board. I am aware there is not much from the draft of water which is only 11-1/2 feet aft and much less forward. The chief engineer told me last night there was 74 tons of coal on board by his personal estimation yet he could not say positively there was so much. His assistants could not be relied upon in [their estimates of] the consumption daily. They entered upon their log slate the quantity used, but heretofore their entries have been materially in error. From New York to Queenstown, 65 tons were used above the amount supposed to have been on board upon leaving the former place, and I (most probably erroneously) charged it in a communication to the Secretary of the Navy to neglect on the part of the selling of this steamer and the officer of the New York Navy Yard.[22] Nor was I convinced of their innocence until our return and saw 400 miles from Hampton

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[21] Marchand to Baxter, off Georgetown, 16 January 1862. *Ibid.* Also in O.R.N., XII, 485.

[22] See chapter II above, Letter of Marchand to Welles, Queenstown, Ireland, 30 October 1861. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., I, 124-6.

Roads where it was discovered that by neglect and inattention of [the] watch engineer we had consumed nearly 90 tons of coal after leaving Southampton without [its] being logged. Since leaving Port Royal on the 20th ultimo, a deficiency of at least 19 tons (how much more I cannot certainly determine, but it may be double that amount) has occurred by neglect of the engineers which reduces the fuel considerably and I know not what confidence to place upon their representations . . .. The first thing I may hear is that we are nearly out of coal and it is impossible with my other duties to know the quantity in the bunkers and the consuming quantity. After consultation with the chief engineer, I had all the assistants summoned to the cabin and they promised a strict adherence to weight in consumption of fuel.

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, S.C., Friday, January 17, 1862.

Up and down, up and down before Georgetown we ran all night and until 2 o'clock in the afternoon with a heavier northeast gale than we have hitherto experienced here and its accompaniment, a heavier sea. Mist was falling all the time with a heavy fog preventing anything being visible at even a short distance. This state of the weather was varied at short intervals by rain and wind squalls rendering everyone on deck extremely uncomfortable. Still I thank the Dispenser of all good that it was not as uncomfortable as we have frequently experienced here for it was not cold [but] rather comfortably warm. In the mist and rain several reports of sail and land were erroneously made from the mast head and which only served to destroy the monotony of the day. On account of the gale, mist and rain there was no exercise of the crew at any kind of arms. About 2 p.m., after a particularly heavy rain squall, the mist and fog drove off and with the hope of seeing the land we stood in, nor were we disappointed for soon after 3 p.m. the land to the north of Georgetown entrance loomed up in the haze and not long afterwards the lighthouse was visible. As we stood in, the wind gradually hauled to north by northwest and moderated and we came to anchor some distance to the north of the lighthouse so as to be under shelter of the land which then sweeps a little to the eastward.

In the evening after anchoring I found myself worn out, my knees shaking and on sitting down could with difficulty rise again, having been up nearly all the past night and on deck nearly the whole of this day. I thank thee merciful God that Thou hast not forgotten us unworthy as we know ourselves to be.

Journal entry: Blockading Georgetown, Saturday, January 18, 1862.

We have been at anchor all day. The weather has proved unfavorable to our running close to the land on account of the fog. Nothing could be seen much beyond the ship until this afternoon and then [only] faintly 'till nearly five in the evening. At that time, our anchor was about being weighed to change our berth more southerly off the Georgetown lighthouse when a sail was seen in the offing which was known as the *Gem of the Sea.* Our anchor was simply sighted and again dropped and I went on board the Bark returning Captain Baxter's call. It was then dark and I remained a couple of hours before returning to the steamer bringing the Bark's letter bag for Port Royal.

Journal entry: Returning to Port Royal from off Georgetown, Sunday, January 19, 1862.

The face of the deep was covered with a dense fog until late in the afternoon and only a glimpse of the *Gem of the Sea* was had in the morning although she was at anchor not over 200 yards off. At 9:30 a.m. we got underway for Port Royal. It seemed a source of much joy to all on board except myself. I was leaving my station before being regularly relieved and I know not what the Commander in Chief or the government may think of my ac[tion]. I have no instruction from the Commodore although nine days ago I wrote to him by the *Connecticut,* Captain Woodhull, that we had coal for only one week's consumption, the balance would be required for ballast to the ship. I had in Port Royal last month informed the Commodore that there was not a pound of ballast on board and that we were wholly dependent upon coal as a substitute and that our experience in the English Channel showed that 50 tons would not keep the ship upright in bad weather and that I would deem the vessel as

being without coal if less than 75 tons was on hand. For some days we have been without the latter quantity and in the northeast blow of day before yesterday the ship listed with a side wind so as almost to render the guns useless should their services have been required. Last night the Engineer in Chief reported our having 48 tons on board but the gross error here before committed by his assistants in keeping count of the expenditure causes much doubt in my mind that so great a quantity remains and particularly as we are so light . . ..

Besides the condition of the fuel, the engine is in a rather bad way, as one of the valves . . . will not work unless at low speed, which should a steamer or fast sailing vessel appear we would be helpless of overtaking. The crosshead[23] has also a crack as mentioned some days ago, of which I do not apprehend much, still the chief engineer thinks is worthy of being thoroughly examined. Finally, there is a slight leak in some of the boilers that requires calking and cannot be done without being emptied which of course can only be done in port. Yet with all these reasons I feel mortified at having to leave my station without orders, doing so has been compulsory and I hope that my course of action will be approved.

The fog was so dense that no land or anything else about Georgetown was seen nor even Cape Romain lighthouse. It was my intention when starting this morning to have doubled around Cape Romain, looked into Bull's Bay, and communicated with the blockading squadron off Charleston, but the fog prevented nor did it clear up 'till we had passed the latter place. Darkness overtook us before we had run the distance to Port Royal's entrance and about 9 p.m., supposing we had done so, we stood directly west and soon after made the light in the ligthship anchored since our departure off this entrance. We ran 'till three or four miles from it, then dropped our anchor and wished for day. It was nearly midnight before the chain was veered and I turned into my berth but as usual undressing by taking off coat and shoes only.

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[23] The bar joining the connecting rod with the piston.

CHAPTER V

"I ALMOST ABANDONED MYSELF TO ENJOYMENT"
20 January–27 February 1862

It was a tired and apprehensive Marchand who took the *James Adger* into Port Royal Sound on 20 January 1862. A thick fog lay over the sound making visibility difficult and Marchand could not sight the channel buoys. Deciding that conditions were dangerous, he anchored, though his timidity elicited a disparaging remark from Lieutenant Foster. Marchand kept the ship at anchor until after 10 o'clock when the fog lifted somewhat and he spotted the striped buoy at the entrance to the channel. Even so he was still apprehensive because the buoy was not where it had been when he was last in Port Royal. Though the pilot assured him that he knew the way, Marchand was dubious.

> *Journal entry: Port Royal, Monday, January 20, 1862.*
> . . . the responsibility being on my shoulders, I hesitated about entering and finally let go the anchor, being in deeper water than we had been before and within 3 or 400 yards of the striped buoy. The anchor was scarcely down when the Pilot attracted my attention to the regular line of buoys up the entrance and which had been shifted to another place . . .. [Finally] we anchored after passing through the regular channel, outside of the *Wabash* off Hilton Head in Port Royal Sound. Mr. Foster made a sarcastic remark about our distance from the other ships which was instantly rebuked and I went on board of the flagship to report to the Commander in Chief.

To Marchand's great relief, Du Pont approved of his bringing the *James Adger* into port. They talked at length about inconsequential topics, and then Marchand excused himself to read his mail which contained more good news: His son Frank was restored to good health. That night his evening prayers were especially fervent.

TWO OF MARCHAND'S FELLOW OFFICERS

Comdr. Charles Steedman

Steedman Papers

Lt. Cmdr. Daniel Ammen

Winterthur Museum
Wilmington, Del.

During the next week, Marchand renewed friendships with several of his fellow officers whose ships were also in Port Royal either for repair or as part of Du Pont's permanent squadron. He visited Capt. Sylvanus Godon of the *Mohican* on the morning of the 21st and received a visit from Lt. Comdr. George A. Stevens of the *Ottawa* the same afternoon. Nevertheless he was anxious to get back to sea. All that night he heard sounds "like the discharge of cannons to the south."

Journal entry: Port Royal, Wednesday, January 22, 1862.

I felt that if anything was going on it was not proper to lie here although our engine was apart and but a few tons of coal on board with a dark drizzling night rendering it difficult to get to sea. I consulted with the Chief Engineer who said he could put the engine together and be ready to go out in four hours. The longer that I listened to the sounds the more I was convinced it was the discharge of cannons. So about 10 p.m. I had a boat lowered and manned and started for the flagship to represent to the Commander in Chief our willingness to go out. Soon after starting, the sounds came from the east and I became satisfied [that] it was thunder and [as] it would place me in a ridiculous light to go to the flagship, [I] therefore returned to the *James Adger*.

For Marchand the camaraderie in Port Royal became almost joyful the next day when Marchand's "ancient friend" Comdr. Charles Steedman brought his ship, the *Bienville*, into the sound. Marchand spent the afternoon and evening on the *Bienville* only returning to his own ship sometime after 7 o'clock. "The night was then so dark and misty that there was much difficulty in finding the way back. . . ." Marchand would doubtless have gone visiting again the next day except that a heavy northeast gale set in, "without doubt . . . the worst since leaving Baltimore," which prevented him from leaving the ship. He was glad to be inside the sound on such a day.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Thursday, January 23, 1862.

Those vessels out on the blockade are doubtlessly suffering and if we were outside in our light condition I should feel some apprehension of capsizing for as it is, in the smooth place, we have an alarming list when the wind is even

DU PONT'S FAVORITES

Comdr. John Rodgers

Capt. Charles H. Davis

Comdr. C.R.P. Rodgers

Steedman Papers

partially on either side. So much do we careen that the weather wheel barely touches the water and in the squalls of wind and rain it is above the surface.

Aside from the weather, Marchand's greatest concern was that he was being ignored by the Commodore in the assignment of ships to expeditions.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Friday, January 24, 1862.

The northeast gale has continued throughout today. It has been damp, rainy and uncomfortable and to me unpleasantly cold. Everyone on board wears their pea jackets for comfort. It was too rough to leave the ship upon a pleasurable excursion and I have been brooding over my neglect of activity by partiality of Commodore Du Pont for others. He has three favorites: Captain Charles H. Davis, Commander John Rodgers, and Commander Raymond Rodgers. They have by regular turn been sent on such expeditions as to have their reports . . . in all the newspapers. Some months have lapsed since their last and now some expedition is fitting out and all three are going. I have not been even told that anything is going on by the Flag Officer or any of his satellites. The selfishness of the whole party to monopolize all the honor has given me a most thorough disgust for Commodore Du Pont's administration of affairs here.[1] I feel sick that nothing in the way of action duty is awarded us. Lieutenant Commander [Daniel] Ammen of the *Seneca* came on board and only inflamed my ill humor towards the selfish advisor [Davis] of the Commander in Chief.

Marchand did not keep his feelings to himself. Two days later when he was aboard the flagship on other business he emphasized his great eagerness not to be excluded from any impending expeditions. Though Marchand remained convinced that the Flag Officer's "favoritism is injurious to me," he hoped that his remarks had "made Du Pont aware of this fact." Meanwhile pleasant weather returned.

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[1] Marchand was not alone in this opinion. On 2 October 1862, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles wrote in his diary: "Admiral Du Pont . . . like many naval officers, is given to cliques—personal naval clanship. This evil I have striven to break up, . . . but there are symptoms of it in the South Atlantic Squadron, though I hope it is not serious." Welles *Diary*, I, 160.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Saturday, January 25, 1862.

The gale from the northeast broke during the past night and today the weather has been pleasant. This has been the only truly satisfactory day (and might call it happy one) since joining the ship in September last with exception of the few days I spent in Baltimore. I almost abandoned myself to enjoyment, throwing off as far as possible responsibility and thought of the ship. The whole is owing to my friend Steedman. For soon after breakfast he came on board and in his gig pulled alongside of the *Seneca,* Lieutenant Commander Ammen, where we had not been long when [Captain] Godon of the *Mohican* was seen passing on his way to the *James Adger* to call on me. On seeing us he also went on board the *Seneca* and together with Ammen, Lieutenant Commander [John P.] Bankhead and Lieutenant Commander [George A.] Stevens [we] spent an hour. Then Godon, Steedman and myself in the gig of the former pulled to some vessel which had private stores for sale. Then [we] landed on Hilton Head Island [where we] examined and [I] had explained to me Fort Walker and the attack and taking of it, then returned with Steedman to the *Bienville* where we dined and agreeably spent the time 'till 11 o'clock at night. Altogether it was amongst the happy days of my life as for so long a period I have been isolated and living gloomily in my solitary cabin.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Sunday, January 26, 1862.

A pleasant day with a cool north easterly wind. This has been another day of satisfaction to me, it was spent from 11 in the morning to 6-1/2 p.m. with my two friends Steedman and Godon.

Godon, Steedman and myself pulled on shore to Bay Point, the opposite side of the entrance from Hilton Head Island; examined the Fort which played upon our attacking fleet on taking this place; witnessed the inspection of the Battalion of Marines composed of four companies, commanded by Major [John G.] Reynolds; went to the Major's quarters, saw him; returned to the *Mohican,* dined with Godon, and at 8-1/2 p.m. have finished [writing] this.

While on board the *Mohican,* Marchand learned that Capt. John S. Missroon of the *Savannah* had been detached from the South

Atlantic Squadron and ordered north. Du Pont suggested that he leave behind any armaments that would be useful to the ships remaining on station. On hearing of this, Marchand asked about the possibility of obtaining a heavy caliber howitzer and some shells. He had long been concerned about the lightness of the battery on the *James Adger* and saw this as a splendid opportunity to improve it.[2] Du Pont approved the transfer but the deed proved unexpectedly difficult. The *James Adger's* yardarm was too weak to hoist the large howitzer, and a gunnery officer from the *Savannah* suggested that the *James Adger's* gunports and structural support were not suited to such a large gun. So Marchand had to be content with a new 12-pound howitzer for his ship's launch. Resignedly he wrote: "We will be compelled to continue with our light battery."

Another disappointment during this otherwise pleasant interlude in blockade duty was the discovery of yet another inebriated officer on board the *James Adger*. When Paymaster William Greenway was asked to make up transfer papers for two of the crew, he was found to be "so drunk that he could not make out the accounts." But the *Savannah*, on which the two detached crewmen were to sail, would not leave until the next day and Marchand was hopeful that "the paymaster will be sober enough to make [their papers] out tonight or tomorrow morning."

Journal entry: Port Royal, Tuesday, January 28, 1862.

Soon after daylight this morning the Paymaster sent for my signature on the transfer accounts of Mr. [Samuel] Huse and a seaman to the *Savannah*, mentioned yesterday. I turned out and found them erroneous, sent them back, and in half an hour they were returned. I approved them. I was really glad that those papers were prepared or it would have prevented those two sick persons from returning to the north as the *Savannah* sailed soon after noon. This morning after breakfast I had the paymaster summoned to the cabin and read to him the form of a pledge to abstain from drink to be witnessed by his messmates who were told in the pledge that it was their duty to report a violation of its spirit. The preamble to the pledge recited that through intemperance he

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[2] See above, chapter I. Marchand to Du Pont, New York Navy Yard, 11 October 1861. *Marchand Papers.*

> had for three or four days when the ship was in Baltimore, been incapacitated from duty and that yesterday from the same cause he was incapable of making the transfer accounts of the two persons mentioned in the beginning of the day's remarks. I showed him an enveloped letter to the Flag Officer and told him it was a report of his conduct, that it was left with him to write, sign and have the witnesses signatures to the pledge above mentioned, delivered to me before 10 o'clock as then I was going to the flagship. That did I not receive the written pledge before starting, I would give the Flag Officer my report of his condition yesterday and that if his pledge was received by that time, it was my duty to show it to the Commodore as his condition yesterday was notorious in the squadron. I further stated that it was my imperative duty under ordinary circumstances to report to the Commander in Chief the facts but in so doing it would cause delay in having a board of surveyors to examine everything in the paymaster department preparatory to their transfer to another person, and the interests of the government requires that the ship should go on blockading duty without delay. He most willingly accepted the pledge and before 10 a.m. it was delivered to me.

In the afternoon, Marchand allowed himself to forget about heavy caliber howitzers and intemperate paymasters and the rest of his day was again spent visiting. Marchand had himself rowed over to the *Mohican* to see Godon, but finding him ill, he went instead to the *Bienville* to visit Steedman. In the evening he received a visit from Comdr. Edmund Lanier of the *Alabama*.

Despite the holiday atmosphere, the mission of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron was as pressing as ever; indeed in many ways it was more pressing than ever before. Throughout the month of January, Flag Officer Du Pont received urgent letters from Secretary Welles repeatedly stressing the importance of maintaining a tight blockade. Welles' greatest concern was not that supplies might slip through to the Confederacy, but that European governments would interpret a leak in the blockade as proof that the United States could not control the coastline, a state of affairs which might encourage them to intervene in the war. Only by making the blockade thoroughly effective, he felt, could such charges be disproved. "By cutting off all communication," he

wrote on the 25th, "we destroy any excuse or pretext on the part of foreign governments to aid and relieve those who are waging war upon the [Federal] government."[3] The blockading force had done a magnificent job to date, he wrote, but it was absolutely essential that the entire coast be secured, that victories continue.

Letter: Welles to Du Pont, January 20, 1862.[4]

Your reconnaissances and demonstrations have given great satisfaction. We are all proud of our arm of the service, which has certainly struck effective blows when it has made the attempt. This is important in the war we are waging. There should be no defeats. Let us have success whenever we do move, and the country will forget its impatience.

Du Pont described the predicament to his wife a week later. In order to prevent the British and French from attempting to break the blockade, he wrote, "we should be able to prove to unwilling ears that the whole of this 1,500 miles of coast is almost hermetically sealed: From Fortress Monroe to the Rio Grande."[5]

Welles took the opportunity at one point to suggest to Du Pont how he might accomplish such a difficult assignment: "There should not be a concentration of vessels at any given point, but . . . they should be spread so as to make the blockade effective throughout the whole extent of coast under your supervision."[6] But this directive offered no real solution. Du Pont's theater extended from Key West to the border of North Carolina, and his two greatest concerns were the cities of Charleston and Savannah. Some concentration at those points was therefore essential. Both cities were protected by strong fortifications which guarded the main ship channels. Though both cities were blockaded, no blockade was entirely secure, as Du Pont was learning, unless the blockading force had possession of those fortifications. On dark nights or in foggy weather, swift blockade runners could, and did, run into or out from either of these cities by one of several ship

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[3] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 25 January 1862. O.R.N., XII, 522.

[4] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 20 January 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* I, 317.

[5] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 17 February 1862. *Ibid.,* 326.

[6] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 25 January 1862. O.R.N., XII, 522.

channels. Occasionally they were captured by ships of the blockading squadron, but not often enough to discourage further attempts.

The "stone fleet" sunk in the main ship channel at Charleston was one attempt to make the blockade more secure; but at Savannah, Du Pont decided to try a different approach. There Fort Pulaski on Cockspur Island in the Savannah River commanded the narrow ship channel into the harbor. Unlike Port Royal, where Du Pont's fleet had been able to maneuver in the spacious waters of Port Royal Sound, keeping Forts Walker and Beauregard under a constant fire, there was not room in the Savannah River for an entire fleet to maneuver, and once having passed the fort, they would be trapped. To attempt a direct naval assault on the fort itself, therefore, would be to invite a repulse, and Secretary Welles had already warned Du Pont that "There should be no defeats." Du Pont, therefore, sought some means of bypassing the main channel. He sent his "favorites," Capt. C.H. Davis and Comdrs. Raymond Rodgers and John Rodgers, to attempt a passage through the marshy inlets north and south of the city. This was, in fact, the expedition Marchand had heard about on 24 January, but about which he had been told nothing.

Du Pont sent Davis to Wassaw Sound, south of Savannah, with the larger force: six gunboats, two armed launches, and three troop transports. He was accompanied by Comdr. Raymond Rodgers and Gen. Horatio G. Wright, in charge of the embarked troops. This force was to make a demonstration in Wassaw and to conduct a reconnaissance to determine if either the Wilmington or the Tybee Rivers could be made navigable. They could not. (See p. 99.)

Comdr. John Rodgers was charged with a similar task for the river inlets north of the Savannah River. With a smaller force he succeeded in passing through Wall's Cut into Wright's River, but became bogged down in attempting to navigate the aptly named Mud River through to the main ship channel.[7] Nevertheless, he continued trying to find a passage. During high tide a few of the gunboats could make a little progress, but they became stranded at

[7]Rodgers' failure to pass beyond Wall's Cut was a great relief to the Confederate defenders. Gen. Robert E. Lee, in charge of the coastal defense, had written, "If the enemy succeed in removing the obstacles in Wall's Cut and Wilmington Narrows, there is nothing to prevent their reaching the Savannah River, and we have nothing afloat that can contend against them." Lee to General Thomas Cooper, Savannah, 29 January 1862. *Ibid.*, 504-5.

low tide, helpless, immobile targets to the guns of Fort Pulaski. Perhaps prompted by Welles' latest letter, Du Pont advised caution and decided to send another officer to determine the feasibility of continuing the attempt. The officer he chose was Marchand.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Wednesday, January 29, 1862.

In the morning Lanier stopped alongside and together [we] went and saw the Flag Officer on business intending afterward to cross over to near Hilton Head to procure mess stores, but immediately on seeing [us] he directed me to take the steam tug *Hale* and go to the assistance of John Rodgers on the north side of the Savannah River. [I was] to start as soon as the *Hale* came in from relieving the *Savannah* which had grounded on the bar outside. Expecting her every moment, I did not go after mess stores but returned to the *James Adger* and made preparations for starting on the expedition. In vain I waited. The *Savannah* sloop still remained aground and the tug *Hale* alongside. In the meantime the Flag Officer in company with General [Thomas W.] Sherman started in a steamer for the Savannah River and its surroundings to know the action of the combined Naval and Military expedition to penetrate the Savannah River from both sides above Fort Pulaski, but before leaving, [he] sent word that the *Hale* would be employed all day and to go tomorrow morning. This I understood to be virtual abandonment of the contemplated expedition of the *Hale* and therein I was not disappointed for in the evening Commanders Davis and Raymond Rodgers, amateur leaders, returned with the information that the expedition had not succeeded in getting into the Savannah River above Pulaski but [had come] so near that they were enabled to shell the passing vessels.[8]

In the evening Steedman also returned and after night I called upon him having in the afternoon spent an hour with Godon who is still sick. During the day received a letter from Maggie, all the family were well except Frank and he is improving. It was a gloomy one in consequence of the ill results of my most happy ten days visit to Baltimore the

[8]See Davis' official report, *ibid.*, 523-6. According to at least one participant, Lieutenant Commander Ammen of the *Seneca*, who later described the action, the vessels withdrew "having accomplished fully the intended object, which was to frighten the enemy." Ammen, *The Atlantic Coast*, 47.

beginning of last month. I had brooded over her suffering and could not make up my mind to do even writing but went to bed at nine and was not yet warm when a communication was received from Captain [Hugh Y.] Purviance [of the *St. Lawrence*], the senior officer, stating that the sloop *Savannah* was in a most dangerous condition owing to the strong wind and sea and that the *James Adger* had to go to her assistance. The fires were kindled in the furnaces, the Pilots sent for, and at 10-1/2 [I] went on board the *St. Lawrence* to report this ship ready whence the steam was raised. From that time 'till midnight I was on deck superintending things as the habits of the executive officer have recently rendered it necessary.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Thursday, January 30, 1862.

Quite a strong south wind blowing. It was about two in the morning before steam was raised and our anchor weighed. The night was dark and not a buoy on our way down was seen except the one on Fishing Rip Shoal. The Pilot was a good one and I had confidence in his judgment; he felt his way down by soundings. At one time [he] turned back a couple of miles having gotten out of the proper channel as the difficulty with both him and myself [was that] neither [of us] knew in what channel the sloop *Savannah* was grounded. The light boat outside was visible as well as the lights of the sloop and three steamers rendering assistance. Yet all the array of lights but added to the difficulties. I confess uneasiness yet infinitely less than I would under other circumstances as we were going to the relief of the distressed when danger was imminent from the heavy running sea and strong wind.

It was about five in the morning and before daylight that we reached the place when indistinctly we could see her masts and hull, probably 100 yards off from her, where we anchored and a Pilot was sent to sound and go on board and say to Captain [John S.] Missroon that the *James Adger* was here for his relief. On return of the boat I was informed that whilst our boat was there the *Savannah* slipped off [the bar] on which she was aground and was at her anchor and that Captain Missroon would signal us if our assistance was required.

Daylight only brought more confusion as the steam tug *Marion* came out of Port Royal and attempted to pass a hawser line to the no longer aground *Savannah*. Meanwhile, Marchand got the *James Adger* underway and tried to come alongside the *Savannah* to hail Captain Missroon. In the midst of this confusion, the *Savannah* suddenly slipped her cable and made sail heading back into Port Royal. The *James Adger* and the *Marion* followed lamely in her wake.

Journal entry of January 30, 1862 continued

On our anchoring I reported [these] proceeding[s] to Captain Purviance, the senior officer, and had scarcely done so when the Commander in Chief's flag was hoisted on board the *Wabash*, showing that he had returned from yesterday's reconnaissance and a signal for a boat to be sent to him from his ship. The return boat gave information that we were to tow the sloop *Savannah* to sea at six o'clock tomorrow morning.

Du Pont's message implied that after towing the *Savannah* to sea, the *James Adger* would then be sent out on blockade duty. Marchand therefore spent the afternoon supervising the loading of 215 tons of coal to top off the bunkers and by evening was exhausted.

Journal entry of January 30, 1862 continued

I am a worn out man, not having closed my eyes for 38 hours, so I will soon go to bed as I have to get ready for towing the *Savannah* at five o'clock tomorrow morning.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Friday, January 31, 1862.

Was up at four in the morning and at five the anchor was being weighed. The night (for still it was darkness) was thick and foggy and as the promised Pilot had not come on board I had much trouble in finding the way to the *Savannah* sloop to take her tow. Some difficulties occurred such as after getting into position the anchor would not reach the bottom as the chain was jammed in the hawsehole, then after steaming a little ahead to heave it up, got too far off for the hawser to reach (on account of the darkness) when another anchor was let go, then again after getting into position the

line for hauling the hawser from the *Savannah* parted . . .. The *Savannah*, Captain Missroon, however, was safely towed to sea and we cast her off outside of the lightship.

I had expected that orders would have been given by the Flag Officer for our going on blockading duty but was disappointed and returned . . . to our old berth. Steedman in the *Bienville* returned about one and promised to dine with me. [I] went to ask Lanier to do the same, [but] he had dined upon a leg of lamb [and] I had the uneaten part sent into my boat as the only fresh meat for my dinner. Lieutenant Commander [George A.] Stevens was with Lanier and he joined Steedman and myself at three p.m. and we sat at table 'till eight p.m.

That evening Marchand formally reported to Flag Officer Du Pont that the *James Adger* was ready for sea, probably as a gentle reminder of his eagerness to be sent on some expedition. To reinforce his reminder, he had himself rowed to the *Wabash* the next morning. His excuse for making the trip was "to explain more fully [his] need for additional coal to serve as ballast." Du Pont, however, was not aboard and Marchand talked with C.H. Davis, who promised that the *James Adger* would get 50 tons of additional coal. In the afternoon, Marchand went aboard the *Alabama* at Lanier's invitation and was "in agreeable anticipation of" a turkey dinner when he received an order from the flagship to take the *James Adger* "some distance down the harbor to a coal ship."

Journal entry: Port Royal, Saturday, February 1, 1862.

I was hungry but returned to the *James Adger*, got underway, stood down and ran alongside making fast, but not without a little trouble owing to not reversing the engine in time to prevent our shooting some 10 to 12 feet too far ahead and by carelessness a boatswain mate fell overboard but soon was picked up. That was the exception to our successfully working a large ship in a strong tideway. Immediately our fasts were secured, the coal brig's anchor weighed and we were standing back towards our old anchorage. In the meantime the rain commenced falling and it fell with violence. For a time it was doubtful if we could find the way to our old anchorage on account of the heavy

mist and rain but partially clearing, we anchored not very far from the desired place.

By the time Marchand got back to the *Alabama*, dinner was over, but he stayed on board anyway and joined the general conversation over coffee.

All the next day Marchand waited in vain for orders from Du Pont. Once, in fact, he ordered preparations for getting underway when a messenger from the flagship came aboard with a sealed envelope, but the contents proved to be only a copy of General Order Number One "relative to intercourse with the shore and contrabands." Towards afternoon, the weather turned ugly with a northeast gale blowing most of the day and so Marchand curtailed his visiting and remained on board ship. The next few days, however, were once again filled by the exchange of visits and convivial conversations.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Monday, February 3, 1862.

A pleasant day. Called on board the flagship on duty, then on Steedman in the *Bienville* and accepted an invitation from him to dine. In the evening he and I called upon Captain Lardner of the *Susquehanna* and with Steedman spent the evening with Lanier on board the *Alabama*.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Tuesday, February 4, 1862.

Another rather pleasant day. After quarters [I] pulled over to Hilton Head, met Steedman, strolled around, and returned to the ship at half past 12 stopping on the way and purchasing clothing and mess stores from a private ship. Steedman dined with me and we together spent the evening with Godon in the *Mohican*.

On the afternoon of the fourth, the U.S.S. *Hartford* with Flag Officer Farragut on board dropped anchor in Port Royal and received a 15-gun salute from Du Pont. The next day, Marchand finally received orders to sea.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Wednesday, February 5, 1862.

Yesterday [I] had arranged with Steedman to ride to the south end of Hilton Head Island today and wrote to the Captain of the Fleet to that effect. After eight last evening a

tug came alongside and said to send a boat to the flagship. On its return, information was given that I could leave but to stop at the flag[ship] on my way. After quarters in the morning, [I] pulled to the *Bienville*, engaged to meet Steedman on board the U.S. Steam Sloop *Hartford*, and I went on board the *Wabash* seeing Flag Officer Du Pont. He told me that it would be necessary that the ship [*James Adger*] should tomorrow go to Tybee to keep up an efficient steam vessel [there] whilst the *Pawnee*, Commander [Percival] Drayton, was overhauling a portion of its engine.

That evening Marchand spent one more enjoyable dinner on board the *Alabama* with Commander Lanier before making preparations to leave the next morning.

Journal entry: Port Royal and Tybee Roads, Thursday, February 6, 1862.

As soon as there was sufficient light in the morning, [I] made signal for permission to shift berth to be near the flagship for the facility of communicating and before eight it was effected. Before nine, boats passed between the two ships, and twice I attempted to start but was prevented by signal as more communications were to be sent. At 9-1/2 we started and I gave directions to our coast pilot to take the ship out of Port Royal. [But] soon I discovered that he was drunk or stupid and undertook the pilotage myself sending him below. Some distance down [the harbor we] met a pilot boat coming up and, availing myself of an order from the Flag Captain, anchored and took a Tybee Pilot from the boat.

In coming out [we] met the Steamer *Atlantic* with large mails from New York and late newspapers and [I] regretted [that] we could not get our portion. After getting out of Port Royal entrance, the Pilot obtained from the pilot boat carried the ship towards Tybee Island. The low coast of South Carolina and Georgia was in sight but it was by the masts of the blockading vessels that we saw where Tybee Roads lay long before the lighthouse on Tybee Island was seen. The Pilot found some trouble in sighting the entrance buoy, but when found had no difficulty in running into Tybee Roads. It was high water and we carried 20 feet at the

Comdr. Percival Drayton, USN

U.S. Navy Photograph

shoaled place. I do not think I will go to sea at low water as there is only 14 feet and we draw that amount of water. [We] found at anchor the U.S. Steam Sloop *Pawnee*, Commander P. Drayton, the Steam *Wyandotte*, Lieutenant Commanding William D. Whiting and the sailing sloop of war *Vandalia* Commander [Francis S.] Haggerty. Immediately on anchoring, boats came from the two latter for their mails and I was happy in being able to deliver large ones to each.

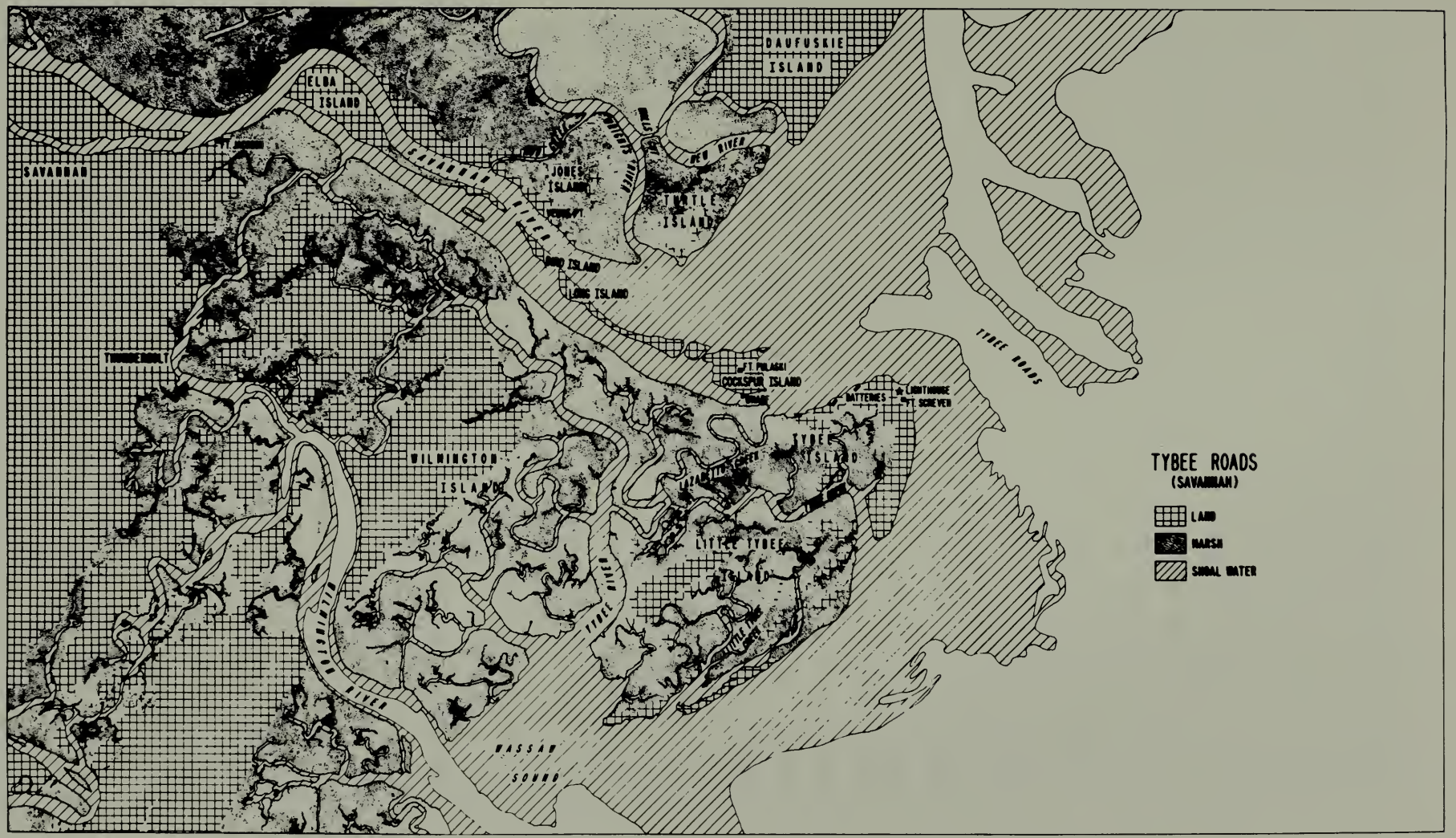
Upon anchoring, I called upon Commander Drayton and remained but a few minutes to give him a chance of reading his letter. The U.S. flag is flying upon the ruined lighthouse and the fort in construction upon Tybee Island and the Confederate flag on Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, just without gun shot of our anchorage.

The daily routine in Tybee Road, however, was nearly as leisurely as that in Port Royal Sound. Marchand spent his first day on station familiarizing himself with the defenses, but the excursion took on the atmosphere of a sightseeing expedition.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Friday, February 7, 1862.

This has been represented to have been the best day as regards the weather that has been experienced here for many weeks. Each good day at this season is called the weather breeder and of course we must expect bad weather before midnight.

Since returning from the blockade of Georgetown I like to lay in bed in the morning and being at anchor rarely rise before 8-1/2 in the morning. Such was the case today and after breakfasting, [I] pulled to the *Pawnee* and with Drayton went ashore on Tybee Island. It is lumped with sand hills of 15 or 20 feet elevation on the northern side, along which is the entrance channel to the Savannah River. Amongst the sand hills stands a Martello tower compound[ed] of shells and cement 8 or 10 feet in thickness towards the base erected during the Revolutionary War. Around this tower the Confederates had commenced the erection of a fort or battery which was abandoned when Hilton Head was taken. Since its occupation by our forces (one Regiment and a half) the fort has been completed and with the exception of three or four large guns, field pieces are mounted upon it. Two other masked batteries have been


DAUFUSKIE ISLAND
ELBA ISLAND
SAVANNAH
JONES ISLAND
TURTLE ISLAND
LONG ISLAND
TYBEE ROADS
FT. PULASKI
COCKSPUR ISLAND
BATTERIES
LIGHTHOUSE
FT. SCREVEN
TYBEE ISLAND
WILMINGTON ISLAND
LITTLE TYBEE
TYBEE RIVER
WILMINGTON RIVER
WASSAW SOUND
TYBEE ROADS
(SAVANNAH)
LAND
MARSH
SHOAL WATER

constructed looking towards approaches by sea from the direction of Fort Pulaski. The Fort as well as the batteries are within range of the guns of Pulaski and occasionally a shot is fired which falls near but the sand hills and pine bushes prevent the enemy from seeing the effects of their shot. We have no guns mounted or [present] at Tybee that can throw a shot as far as Pulaski, consequently [they] do all the firing.

After the enemy abandoned Tybee Island they returned one night before its occupation by our troops set fire [to] and burned the wood work inside of the lighthouse, which house is of great elevation and the conflagration cracked the wall towards the top so as to almost render it tottering. On our soldiers occupying the Island, they constructed a series of ladders inside and now the top of the lighthouse is used as a place for hoisting our flag and a lookout upon the enemy. Whilst today drinking lager beer in the Colonel Commandant's quarters almost under the lighthouse, he received reports by the holloing of the lookout aloft of a rebel steamer having passed our gunboats and reached Fort Pulaski, also the approach of the steamers and transports. We witnessed a parade and then returned to the ship.

At 1 p.m. we went to general quarters and had a searching exercise which was less satisfactory than I had hoped, not that it was materially defective, but errors were corrected. At three [I] went on board the *Pawnee* and dined with Drayton, returning home at sunset.

For the next few days Marchand and Drayton, from their offshore anchorages, watched the efforts of the small Confederate flotilla to keep Pulaski supplied and the efforts of Rodgers' squadron in the Mud River to prevent them.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Saturday, February 8, 1862.

We could see a movement amongst [our] gunboats towards evening showing either a return to Port Royal, or the opening or discovery of a passage into the Savannah River.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Sunday, February 9, 1862.

Some rebel steamers were in sight above Pulaski. They were not troubled by our gunboats in the creeks north of the Savannah River; probably their projectiles could not reach.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Monday, February 10, 1862.

Much activity is shown today by the Confederates in supplying Fort Pulaski. With the aid of a glass I could see a steamer landing articles at a wharf a short distance this side of the Fort (2-1/2 miles from us) the men putting them on carts and the carts driving to the Fort. Our gunboats in the creeks north of the Savannah River progressed a little nearer the River but not near enough to intercept communications.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Tuesday, February 11, 1862.

A very clear day with westerly winds blowing quite stiff. About ten in the morning [I] took the gig and in company with Acting Master [John P.] Carr pulled to the south end of Daufaskie Island through a creek and Wall's Cut to the place where our gunboats are lying north of the Savannah River. The gunboats are the *Unadilla, Ottawa, Seneca, Pembina, E.B. Hale* and *Western World,* all under command of John Rodgers. They were trying to effect an entrance into the Savannah River by Mud Creek, which has 18 inches water at low tide and some feet there [of] mud. [The] tide rises from seven to eight feet and the largest of the gunboats draws nine. It was low tide when I reached them, then the six foot draft, *Hale* was a quarter of a mile up Mud River and the *Pembina,* nine foot draft, a hundred yards up so deeply in the mud that the bow of my boat could with difficulty get to the gangway. They were waiting for the highest of the flood tide to worry their way through Mud Creek. The *Ottawa* was at the mouth of Mud Creek astern of the *Unadilla* and also aground. The remaining gunboats were afloat in the Creek astern. Rodgers said he hoped to get into the Savannah River tonight which I think is utterly impossible as the vessels have to go a mile and a half. Two or three of the officers commanding the gunboats were on board the *Unadilla* and generally united in thinking that mode of entering the Savannah impracticable. Confidentially, Rodgers told me to the same effect but said it was Flag Officer Du Pont's orders and he would do every thing to effect it. Yet I thought from his remarks that he had suggested the possibility to the Flag Officer and now could not avoid trying to carry it out.

On board the *Unadilla* I met General [Thomas W.] Sherman commanding the whole southern army. Major

Gilman, chief of engineers,[9] informed me that he had erected a battery on Venus Point, Jones Island, about 1000 yards from the position of the *Unadilla* which was worked upon only at night and that last night it was completed and the six guns of nine inch[es] were upon Jones to arm the battery but that the men were worked so hard they [the guns] could not be transported over the plank road covering the . . . Island before daylight and that he had them covered with grass to screen observation from the rebel steamers passing up and down the Savannah River; that the site of the battery was also masked; that yesterday Commodore [Josiah] Tatnall in his flagboat passed within a 100 yards of it, eye glass in hand examining everything, but it escaped his observation. This battery is erecting under protection of the gunboats and the presence of the gunboats attracts the attention of the passing rebel boats from anything else. The guns will, it is expected, be mounted on the battery tonight and as they are but a few yards off the Savannah River, the communications by this route to Fort Pulaski will be entirely cut off.

To comprehend the topography it must be understood that these various creeks and the Savannah River here is bordered by marshes, floods almost at high water, and that the Island grows nothing but long grass like reeds, and [is] totally unfit for human habitation. The nearest firm land is Daufaskie Island, three miles off, and the soldiers, to make and work the battery, have to be transported that distance in light draft steamers. Could they form an encampment on Jones Island upon which the battery is erected, little difficulty would be experienced in the army holding the place, but as it is, gunboats of light draft must remain for their protection to prevent their being cut off from the supplies and daily relief. So marshy is the ground that the soldiers will be wading in mud to service the guns. Some other combination must be in view for as things seem the whole thing is ridiculous to prevent by this battery communication with Fort Pulaski when another deep creek running parallel with and south of the Savannah River is open to the

[9]Probably Quincy Adams Gillmore soon to be promoted to Major General of Volunteers.

rebels, and as far as I can learn no effort on our part is making to intercept that channel when it is evident to every one that it should be done and that before the enemy knows of the battery being erected on the north side of the Savannah River.

Marchand's pessimistic predictions went unheeded. During the week that followed, he watched with increasing skepticism the efforts of Davis to the south of the Savannah River and those of John Rodgers to the north. For the next week, while the Commodore's "favorites" struggled through the muddy inlets in an attempt to circumvent Pulaski's guns, Marchand and Drayton undertook several tours of Tybee Island, including one fairly close-range reconnaissance of Fort Pulaski.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Wednesday, February 12, 1862.

No rebel steamers came down from Savannah to Pulaski today, I am apprehensive they have discovered our musket battery at Venus Point on Jones Island near which our gunboats lay in Mud Creek. [I] observed that some progress was made by the gunboats through Mud Creek towards the Savannah River. Rowboats sent by our gunboats to sound the passage between Jones and Turtle Islands into the Savannah River were seen from this ship for two or three hours whilst the tide was low and during that time the heavy rifled cannon on Fort Pulaski was playing upon them, but no attention was bestowed upon the shots as they appeared to work until their object was accomplished which with our glasses seemed to be staking . . . a passage for the gunboats through a different passage into the Savannah River than by the way of Mud Creek. This passage today sounded has sufficient depth of water at high tide but is within range of the guns of Pulaski and the only danger to be apprehended is the grounding of the gunboats subjecting them to nearly 12 hours [as a] target to the guns of that Fort which, as a matter of course, would utterly destroy them.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Thursday, February 13, 1862.

Today [I] sent ashore on Tybee Island all the musket men and the Howitzer with its crew. The whole were exercised by Mr. Foster 'till half past 12 meridian. I also went on shore to

see the drill and, meeting Drayton, we inspected it, then passed along the beach within range of the guns of Fort Pulaski. [We] diverged amongst the sand hills and went to a masked battery of three 8-inch columbiads erected by this part of our army in Tybee Island one and a half miles from Pulaski. With our glasses we peered through the bushes [and] saw men working around the Fort at ordinary occupations, the lookout on the walls watching closely everything and sometime seeming to look directly at us. Where the masked battery is located is one mile within range of the guns of the enemy's fort.

While Marchand and Drayton explored Tybee Island, the gunboats in Wright's River discovered what at first appeared to be "empty tin cans," floating on the water but on closer examination proved to be what the Confederates called torpedoes and what the Federals called "infernal machines." According to Lieutenant Commander Bankhead, who first spotted them, they

Letter: Bankhead to Rodgers, February 19, 1862.[10]
. . . were placed several yards apart at right angles to the shore immediately in the channel leading from Wright's River and only visible at low water. They were connected by a spiral wire, the end of the wire entering an orifice in the upper ends of the buoys, and they were also secured by wires to what we presumed to be weights at the bottom, but which further examination led us to believe were vessels containing explosive matter.

Bankhead succeeded in detaching one such device, but found it so difficult that he determined to destroy the rest by rifle fire. While he was thus engaged, the other gunboats of the squadron continued to sound the inlet between Jones and Turtle Islands seeking an exit to the Savannah River. Marchand watched their efforts.

Journal entry of February 19, 1862 continued
The fort did not open fire upon them as yesterday. One of the gunboats seemed to have made considerable progress in

[10] Bankhead to Rodgers, Wright's River, S.C., 19 February 1862. O.R.N., XII, 504.

Mud Creek towards the Savannah, the others remaining stationary. I doubt more the possibility of a passage through Mud Creek and the continuous soundings satisfy me that if our entrance at all is effected into the Savannah it must be between Turtle and Jones Islands and under fire of the guns of Pulaski. In the evening Captains Drayton and Whiting and Mr. Foster dined with me.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Friday, February 14, 1862.

Another very pleasant day until dark when it became quite cloudy, the barometer low and wind moderate from the south. Providence has favored us with good weather since being here and I thank the Heavenly Parent that Thou has deemed us worthy of it and Thy protection.

Sent a company ashore to exercise with muskets as had been done for the two preceding days. The Howitzers were also placed in its boat and sent to practice afloat under the Gunner's charge.

In the afternoon [I] went ashore on Tybee Island to see our men cutting firewood from drifted wrecks. The place they were sent to work was within range of the guns of Pulaski and I wished to show them that I would not send them where I would not go myself.

After eight this morning a small steamer came down the river hugging the southern shore. The army's masked battery on Jones Island fired six shots at her but she escaped and anchored under the protection of Fort Pulaski. She seemed afraid to return and at dark was still there. An hour before sunset [I] saw the black smoke of a Confederate steamer passing up Tybee Creek. When she came down from Savannah I know not, evidently they are trying a way to preserve communications with Pulaski, either through Lazaretto Creek or across the marsh on the south side of the Savannah River. I am determined if possible to find out what they are doing.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Saturday, February 15, 1862.

Immediately after breakfast went on board the *Pawnee* and had a consultation with Drayton about a night reconnaissance of Tybee River to ascertain if the enemy was doing anything there in consequence of the Army battery

obstructing communication between Pulaski and Savannah, which battery as mentioned yesterday from Jones Island opened fire upon a small steamer passing down. Drayton did not deem it necessary, but at my suggestion, we went on Tybee Island to the headquarters of [the] Colonel commanding the detachment of the Army, who we knew had returned after two days reconnoitering. The Colonel informed us that he was preparing boats for the purpose I had proposed, but that he wanted to go in force with at least 100 men and wished the aid of the navy. If I am here and can obtain permission I will go.

The Colonel proposed taking a little excursion in a boat in the creeks in the interior of Tybee Island. We found them curious; they were narrow across and the sea running in all directions, never entirely passing through the Island except when artificial cuts had been made. The middle of the Island is a marsh but all around the sea has washed up a wide sandbank except at the entrance to the creek. Occasionally there are long spaces of hard ground (that is, not a perfect marsh) which is covered with live oak, palmettos and other trees and shrubbery of dense growth. The banks of these creeks are garnished with oyster beds, of the racoon kind, small but well tasted.

Becoming tired of the boat, at the first "fast" ground we left it at a place that had been a house with some cultivated ground, but which house and improvements had been burned by the Confederates upon their abandonment of the Island. From there we walked to [a] beach on the west side of the Island where [there] were other ruins of summer dwellings also burned to the ground. Continuing along the beach within range of the guns of Fort Pulaski we reached the nearest part of the Island to Fort Pulaski which is distant, something less than a mile, from which we had a good view of the fort and everything around. Nothing was going on. The lookouts from the parapet had their eyes, I hope, seemingly in our direction but no shot was fired. At half a mile distance alongside of the fort['s] wharf was the steamer that had escaped down from Savannah, passed the battery on Jones Island yesterday, and has been afraid to return. . . . I could see her name *Ida* on the paddle box. The Colonel informed us that at the place we then were, which was also the ruins of an extensively burned

summer residence, one of his soldiers some days ago was gesticulating and shaking his fists towards Pulaski, [when] a shot was fired from that fort which killed him on the spot. Our party also approached that place with caution as our army pickets only occupy it at night and are withdrawn at daylight, whilst it has been known that the enemy's pickets have been there during the daytime yet closely watched.

We returned on foot, mostly along the beach, but had to diverge into the Island and every few minutes had to pass the picket guards concealed amongst the palmettos [until we] reached the nearest masked battery mentioned a few days ago (nearest to the enemy) and amongst the dense shrubbery and sand banks, [we] suffered from the great heat of the sun, reaching the Colonel's headquarters at 2 p.m. Then getting some refreshments . . . took my gig and returned to the ship.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Sunday, February 16, 1862.

This morning the rebel steamer *Ida*, mentioned yesterday, left the wharf at Fort Pulaski, passed through Lazaretto Creek thence into Tybee River and escaped to Savannah. It was in relation to this passage that I had the interview with Drayton and [the] Colonel yesterday, now the former must be convinced of the propriety of my suggestion and propositions. Yesterday we were at Lazaretto Creek by which the *Ida* escaped today.

The weather has been so thick that we could not tell if the gunboats in Mud Creek and its neighborhood had changed positions. If Rodgers intends an onward movement it should be effected now, during Spring tides. A day or two hereafter will be too late.

As if to lend support to Marchand's warning, the northeast winds waxed into a gale that evening and blew forcefully all day on the 17th. The *James Adger* began to drag her anchor, a cause of much anxiety for Marchand because he considered the anchorage "unsafe" bounded as it was by a sandy beach on one side and by shoal water on the other.[11] But after dropping a second anchor the *James Adger* safely rode out the storm and in the late afternoon the winds moderated.

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[11] From the journal entry of 26 February 1862.

Marchand continued to drill his crew both in small arms and in the "great guns." They were less proficient than he had expected in preparing to fire, though the exercises themselves were satisfactory. Marchand hoped that these exercises would soon be put to the test. Though not displeased with his assignment at Tybee, he still chafed for an opportunity to take part in an expedition against the enemy, an expedition like the attack on Port Royal which he had missed. On 19 February, he heard a rumor that such an attack might be imminent.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Wednesday, February 19, 1862.

Drayton sent me a late paper and in the evening [I] called upon him and was informed that all the gunboats with exception of the *Unadilla*, *Hale*, and *Western World* had left the vicinity of Jones Island and had returned to Port Royal, so that John Rodgers' expedition to get through Mud Creek into the Savannah River was a failure.

Everything indicates that an expedition south, of which we will doubtlessly join, soon will start, probably tomorrow.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Thursday, February 20, 1862.

A cannon was fired by our army on Tybee Island which was responded to by one from Fort Pulaski. The natural inference was that our fleet or detachment of the army was about being assaulted by the enemy . . .. For nearly an hour we were in suspense but as no movement was visible I settled down to our usual state of indifference but from the condition of the weather did not throw myself on the couch 'till two in the morning and even then felt no inclination nor did I sleep 'till daylight.

Though Marchand knew that an expedition was in the offing, he did not know its intended destination. Had Du Pont decided to assault Fort Pulaski after all? Rumor had it that Fernandina, Florida, might be the target. Marchand waited impatiently for the appearance of Du Pont's squadron. On the afternoon of the 20th, he sighted six ships heading out of Port Royal (less than 15 miles away) and he was certain that this was the van of the expected armada. But they did not put in at Tybee and he concluded regretfully that they must have had some other mission. The fog settled in over the blockading squadron once again and Marchand chafed at his confinement.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Friday, February 21, 1862.

The thickness of the weather prevented seeing far therefore could not distinguish a fleet if any were outside and I am glad that no orders came for our going to sea as in the present state of the weather nothing could be gained by being outside.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Saturday, February 22, 1862.

By eight o'clock last night the northeast gale had blown itself out, but the wind, though light, remained from that quarter. Today there is a moderately fresh breeze from the south and until noon a dense fog. This being the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, all the ships were decorated with flags and at noon the senior officer ship *Pawnee* fired a salute of 21 guns. Our army on Tybee also saluted. At Fort Pulaski the enemy ignored the anniversary, no notice of the day was taken by them. Drayton sent me a paper of the eighth with the account of [Andrew H.] Foote's success in the Tennessee River. At sunset our army battery on Jones Island fired a salute of 34 guns.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Sunday, February 23, 1862.

We had inspection at quarters but it was of short duration as at that moment a cloud passed over dropping some rain, which would spoil gold lace and Sunday clothes.

In the early part of the afternoon, a rebel steamer came down from towards Savannah and threw several shells towards our army battery on Jones Island, [but] the vessel was so distant that the shells burst in the air a long distance from the battery. It was the general impression on board the ship that but one shot was fired from the battery in return.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Monday, February 24, 1862.

Commander Haggerty of the *Vandalia* called on me and said that Commander Drayton had just informed him that today he expected the expedition from Port Royal would leave for a southern place and that as it passed all the squadron here except the *Vandalia* would go out and join it. The U.S. Steamer *Wyandotte*, Lieutenant Commander W.D. Whiting, which has been lying here, left this afternoon for Wassaw Sound, doubtless to blockade that place whilst the

squadron there also joins the contemplated expedition. Haggerty told me of a reported victory by our forces in the west and the capture of 13,000 of the enemy but without destruction of Foote's Flotilla. I entertain no faith in the report.[12] Everything has been quiet up the river except one shot fired from Pulaski, but in what direction I could not learn.

Anticipating the momentary arrival of the expeditionary force, Marchand was disappointed when on the morning of the 25th, yet another gale blew up out of the northeast. So strong was it, "greater . . . than we have experienced since being here," that Du Pont's flagship, the *Wabash*, could not get out of port. The wind moderated a little around midnight, and Marchand went to bed convinced that the dawn would bring delightful weather, "instead of which a fresh wind sat in from the southeast, the most exposed quarter, with every indication of a gale from that quarter." The expedition was postponed again. Finally on the morning of the 27th, the weather moderated.

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Thursday, February 27, 1862.

We have had a pleasant day, for which I am thankful, and I fervently pray that it may continue. The gun exercises were as usual continued today, varied by General Quarters in the afternoon. About 4 p.m. a revenue cutter arrived from Port Royal which on being hailed reported no news or letters but was in search of the Army Steamer *McClellan* . . .. Soon after, several vessels were seen off the entrance to Port Royal and made out to be as supposed the *Wabash, Susquehanna,* and others of the fleet. I became satisfied that the long projected expedition somewhere down the coast was about starting.

Immediately after, the express gunboat *Isaac M. Smith* came out of Calliboque Sound and at dusk ran alongside of the *Pawnee.* I at once went on board the latter and, as expected, a dispatch from the Flag Officer came notifying us that the *Wabash* and remainder of the fleet at Port Royal would pass this place tonight or tomorrow morning and that the *Pawnee, James Adger, Pocahontas* and *Potomska* were to

[12]The report was quite true. On 6 February, Foote's flotilla forced the capitulation of Fort Henry. The Confederates surrendered over 12,000 men and 40 pieces of artillery.

go out and join company leaving only the *Vandalia* to keep up the sea blockade. The battery on Tybee Island and the one on Jones Island will doubtless be able to prevent the passage of vessels aided by the *Vandalia.*[13] Father we are in Thy hands, protect us if it seems good to Thee, but Thy will be done for what Thou doest is only right.

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[13]Even though Fort Pulaski remained a formidable obstacle, Gen. T.W. Sherman wrote "The Savannah River is closed as tight as a bottle . . .." Sherman to the Adjutant General, U.S. Army, off Tybee Roads, 27 February 1862. O.R.A., VI, 235-6.

CHAPTER VI

"ACTIVE SERVICE BEFORE THE ENEMY"
28 February–11 March 1862

A key element in the Federal Government's overall strategy for securing the blockade was the occupation of several deep water ports along the Confederate coastline. The seizure of ports had been described as "indispensable" by Du Pont's Strategy Board back in July 1861. In the 7 months since then, the wisdom of that recommendation had been dramatically proven by the obvious value of the naval base at Port Royal. The blockading squadrons in Tybee Roads and off Charleston had less than a full day's steaming to make a friendly port for resupply. But Port Royal was still the only friendly port south of Hampton Roads, and the Board had insisted on "the necessity of occupying two or more points" on the coast.[1] Another such haven, further south, would greatly enhance the effectiveness of the blockade off the coast of Florida. With large squadrons off Savannah and Charleston, many blockade runners sailed into one of the numerous inlets along the coast of Florida and used the inland waterways to transship their cargoes north where rail lines led to the interior. The center for this trade was Fernandina, on the Florida-Georgia border. From there, an intracoastal waterway allowed uninterrupted communications between that city and Savannah 90 miles to the north. Fernandina was also the eastern terminus for the cross-Florida railroad to Cedar Key. This road, plus Fernandina's other natural advantages, its location on an island and its deep and commodious anchorage, made it an extremely desirable port city. In its first report to Secretary Welles, the Strategy Board had referred to Fernandina as "obviously the most desirable point for a place of deposit."[2] In February 1862, Du Pont began planning for its capture. This time, Marchand and the *James Adger* were to play a role.

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[1] Du Pont, *et al.*, to Welles, Washington, 5 July 1861. O.R.N., XII, 195-6.

[2] *Ibid.*

Marchand had already written to Du Pont on 5 February in a letter marked "Private," expressing his desire to be included in any future attack. Having missed out on the Port Royal expedition, he wanted to ensure that his orders to the blockade of Tybee Roads would not prevent his participation in future offensive operations.

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, February 5, 1862.[3]

> I most respectfully request and beg that our present orders to proceed to Tybee will not exclude this ship from immediate and active service before the enemy if operations are in view.

Du Pont was very much aware of Marchand's desire for "active service." It was a desire that was universal throughout the fleet. During the planning for the expedition to Fernandina, Du Pont wrote his wife that "the intense desire to form part of expeditions is wonderful. I give all a chance that I can . . .."[4] In this case, Marchand was to be one of those given a chance.

Early in the morning of 28 February, a pleasant, warm day with gentle breezes from the south, Du Pont led the Port Royal squadron out of the Sound through the southeast channel and steamed south, arriving off Tybee Roads in the forenoon. Marchand had lain awake all night on board the *James Adger* expecting at any moment to be told that Du Pont's fleet was off the entrance to Tybee. So disappointed was he at its non-appearance that he stayed in bed until 8:30 the next morning. Two hours later, however, the masts of two or three vessels were sighted, and soon thereafter Commander Drayton made signal to get underway. The *Pawnee, Pocahontas,* and *Potomska* all preceded the *James Adger* out of the roadstead. Du Pont noted that "Drayton came off with all the ships . . . in time to join the line at the very point of intersection, beautifully done."[5]

Journal entry: Tybee Roads, Friday, February 28, 1862.

> As we neared the outer buoy a long string of vessels were in sight and on getting out we knew the following named ones amongst the number viz. *Wabash, Susquehanna, Florida,*

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[3] Marchand to Du Pont, Port Royal, 5 February 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

[4] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 28 February 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* I, 345-6.

[5] *Ibid.,* 343-4.

Flag, Ottawa, Seneca, Pembina, Penquin, Isaac M. Smith, all steamers, and three or four others [of] which we did not know the names. Besides which the steamer *McClellan* was in company, one pilot boat, the *Hope,* and the revenue cutter *Henrietta.* We from Tybee were outside when the Flagship was opposite the entrance and on joining the line made the number [total] 16 men of war and gunboats.

Very slowly we passed along and about 3:30 in the afternoon, after long waiting and signaling, the fleet by signal came to anchor. A steamer had very early in the afternoon been sent into Wassaw Sound off which [we] anchored . . . doubtlessly for the purpose of ordering out the men of war there at anchor as soon as possible, yet everyone in the fleet knew they could not cross the bar 'till the flood tide had for a time made.

Towards dark the squadron from Wassaw came out and we could distinguish the men of war: steamers *Seminole* and *Alabama,* and gunboats *Henry Andrew* and *Helen,* transport steamer *McClellan* filled with troops, and others that the darkness prevented our seeing. What number of steamers and gunboats composing the expedition [which] is at anchor together off Wassaw I can form no idea now, and the transports with army troops coming out with the tide tonight will add doubly to our number.[6] In the dusk of the evening the flagship made signal that our rendezvous was St. Andrews about 80 miles along the coast to the south showing that the ultimate attack is upon Fernandina. What the result will be is in the hands of the Almighty and to Him I pray for success with entire submission to His decree, who can do nothing else than right.

About eight at night the Commodore made signal to get underway and it was a beautiful sight in the darkness of the night, the numerous pyrotechnic lights of the fleet in answer to the signal, as well as the red and blue lights exhibited on board each vessel as the "running lights." Every one seemed to hurry in getting underway and following the flagship and as far as the eye could reach the ocean was spotted with lights. It was a splendid sight but not [a] pleasure producing

[6] Altogether there were 20 warships and 8 transports.

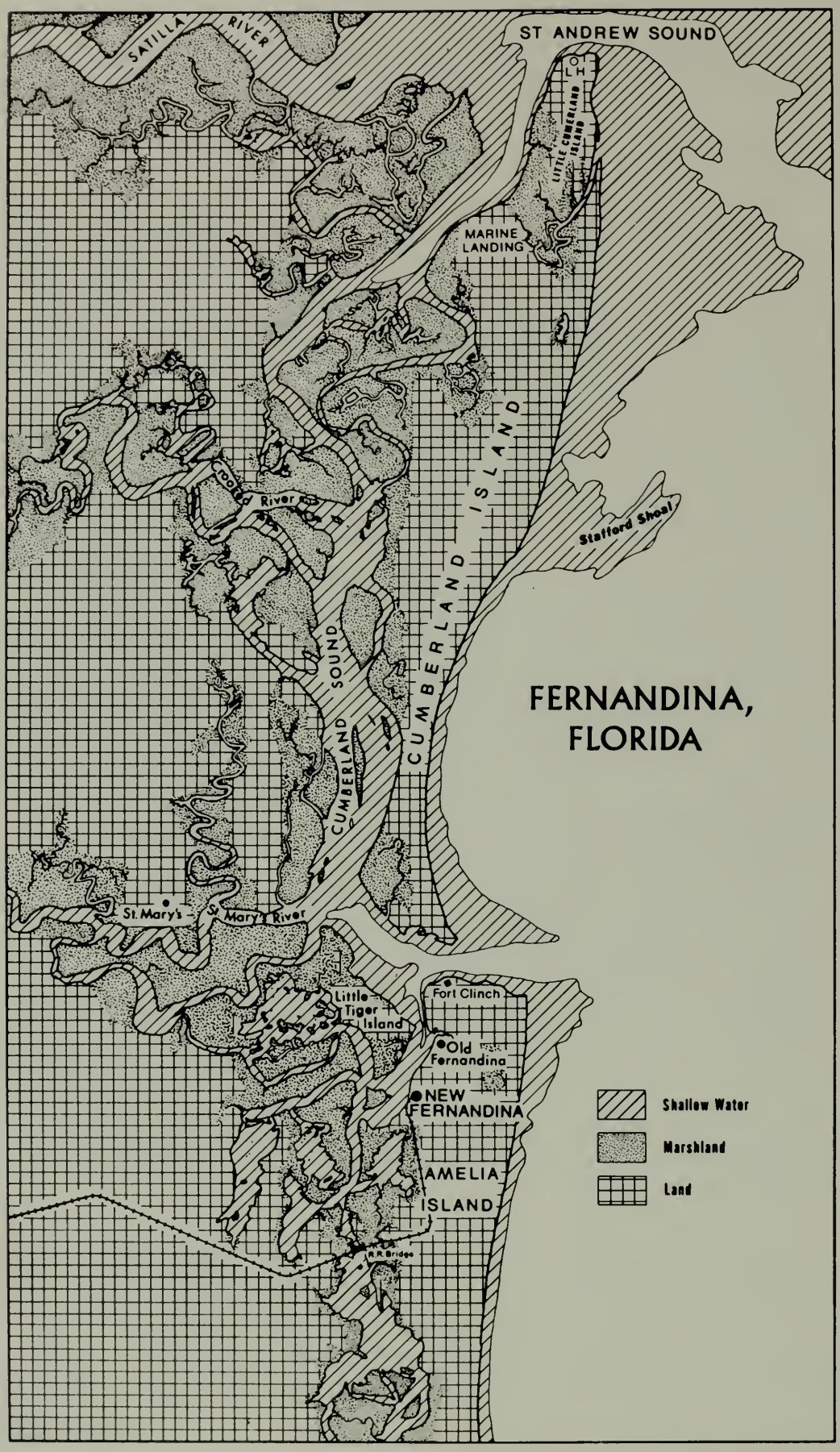
one as they all [were] started for battle and in a short time God only knows what havoc may be committed upon them.

Journal entry: Off St. Andrews, Georgia, Saturday, March 1, 1862.

The commanding officers had but little sleep during the past night in looking out against collisions amongst the many vessels. It was not until nearly midnight that the steaming order was completely formed and system established amongst the men of war, but the army transports were without order and they followed in every direction. This morning in the hazy atmosphere nearly all were in sight. We all stood onward 'till about 10 a.m. when the *Wabash* (the flagship) stopped and after a time anchored. In this interval several of the light draft steamers were sent in to know if land was in sight. We were in 5-1/2 fathoms water and knew that the coast should be in sight in ordinary weather, but the smoky condition of the atmosphere prevented seeing a great distance beyond the ship. About 2 p.m. the look-out vessel returned and reported to the Commodore. We in the haze could [only] indistinctly see the coast, nor was it until evening that it knew precisely where we were, that is close off the entrance to St. Simon's Sound. The Steamers *Mohican*, *Bienville*, and *Keystone State* joined the fleet about that time.

The smoky condition of the atmosphere prevented our doing anything, and late in the afternoon (the flagship having gotten underway) the *Wabash* again came to anchor and made signal for all captains to repair on board. Of course I went and on the quarter deck the Captain of the fleet [Davis] handed me the instruction for steaming and entering St. Andrew's and through [it] Cumberland Sound in the anticipated attack upon the forts and batteries between St. Andrew's entrance and Fernandina.

The orders handed Marchand were the result of extensive planning by Du Pont and Brig. Gen. Horatio G. Wright, the commander of the embarked troops. Unlike Du Pont's earlier success at Port Royal, where he had merely deployed his fleet in line of battle and battered the defenses into submission, he now hoped to avoid an artillery duel. To effect this, he planned to approach Fernandina through St. Andrew's and Cumberland


SATILLA RIVER
ST ANDREW SOUND
LH
LITTLE CUMBERLAND ISLAND
MARINE LANDING
CUMBERLAND ISLAND
Stafford Shoal
FERNANDINA, FLORIDA
CUMBERLAND SOUND
St. Mary's
St. Mary's River
Little Tiger Island
Fort Clinch
Old Fernandina
NEW FERNANDINA
AMELIA ISLAND
RR Bridge
Shallow Water
Marshland
Land

Sounds instead of passing the well-defended harbor entrance. His first thought was to divide the fleet into two squadrons and lead the heavier ships through the main channel past the Confederate fortifications while the shallow-draft gunboats turned the enemy flank by passing through Cumberland Sound. But on further reflection and after a careful examination of the charts, he determined to try to take the entire fleet through the inland waterways despite the risk of grounding one or two in the shallows. " . . . if we can *all* go down the Sound," he wrote, "why I think they will bolt at the sight of the first ship . . .."[7]

This plan, however, required that the two heaviest ships, the *Susquehanna* and Du Pont's flagship, the *Wabash,* remain outside the Sound because of their extreme draft. Even the *James Adger* would have difficulty in the Cumberland River where the water shoaled to a depth of 13 feet (the *James Adger* drew 14-1/2 feet). Nevertheless, Du Pont remained convinced that such an approach had the best chance for complete success.

Transferring his flag to the gunboat *Ottawa,* Du Pont planned to lead the squadron into the Sound followed, in arbitrary order, by the 10 steamers, the *James Adger* standing eighth in line.[8]

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[7] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 17 February 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* I, 325.

[8] The following is the order in which the vessels are to enter St. Simons Sound and pass through Cumberland Sound in the proposed attack upon Fernandina [from journal entry of 1 March]:

1st	Steam Gun Boat	*Ottawa*	Heaving Comm. Du Pont's Flag
2nd	Steamer	*Mohican*	Comdr. Godon accompanied by the small armed tugboat *Ellen*
3rd	Steamer	*Seminole*	Commander Gillis
4th	Steamer	*Pawnee*	Commander Drayton
5th	Steamer	*Pocahontas*	Lieut. Balch
6th	Steamer	*Flag*	Commander John Rodgers
7th	Steamer	*Florida*	Commander J.R. Goldsborough
8th	Steamer	*James Adger*	Commander Marchand
9th	Steamer	*Bienville*	Commander Steedman
10th	Steamer	*Alabama*	Commander Lanier
11th	Steamer	*Keystone State*	Commander Leroy
12th	Steam Gun Boat	*Seneca*	Lieut. Ammen
13th	Steam Gun Boat	*Huron*	Lieut. Downes
14th	Steam Gun Boat	*Pembina*	Lieut. Bankhead
15th	Steam Tug	*Isaac Smith*	Lieut. Nicholson
16th	Steam Gun Boat	*Penquin*	Act. Lieut. Budd
17th	Steam Gun Boat	*Potomska*	Act. Lieut. Watmough
18th	Army Transport Steamer	*McClellan*	Captain Gray

Also in the fleet but not participating in the attack were the pilot boat *Hope,* revenue cutter *Henrietta,* army transports *Star of the South, Belvedere, Empire City, Boston, Cosmopolitan,* and the sailing ship *Onward.*

While this armada negotiated the tortuous passages of Cumberland Sound, the *Wabash* and *Susquehanna* were to make a feint on the main channel entrance.

Early the next morning Du Pont's plan was put into execution. First, however, Du Pont once again transferred his flag, this time to the steamer *Mohican.*

> *Journal entry: Cumberland Sound and at Sea, Sunday, March 2, 1862.*
>
> After 7 o'clock a.m. [7:50] the *Wabash* threw out signals and there was a general stir in the fleet.[9] Soon the vessels . . . which were to enter St. Andrew's and Cumberland Sound were underway. The Flag Officer having transferred his flag to the *Mohican,* all followed him. It required quite a time to form the order of steaming and signal after signal was made by the Commander in Chief to take close order.

At 20 minutes past 9, a signal from the *Mohican* sent all hands to quarters. After a brief flurry of activity as the *Adger's* crew ran to their assigned battle stations, quiet settled over the ship and all eyes searched the passing shoreline for signs of enemy activity. Though only the second day of March, the mild Florida climate kept the steamy southern estuaries in perpetual spring and the shore was lined with thick tropical foliage. Many of those on the *James Adger* who watched must have wondered when the verdant shoreline would belch flame and smoke revealing the presence of a

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[9] The official log of signals made during the "attack" on Fernandina, 2 March 1862, was found on a loose sheet of paper among the pages of the journal:

At 7:30 the *Wabash* shifted the flag to the *Mohican* and at 7:50 made signal to get underway. At eight the fleet got underway, the *Mohican* leading, at 8:10 the flagship made signals to close in upon the leader of the column—8:25 close more the order—9 the last repeated—9:20 all hands to quarters—15 of 10 made signal from flagship to decrease speed. The U.S. flag hoisted upon St. Andrew's light 10 to 10. Passed Cumberland Sound at 10. 10:15 *Pawnee* signals to the flagship that several hundred soldiers ashore marching south. 10:20 flagship signals to anchor. 10:30 flagship signals send large launches and cutters armed and manned. 25 of 11 we come to anchor. 11 the Pilot goes with boat to sound. 11:15 eight boats go ashore from vessels, about 11:30 Pilot returns with boat. 15 of 12 Marines and small-armed men landed upon Cumberland Island—14 of 12 *Keystone State* made signal to flagship do you wish Marines landed. 1:30 the flagship signals the fleet is under sailing orders. Flagship signals communication with the shore forbid at 25 of 2. 15 after 2 the flagship signals to the *Pawnee* embark the troops. 20 after 2 flagship signals what are you particularly in want of. 20 of 3 flagship signals for fresh beef send butcher to flagship. 10 of 3 we send boat to the flagship. At 6 flagship signals to *Ottawa* to prepare to sail. All hands called to quarters 6:15. Guns secured 6:20 Piped down 6:30.

Confederate battery. Marchand himself "momentarily . . . expected to be fired upon from masked battery."

Journal entry of March 2, 1862 continued

All the vessels were prepared for action before crossing the bar of St. Simons Sound [St. Andrew's?] the leading vessels had entered and stood south into Cumberland Sound [and] around little Cumberland Island without an enemy having been seen. A white flag was shown from the Light House on the latter Island as our ship stood in, and immediately the U.S. flag was hoisted in its place by a boat from the *Ottawa.* The white flag was hoisted by the old light keeper who with his family occupied the dwelling but the lighting apparatus had long since been removed by the secessionists.

About 10:15 the *Pawnee* made signal that several hundred men (soldiers) were marching southward on Cumberland Island. Soon after[ward] the leading steamer, *Mohican,* with the Flag Officer on board, approached the shoal water leading towards Fernandina over which the vessels of the *James Adger's* class could not pass—unless at high tide—and at the time the tide was half ebb. Signal was made to anchor, which was done as the respective steamers ahead dropped them. Immediately the Marine and small arms men composed of sailors from the *Wabash* and *Susquehanna* [who were] on board the different vessels, having their boats in tow, landed on Great Cumberland Island close to which we were at anchor . . .. Intensely we watched [for] a fight but in vain. About 2 p.m. the Marine and sailors reembarked from Cumberland Island and returned to their respective vessels.

We could see many cattle on shore and all felt much the want of fresh meat. Nor were any displeased when signal was [made] to send ashore and slaughter beef under instruction of an officer appointed from the flagship who would pay for the cattle. Oyster beds lined the channel only a few hundred yards off, but a signal having been made that there should be no intercourse with the shore prevented our getting an abundant supply.

Though Marchand was disappointed in "not having a brush with the enemy," the hundred or so soldiers spotted by the *Pawnee* that morning were to be the only hostile forces encountered on

this expedition. Confederate strategists had concluded that the capture of Hatteras Inlet and the fall of Port Royal had proved the indefensibility of coastal fortifications when confronted by a hostile fleet. Gen. Robert E. Lee, who had been hurrying south from Virginia to take command of Port Royal on the day of its capture, accepted unreservedly the strategic lesson implicit in its fall. He realized that any attempt to defend the coastline at the water's edge would tie down thousands of troops desperately needed in Virginia, while Federal forces, with the advantage of mobility granted by their command of the sea, would be able to pick their target at leisure and bring overwhelming force to bear against it. He agreed, therefore, that the defense of the South Atlantic coast should be withdrawn inland to the point where the inlets and rivers would no longer present the U.S. Navy with an avenue by which Confederate defenses could be pierced. Except at certain vital and defensible points, such as at Charleston, the Confederacy would establish a defensive perimeter many miles from the sea. On 19 February, Lee had written to Gen. James M. Trapier, Confederate commander of the District of Florida and the man charged with the defense of Fernandina, that he should begin to think about the possibility of evacuating the offshore islands.

Letter: Lee to Trapier, February 19, 1862.[10]

> In looking at the whole defense of Florida, it becomes important to ascertain what points can probably be held and what points had better be relinquished. The force that the enemy can bring against any position where he can concentrate his floating batteries renders it prudent and proper to withdraw from the islands to the mainland and be prepared to contest his advance into the interior. Where an island offers the best point of defense, and is so connected with the main that its communications cannot be cut off, it may be retained. Otherwise it should be abandoned.

Though Lee still hoped that Fernandina might be made defensible, he soon discovered that the guns which would be necessary to protect Cumberland Sound were simply unavailable. Five days later, he wrote again to Trapier, this time authorizing withdrawal.

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[10] Lee to Trapier, Savannah, 19 February 1862. O.R.A., VI, 393-4.

Letter: Lee to Trapier, February 24, 1862.[11]

I had hoped that guns could be obtained in time to defend [the rear approaches to Fernandina] but as I now see no possibility of doing so, and as the means on the island are incompetent in your opinion for its defense, you are authorized to retire both from Cumberland and Amelia Islands to the mainland. . . .

Thus the Confederates had been busy for nearly a week evacuating Fernandina. Marchand, however, learned about the Confederate evacuation only after going on board the flagship on the afternoon of 2 March.

Journal entry of February 24, 1862 continued

Steedman and I went to the *Mohican* and were then informed that the signal was misinterpreted and that it was only designed for a single vessel, not ours. We had a laugh at Godon's perplexities about signals and other things and after a time were informed that the Flag Officer was anxious to see us in the cabin. From him we learned that a contraband had in a rickety canoe pulled to sea from Fernandina and reached the *Alabama* after much trouble about the time the squadron was leaving their anchorages, that he (the commodore) had seen the signal notifying [him] that he wished to be spoken to by the *Alabama* but that the flagship was then in the narrow channel and could not wait, and that [upon] anchoring Commander Lanier of the *Alabama* brought the contraband Negro to the flagship giving the information that the forts of Amelia Island, on which Fernandina is built, had been abandoned by the enemy and the cannon carried into the interior.

This startling information was soon confirmed by the lighthouse keeper and Du Pont realized that he had won an important strategic harbor by a mere show of strength. Du Pont was exaltant though many of the junior officers were disappointed. To his wife, the Commodre wrote, "Of course there are long faces at *lost laurels,* but I am thankful for the stupendous results and pleased that God in his mercy has so disposed of events."[12]

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[11] Lee to Trapier, Savannah, 24 February 1862. *Ibid.*, 398-9.

[12] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Wassaw, 22 March 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* I, 349.

This dramatic change in the situation determined Du Pont not to risk his heavier draft vessels in the tortuous inner waterways of Cumberland Sound. He gave orders for the steamers to backtrack out of St. Andrew's and "enter Fernandina Harbor direct." The shallow draft vessels, however, would press on through Cumberland's and try to cut off the Confederate retreat from Amelia Island. Meanwhile, the heavy ships, including the *James Adger*, should be ready to leave for the open sea at the next high tide, which was at 8 o'clock.

Eight o'clock, however, came and went without a signal from the flagship. Marchand's friend Commander Steedman, anxious to strike a blow against the enemy and determined that his be among the first Union ships in the harbor, asked for and received permission to weigh anchor that night and stand out of the Sound preparatory to entering Fernandina Harbor the next morning.

Journal entry: Cumberland Sound and off Fernandina, Monday, March 3, 1862.

After daylight there was a most general stir in the fleet as a signal from the flagship was made to prepare to get underway and then to execute it. More than half the fleet was to take the interior channels to Fernandina and the heavier draft . . . ones to pass to it seaward. We of the seaward squadron most comfortably passed through Cumberland Sound and about 7:30 rounded the north point of Little Cumberland Island and entered St. Andrew's entrance to sea. Here our difficulties commenced, for the wind whilst under the lee of the land was moderately fresh [but] after passing the land proved to be almost a gale from the southeast. The leading ships were mostly propellers and they made but slight progress, sometime on a stand[still] which delayed the following vessels and that in a narrow channel with breakers close ahead on either hand. It was nearly ten before we succeeded in passing the bar and getting to deeper water. Here much delay occurred in getting the squadron together and in the Flag Officer dispatching the *Seminole* northward, most probably with dispatches to be sent to Washington of the result of the expedition thus far. The sea was very rough and [when] the *Seminole's* boat return[ed] from the flagship *Mohican,* she swamped alongside of the former and was lost but the crew saved.

Our progress was slow toward the entrance to Fernandina for a violent southeast gale with rain was blowing and it took us some three or four hours to steam 15 miles, nor did we reach there before the wind shifted to the west-southwest and was if anything stronger, but coming off the land made a comparatively smooth sea. We found the *Wabash* at anchor off Fernandina and after some time, to my great regret, saw the *Bienville,* my friend Steedman, commander, aground in attempting to get into Fernandina. His vessel seemed in a dangerous way, assistance was sent but at dark he was still ashore. The source of my regret is that he may have attempted to go in without orders, so as to be amongst the first captors when he was instructed to go outside from Cumberland Sound and await the arrival of the squadron and all go in together. If the vessel is lost I think he will be much censured.

Upon our reaching the entrance to Fernandina the tide was too low to cross the bar and by signal the squadron and transports anchored. An hour before sunset, signal was thrown out to get underway and helter skelter men of war and transports crowded towards the entrance. Just before reaching there a vessel which had previously been sent to ascertain the depth of water on the bar joined the commodore and I presume reported [that it was] not sufficient to cross tonight for instantly the flagship changed her course and stopped, every other vessel had to do the same and from their crowding each other some narrow escapes from collision occurred. The sunset twilight passed and darkness came without signal for anchoring seen from the *James Adger.*

Towards 8 o'clock I observed a vessel lying quietly in the heavy wind and ran alongside, which upon hailing [I] found was at anchor, therefore took for granted that some signal to that effect had been made unnoticed by us, as many night signals had been made which were not understood. We then anchored. In the afternoon we could see our gunboats had passed through Cumberland Sound and were in possession of Fernandina without firing a shot showing that the enemy has abandoned this part of the coast also.

The inshore squadron, composed of the shallow draft gunboats, had rushed to cut off the Confederate retreat. The small gunboats

bore up the narrowing estuary until the *Pawnee* ran aground. Then Comdr. Raymond Rodgers, in the launches from the *Wabash,* dashed under the bridge between Amelia Island and the mainland chasing a small steamer, later identified as the *Darlington,* which was filled with civilians who were among the last to abandon the town.[13] In response to the pleas of his own passengers, the Confederate commander of the *Darlington* struck his flag. Lieutenant John A. Downes of the *Huron* achieved what was perhaps a unique accomplishment in the war when he succeeded in stopping the last departing freight train by naval gunfire. Thus ended the attack on Fernandina. The shots fired at the departing steamer and the train "were the only instances that blood was spilled in the capture of this important place . . .."

Journal entry: Fernandina, Tuesday, March 4, 1862.

The northwest gale of yesterday evening died out early this morning and was succeeded by a most pleasant day with light southwesterly breezes. Early today the entrance was buoyed off and about 9 a.m. signal was made for the *Mohican, Florida,* and *James Adger* to run in. All the other men of war which [had] anchored last night had been dispatched . . . on cruising duty and two, the flagship and *Alabama,* to assist the *Bienville* which was still aground.

The final descent on Fernandina took on more the aspect of a triumphal entry than of an assault. Du Pont lyrically described the scene in a letter to his wife:

Letter: Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, March 4, 1862.[14]

. . . a beautiful sight, beautiful scenery, the land batteries, most formidable and hardly to be distinguished, so well masked by nature and accidents of ground that we could scarcely make them out. Then came Fort Clinch, imposing: guns, great columbiads on the beach, another slung to timber wheels. The American flag was flying over it [the fort], hoisted by the gunboats last evening. Then came a bend in the river, then came old Fernandina with its Spanish aspect,

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[13] The *Darlington* was subsequently taken into the Federal service as a warship and served on the blockade.

[14] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Wassaw, 4 March 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 351.

but only a few buildings; then came New Fernandina, a railroad creation like Beaufort—handsome houses, veranda, cupolas, gardens, great oleanders—all deserted.

The *James Adger* crept along third in line past this scenic panorama. The army transports at first provided some difficulty since their chosen anchorage effectively blocked the main channel, but "jostling the transports out of the way," the *Adger* entered the narrow channel,

Journal entry of March 4, 1862 continued
. . . passed old Fernandina of some 20 houses but one of the most ancient towns in the United States and two miles farther on anchored near New Fernandina, which is composed of 300 or 400 houses built within the last three years because of its being the terminus of the Florida railroad across the isthmus to Cedar Key.

It became clear as the fleet passed the abandoned batteries that the Confederates had evacuated Fernandina precipitously. Marchand surmised that the enemy forces, said to have included some 4,000 soldiers.

Journal entry of March 4, 1862 continued
. . . were panic stricken on last Sunday morning on learning that our fleet had entered Cumberland Sound . . . by the inland passages [and thus] rendered their batteries useless and would cut off their retreat from Amelia Island by the railroad. Therefore, they kept the railway train running from Sunday morning until Monday (yesterday) afternoon in taking them to the mainland. During that time they succeeded in taking away all their supplies, arms, etc. from the Island . . .. They succeeded in taking away three cannons forming a battery near the railroad terminus. With the army, nearly all the citizens left, abandoning their houses but taking nearly everything away.

Marchand's joy at the success of the expedition was muted by his concern for Commander Steedman whose vessel was still aground.

Journal entry of March 4, 1862 continued

Sometime after anchoring I went on board the *Mohican* to see the Commodore and waited some hours or more for his return as he had gone on shore. Then I found John Rodgers who had come in his boat from outside and gave a piteous account of Steedman in the *Bienville* whose ship was in a dangerous condition if heavy weather sat in and who had come to have small vessels sent down into which the guns might be struck to light[en] her. Before leaving the *Mohican*, Steedman also arrived in his gig and looked haggard from his troubles. I did feel sorry for him and had only an opportunity to express my sympathy. Commander Godon of the *Mohican* informed me that no communication with shore or different ships had been allowed by the Commodore and was extremely anxious that I should go away before the Commodore reached the ship to which he was returning. I shoved off but the Commodore was near and asked me to return and [we] had a short talk [until] General Wright commanding the division of the army came on board and I had no further opportunity and returned to the *James Adger*.

Later in the day, however, the prohibition against communication with the shore was revoked and Marchand had himself rowed to New Fernandina and there he explored the city he had so recently been ready to attack. An observant reporter, he took time to describe the town in his journal.

Journal entry of March 4, 1862 continued

Fernandina on Amelia Island is built upon sand with a natural vegetation of Live Oak, her many streets marked in one direction: one, two, three and in the other [direction] alphabetically, but the houses are at magnificent distances, all built of wood and some of them truly good. They are generally surrounded by gardens which by the constant addition of marsh mud preserve a little vegetation. Flowering vegetation, however, is present in pots and on the verandas of a large majority of them [and] they were numerous and blooming beautifully. But the houses were unoccupied, not a dozen of all I saw had inhabitants, they had fled and generally with their household goods. The doors and windows were open and the whole had a most miserable

appearance: odd articles of dress, books scattered on the floors, portions of bedding in and before the doors, dogs cowed in the yard, poultry apparently perfectly contented, vehicles broken down by being too heavily ladened in the streets, shoes, hats and dresses were scattered around. It was a piteous sight. As [J.R.] Goldsborough and I passed, we saw a spread table and on approaching found that the occupants had but dropped their knives and forks, the coffee cups but half emptied and the furniture intact except a trunk in a shambles whose contents were spread about the room, possibly by some ruffian.

We sauntered along and saw a man and two women on a veranda and had some talk when a third woman joined [us] who had come for some milk for her baby and a long talk took place in which one of the females said that the slaves had become impertinent and as she was a widow and alone she would use the two revolvers in her house against them. She was advised to do so in the event of anything serious, but in all occasions to go to General Wright's headquarters and report violations of propriety by any person, that a military police would soon be established [so that] no harm could be done.

It was sometime after sunset that I returned to the *James Adger.*

After being keyed to a high pitch by the prospect of impending battle only to discover an abandoned town, it is not surprising that the officers and men of the Union fleet should have experienced an emotional letdown. Frayed nerves and unreleased tension found expression in drunken revels for some, looting for others, and sullen bitterness for still others.[15] Marchand found himself engaged in "a rather sharp conversation" with Capt. Charles Henry Davis, Du Pont's Flag Captain, on 5 March. Du Pont, concerned that no inaccurate accounts of the attack reach northern newspapers before his own official one, had decreed that only official letters would be sent with the first ship north. But Marchand was anxious to let his wife know that he was well. He insisted that he

[15] It was on the evening of 6 March that Acting Master W.R. Clark became so intoxicated that Marchand felt constrained to ask for his dismissal from the service. On this same night, Messrs. Kiersted and Fox became drunk while ashore, see chapter IV.

be allowed to do so, and finally Du Pont "shoved a sheet of note paper to me and told me to write my wife of which he would take charge and forward." Marchand wrote only four lines, "all the information that I desired to send." He noted in his journal that "There is great secrecy observed in forwarding mails as the newspaper correspondents always give garbled accounts of things . . .."[16]

But except for this unfortunate encounter, the next several days were quiet and rather pleasant. Marchand and Commander Godon explored old Fort Clinch, where they found that the Confederates had succeeded in removing the cannon but had left behind most of the powder and shot, giving an indication of the precipitousness of their withdrawal.

Journal entry: Fernandina, Wednesday, March 5, 1862.

Such utter confusion seemed to prevail in their retreat that clothing and provisions were left behind. On closer examination it was plain to everyone the cause of the abandonment of these strong points and the retreat of the enemy. The Confederates supposed that the attack would be made directly from sea hence all preparation, but when the news reached them on Sunday morning that 27 Federal gun vessels had entered Cumberland Sound which would take their defenses in the rear, they were panic stricken and from that time 'till Monday evening were employed removing guns and munitions of warfare by railroad and water communications to the mainland. It was evidently the best policy the enemy could have pursued for if they had not retreated at the time they did, 4,000 soldiers would have been compelled to capitulate to us having less than half that number of sailors, soldiers and marines.

Marchand was somewhat more sanguine in his evaluation than Du Pont, who wrote, "If they had stood to their guns and we had entered the main channel, they could have destroyed every vessel . . .. The guns are better than at Port Royal, sights better, and we have been greatly deceived as to the amount and character

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[16] From the journal entry of 5 March 1862. Davis had already received orders detaching him from Du Pont's command and he soon left for Washington, carrying with him, Du Pont's official dispatches (and presumably Marchand's letter). He was soon afterward sent to command a squadron on the Mississippi.

of their preparation . . .."[17] Du Pont was therefore grateful that the Confederates chose not to defend the place. "A million dollars has been spent here and now all lost to them."[18]

With Fernandina now firmly in Federal hands, Du Pont next planned to extend the Navy's control to Brunswick, Ga., and for that expedition he selected Commanders Godon and Marchand. They were prevented from leaving immediately, however, by the number of ships still aground on the bar effectively blocking their exit. On 6 March, the largest of these, the troop transport *McClellan*, was floated off and Marchand "made preparation to leave." But the lateness of the hour and a change in the tide convinced him to wait until the next day.

He and Godon then rowed ashore and "cruised around looking into houses, at the locomotive captured by the Navy, [and] the RR Company's office."

Journal entry: Fernandina, Thursday, March 6, 1862.

Then we went to the highest house in the town from the belvedere of which saw everything within vision both sea and land, and returned to the *Mohican* [Godon's ship] and dined. A southwest gale had set in and blew furiously, vessels were fouling each other in the smooth passage of a half mile wide, the *Mohican* veered chain and I watched anxiously the *James Adger*. She [was] still held [only] by her anchor and [I] longingly wished that my gig, which was by inches approaching, would reach the *Mohican* that I might return and look out for the safety of my own ship. My boat eventually arrived and I was about getting into her when she came into collision with the *Mohican* and broke her yoke. Whilst it was being repaired I saw the *James Adger* adrift but instantly brought up without reaching the shore. After half an hour's suspense I started and reached my vessel, a second anchor had been let go . . . by which we rode until the tide changed and the wind lulled, when it was again weighed.

Journal entry: Fernandina, Florida, Friday, March 7, 1862.

The wind was strong all the past night and hauled to the northwest and the coldest morning of the season here was

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[17] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Wassaw, 4 March 1862. *Du Pont Papers*, I, 353-4.

[18] *Ibid.*

upon us, the thermometer fell to 27° and ice formed on the deck when washing it. As the sun rose it was somewhat tempered yet at no time of the day was an overcoat uncomfortable although we were in Florida. Godon of the *Mohican* sent me word that we would leave [for Brunswick] at 9 a.m. Ten o'clock arrived and we were not off and I pulled to the flagship, *Pawnee,* and saw the Commodore who informed me that the destination of the *James Adger* was changed from going with Godon to Brunswick, Georgia, to [the] blockade [of] Charleston, South Carolina. Again went with Godon and Steedman ashore [where we strolled] through the town and camp and to the lighthouse from which [we] had a good look round. Saw three regiments on evening parade . . .. Godon and I dined with Steedman and were joined by John Rodgers nor did we separate 'till midnight.

Journal entry: Fernandina & Sea, Saturday, March 8, 1862.

Last night [I] was informed by Godon that he would start at sunrise for sea and as there is no Pilot for the bar here on board this ship we are compelled to follow the *Mohican.* Consequently at that time I was on the lookout but no movement was made 'till light when she made signal for permission to leave and we done the same. Half an hour afterwards we were underway, standing out, passed the northern part of Amelia Island, looked at Fort Clinch and the Sand batteries and anchored before ten inside of the bar.

The flood tide was about half up and the boats of the *Mohican* had gone to sound the bar and see if the buoys were in place as that steamer and the *James Adger* had greater draft than any passing the bar since the Union's occupation of Fernandina. Less than an hour after we had anchored, John Rodgers in the steamer *Flag* came down, passed us and attempted to cross the bar half a mile below us. It was a failure and he backed out and after much trouble pointed the *Flag* towards Fernandina. It was then noon and the tide at its height the *Mohican* started and we followed. At that time Rodgers passed going back and hailed saying the heavy swell caused breakers across the whole bar and advised me not to make the attempt, but as Godon had sent me one of his spare Pilots and his ship drew two inches more water than mine I

determined to continue following him. We crossed the bar without touching the bottom in 15 feet water, the *Adger's* draft being nearly 14 feet.

By the time we attempted to go out we found there had been a general dispersion of the fleet at Fernandina. After crossing the bar I counted the following steamers—*Mohican, James Adger, Pocahontas, Seneca, Pembina, Huron, Potomska, Penquin, Isaac Smith* and *Ellen* of the Navy, sailing schooner *Henrietta* of the Revenue Service and steamer *McClellan, Boston* and *George Creek* army transports, and outside at anchor, the frigate *Wabash* and pilot boat *Hope.* All the outcoming vessels stopped their engines near the *Wabash* and the Pilot loaned us from the *Mohican* was returned. From thence a separation took place, many went south towards the entrance of [the] St. Johns River which it is designed to enter by the small draft vessels, the *McCellan* with the *Henrietta* in tow stood north for Port Royal whilst the *Mohican, Pocahontas* and *Potomska* steered from St. Andrews Inlet on their way to Brunswick.

Du Pont himself led the larger squadron out of Fernandina and south to the St. Johns River. There they encountered some delay while the smaller gunboats sounded the bar, and growing impatient, Du Pont took the larger ships further south off the entrance to St. Augustine. Comdr. Raymond Rodgers went ashore in the launch from the *Wabash* and was met on the beach by the mayor and a delegation from the city. The Confederate Army had evacuated St. Augustine the night before and the mayor was anxious to placate this Union officer. Rodgers informed him that Du Pont was there only to restore rightful Union authority and assured him that no harm would come to the residents of St. Augustine. The mayor "gladly" accepted Rodgers' assurances and agreed to raise the American flag over Fort Marion. Before that could be done, however, a delegation of women gathered in front of the barracks and chopped down the flagstaff. Rodgers noted disdainfully that the women of the town had "a theatrical desire to figure as heroines."[19] Nevertheless, Union troops took over the fort. Soon afterward, the smaller gunboats succeeded in passing through the St. Johns River to Jacksonville and Union forces took

[19] Rodgers to Du Pont, off St. Augustine, 12 March 1862. O.R.N., XII, 596.

possession of that city as well. Meanwhile, three gunboats led by Commander Godon in the *Mohican* steamed into St. Simon's Sound and took possession of Brunswick, Ga. Two days later, on 10 March, Fort Pulaski capitulated. In less than a week, over 200 miles of coastline and four cities had fallen to the Union fleet.

The effect of these successive Union "victories" in the South was galvanic. Governor John Milton of Florida reported to President Jefferson Davis that "The troops have become demoralized, and the faith of many citizens in the integrity and ability of the Government impaired."[20]

Marchand in the *James Adger* had been excluded from either the expedition against St. Augustine and Jacksonville or the reconnaissance to Brunswick, Ga. He sailed in company with Godon's small squadron on its way to St. Simon's "until they reached the entrance and then [he] shaped a course for Port Royal to coal."

Journal entry: At Sea and in Port Royal, Sunday, March 9, 1862.

At two in the morning a bright light was visible from aloft and soon from the deck [I] supposed [is] to be that of the steamer *McClellan* . . . bound to Port Royal. [We slowed] during the night, barely turning the wheel [so as] not to run past [the] Port Royal lightboat. Not having run the distance, but fancying the light stationary with several others of vessels, we stopped the engine at four and at daybreak found the light to be from the lightship at Port Royal entrance. Toward it we stood and at daylight sighted the entrance buoy and under low steam anchored at Port Royal near our former berth about 8-1/2 in the morning.

The next day, Marchand became involved in an acrimonious exchange with Acting Master Charles A. Boutelle, the commander of the survey ship *Bibb*. Marchand was called on deck by Lieutenant Foster while the *James Adger* was in the process of recoaling. Foster informed Marchand that the *Bibb* had come alongside without permission and that her commander had used "offensive language."

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[20] Governor Milton to President Davis, Tallahassee, 7 April 1862. O.R.A., VI, 426-7.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Monday, March 10, 1862.

On reaching the hurricane deck [I] found the *Bibb* making fast to the coal schooner. I asked who commanded and an elderly person said he did. I remarked he should have reported. The reply was "I do not report to any but a senior officer." (or commander in chief? or flag officer?) My temper was aroused and I ordered him peremptorily on board the ship. The reply [was] "I do not think I will." Previously, however, I had remarked that ordinary courtesy should induce an officer to report the object of coming alongside. Few if any words passed after his declines to come on board, but soon afterwards the *Bibb* cast off its fastenings to the coal schooner and left.

After breakfast I went on board the *Susquehanna* to see Captain Lardner about the quantity of coal to be taken from the schooner and I saw upon the quarter deck the person I had spoken to in the *Bibb.* I remarked there is the "person" (or individual?) and stated the affair of the morning and was informed that he was Mr. or Captain Boutelle on surveying service under direction of the Coast Survey Officer but under command of Flag Officer Du Pont.[21] Instantly I felt mortified at the events of the morning as I knew Mr. Boutelle by reputation to be a gentleman and meritorious person but related to Captain Lardner my version of the affair in the presence of Mr. Boutelle who had previously told his story. Captain Boutelle, on leaving bowed to Lardner and myself separately. The whole affair was disagreeable and has annoyed me all day because I was in the wrong in allowing my temper to rise, had I not done so, Mr. Boutelle and myself could by a word [have] quieted ill feelings between the officer of the deck and executive officer of the two vessels.

The *James Adger* spent the next day in port Royal coaling and once again several of the crew had to be disciplined for drunkenness while ashore on liberty. Nevertheless, the coaling proceeded on schedule and was completed at 11:30 Tuesday

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[21] See Darwin H. Stapleton, "Assistant Charles O. Boutelle, of the United States Coast Survey, with the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, 1861-63," *American Neptune,* October 1971, 253-267.

morning, 11 March. Marchand ordered out his gig and had himself rowed through a drizzling rain to report to Captain Lardner that his ship was ready for sea. At 1 o'clock the *James Adger* "got underway and stood out through the Southeast Channel . . . and stood toward Charleston." A little after dark, the blockading fleet was sighted and the *James Adger* came to anchor.

CHAPTER VII

"BLOCKADING DUTY IS NECESSARY BUT ONEROUS" 12 March–14 May 1862

Though he could not have known it on the morning of 12 March, Marchand was destined to remain on the Charleston blockade for nearly 6 months. During those months, he became intimately acquainted with the numerous inlets and shoals off the South Carolina coast, more intimate, in fact, than he wanted to be. Throughout March and April, the *James Adger* steamed back and forth off Charleston in a monotonous routine relieved only by infrequent sightings of strange vessels and occasional trips to Port Royal for recoaling. On the morning of 12 March, however, Marchand was eager to join the blockade. Charleston was the largest city on the South Atlantic coast, it was where the war had begun, and the Confederate flag flying over Fort Sumter was a constant reminder to the blockading fleet of the insolence of the rebels.

"At early daylight," Marchand steered the *James Adger* among the blockading vessels "anchored in a line before Charleston," and dropped anchor near the *Florida* whose captain, Comdr. John R. Goldsborough, was the senior officer in the squadron. Though command officially belonged to Capt. James L. Lardner, Du Pont's second in command, that officer remained at fleet headquarters in Port Royal to await Du Pont's return before sailing to Charleston. Marchand "called on Goldsborough, and the *James Adger* took her place in the line." In his journal, he described what he could see of the city of Charleston.

Journal entry: Blockading Charleston, Wednesday, March 12, 1862.

The churches and high houses [of Charleston] are at the distance of about eight miles whilst about half that [distance] are Forts Sumter and Moultrie and numerous batteries on Morris and Sullivan Islands . . . flying the Confederate

flag. The weather has been bad. All day a stiff northeast wind [has been] blowing creating quite a sea and after ten in the forenoon almost constant rain. It was [only] with difficulty that I could keep warm.

The next twoscore days were distinguished only by their sameness. Day after day of pleasant, warm weather found the blockading fleet lying at anchor off Charleston with little for Marchand to do except comment on the good weather. The ships in the squadron rotated the responsibilities of "guard duty" among themselves, the ship so designated being the one which would pursue any unidentified vessels. Thus Marchand's daily routine was seldom interrupted except on days when the *James Adger* flew the "Guard Flag." Even then, there was little to disturb the monotony.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, March 13, 1862.

A pleasant day, smooth sea and light easterly winds. In the early part it was foggy. Either from Forts Moultrie or Sumter target practice was going on from the heavy guns. By arrangement with Goldsborough we hoisted the Guard Flag at eight this morning but all day had nothing to do as no vessels appeared in sight. Goldsborough made me a visit in the afternoon.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, March 14, 1862.

A very pleasant day and nothing has occurred to destroy its monotony.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, March 17, 1862.

Uninterruptedly all day doing nothing. Our anchor was not lifted. I employed myself reading the newspapers obtained yesterday from the *Connecticut.* A pleasant day with a moderate southerly wind. But one vessel appeared in the offing and this being the *Florida's* guard day she ran out and took a look.

Finally, on 18 March, luck smiled on the *James Adger.* It was once again the *Adger's* turn to fly the guard flag, but this time the

monotony was broken by the appearance of another vessel offshore.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, March 18, 1862.

A fresh northeast wind has been blowing all day creating a rough sea. The weather hazy. This ship had the guard duty and [early in the] afternoon the *Onward* made signal of a strange sail in sight. Soon it was made out to be a ship standing directly in towards Charleston. We started, and after running a couple of miles, met her. Her name was on the quarter: *Emily St. Pierre.* She was amongst the list of suspected vessels and upon her heaving to, I sent a boat on board with directions to take charge of her and anchor near Captain Goldsborough, the senior officer, which was done. At Captain Goldsborough's request I went on board the *Florida* and consulted [with him]. I read her papers [and found that] she was bound from Calcutta to St. John's, New Brunswick, about 100 days out. No ensign could be found on board. On her course she had no right to come here and she had [once] belonged to Charleston [and] but recently changed to English [registry] and had on her stern "Liverpool." We determined to send her north to Philadelphia for adjudication and by night time a prize crew from all the blockading vessels was sent on board and her crew taken on board the *James Adger.*

Unfortunately, from Marchand's point of view, the credit for this capture as well as any prize money would have to be split five ways. Four other vessels, the *Florida*, the *Sumter*, the *Flambeau*, and the *Onward* were in sight at the time of capture and therefore claimed an equal share in the profits. Even more bitter was the fact that 3 days later the *Emily St. Pierre* was recaptured from the prize crew by the ship's master, his steward, and the cook. The prize crew was taken prisoner, and the *Emily St. Pierre* carried them to England in triumph. There would be no prize money from that capture, for Marchand or for anyone else.[1]

[1] A description of the recapture of the *Emily St. Pierre* can be found in Orvin, *In South Carolina Waters*, 38-9.

The rest of the month of March passed quietly. The pleasant days came and went and Marchand chafed at the monotony of blockade duty. He wrote several letters to Washington requesting command of another ship, preferably one of the new steam sloops.[2]

The series of "pleasant days" continued.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, March 28, 1862.

This has been really a pleasant day and the first whole day of that character since being here . . ..

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, March 29, 1862.

This has been another pleasant day . . ..

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, March 31, 1862.

Light air and a smooth sea the only truly pleasant day since being here . . .. Nothing whatever destroyed the monotony of the day . . ..

For almost the whole of the month of March, though other ships of the blockading squadron, especially the *Restless*, captured many prizes, the *James Adger* steamed fruitlessly about the entrances of Charleston consuming fuel. The month of April, however, was to be different. Important events were taking place on land that would intimately affect Marchand and the rest of the blockading fleet.

April 1862 was a trying month for the Union forces. On 2 April, Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan landed at Fortress Monroe on the Yorktown Peninsula. While the Nation waited apprehensively for McClellan to do something with his gigantic army, news reached Washington of the bloody struggle that had occurred 6

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[2] "I respectfully request that I may be transferred to the command of one of the new steam sloops should it not be incompatible with the views of the department.

"This ship is the least efficient of her class here, owing to the lightness of her battery, and it is my great desire to be attached to an effective steamer.

"I beg it to be understood that it is not my wish to leave this command unless another is bestowed, as I am anxious to serve at sea in anything." Marchand to Welles, off Charleston, 18 March 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

and 7 April at Shiloh Church on the Tennessee River. At the same time, Flag Officer David G. Farragut was preparing a naval expedition to force the mouth of the Mississippi River. For the men of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, however, these events were far away. For them there were still dozens of small inlets and river mouths which had to be guarded, and keeping a constant watch on these places was a task demanding even greater patience than that displayed by Lincoln toward his hesitant Commander in Chief. Many of the officers on board the blockading ships feared that their chance for glory and promotion might be passing them by.

Then, in mid-April, the attention of Washington officialdom was focused briefly on the squadron off Charleston, though it was not the kind of attention that leads to promotion. In February the Philadelphia *Daily Evening Bulletin*, printing what it thought was reliable information, declared that no fewer than 65 vessels from the city of Charleston alone had run the blockade since the beginning of the war.[3] The source of this unfortunate misinformation was the clerk of the U.S. Steamer *Flag*, Peter F. Stout, who had obtained a long list of blockade runners thought to be approaching the southern coast. In misguided zeal, Stout delivered the list to the *Evening Bulletin*, which printed it as a list of vessels which had successfully run the blockade. Then in March a "Letter from Port Royal" appeared in the New York *Tribune*. This letter, presumably written by *Tribune* reporter George W. Smalley, quoted Comdr. John Upshur as saying that four vessels had run into Charleston that month, that three were currently loading in the harbor, and that two more were expected daily.[4] In addition, the official reports of the British consul at Charleston, Robert Bunch, claimed that access to the city was unaffected by the Union Navy and that armed vessels of the Confederacy were allowed to pass in and out of the harbor at will. Based on his reports, the British solicitor general made a similar statement in the House of Commons on 7 April 1862, raising once again the whole question of the legality of the blockade.

Much alarmed, Senator John P. Hale, chairman of the Senate Committee of Naval Affairs, introduced a resolution demanding an

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[3] Philadelphia *Daily Evening Bulletin*, 17 February 1862.

[4] New York *Tribune*, 26 March 1862.

investigation into the Charleston blockade to discover the reasons for such obvious inefficiency.[5]

Flag Officer Du Pont learned of the impending Federal investigation only a few days after having sent Captain Lardner to assume personal command of the squadron off Charleston. Du Pont's orders evinced a singular lack of urgency: "I have to request that you will sail in the morning and assume the direction of the blockade of Charleston, Bull's Bay and Stono [Inlet], making the best disposition you can of whatever force you may have from day to day."[6]

Captain Lardner's first experience with the blockading fleet off Charleston did not auger well for the future of his command. Arriving off Charleston in the late evening hours of 2 April, he anchored his ship, the *Susquehanna,* well offshore without notifying the other ships of his arrival. All appeared to be quiet when suddenly, just before 10 o'clock, "the sound of a cannon was heard." In the *James Adger,* Marchand was hurriedly called on deck from which he noted "the light of a vessel . . . to the south . . .." This light was, of course, from the *Susquehanna,* but fearing that it might be a vessel attempting to run the blockade, Marchand steered for it. Then, quite suddenly, a third vessel, identified later as the U.S.S. *Sumter,* fired two broadsides at an unseen target in the dark. The mysteries of the night were not solved until morning when the *Susquehanna* was identified. The broadsides had been fired at a small schooner which had tried to run through the blockade during the confusion.

The embarrassment of Lardner's first day of command was increased 2 nights later when the crew of the *James Adger* found itself the target of an explosive shell which flew over the deck and burst less than 200 yards away. Once again Marchand hurried on deck, this time expecting a sortie from Charleston Harbor.

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[5] Welles' letter to all Flag Officers is printed in O.R.N., VI, 447. See also, *Du Pont Papers,* I, 322-3, 420; II, 18-20.

[6] Du Pont to Lardner, Port Royal, 30 March 1862. O.R.N., XII, 684. Lardner had been appointed to the command off Charleston on 7 March, but in Du Pont's absence, he was also acting commandant at Port Royal. Du Pont had written "If everything is quiet there [Port Royal] and you find that you can be spared, I wish you to take charge of the blockade at Charleston." *Ibid.,* 624. Lardner delayed sailing until 31 March, after Du Pont, now returned to Port Royal, sent him the above orders.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, April 5, 1862.

I fancied that the shell must have been fired from a rebel tugboat which had come out under the darkness of the night and we remained for nearly half an hour in suspense peering shoreward for the enemy when a boat was seen coming from the *Susquehanna* which gave the information that the shell came from that ship under the impression that we were a stranger attempting to run the blockade. There must have been much stupidity on board that vessel as we had been at anchor from before sunset and all through the night our vessel could be seen. Possibly the swinging of their ship may have let them believe our vessel was moving.

That night Marchand noted in his journal that the *James Adger* "took a station . . . out of reach of the guns of the *Susquehanna.*"

Aside from these unfortunate events, the routine of the blockading squadron changed very little. The weather remained the dominant subject in Marchand's journal entries. There was some activity: on 7 April he chased a strange sail which escaped into Stono Inlet; on 12 April he incurred Lardner's dissatisfaction by failing to understand a signal ordering him to chase a small steamer seen to windward; he chased another small steamer out of sight on the 15th. By 20 April the *James Adger* had been 40 days at sea, and Marchand sent a letter to Captain Lardner requesting permission to go to Port Royal for coal. To Marchand's surprise, however, Lardner replied that he had received instructions from Du Pont to return to Port Royal himself with the *Susquehanna* and to turn over the command of the squadron to Marchand.[7]

At midnight Commander Parrott brought the *Augusta* into the anchorage off Charleston, and Captain Lardner left the next morning in the *Susquehanna.* Marchand was only one of three commanders in the squadron, but as the most senior in that grade among the three, he took command in Lardner's absence. It was a considerable honor. The fleet off Charleston had grown to nine ships, including six steamers, and was the largest of all the

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[7] "When *Augusta* returns, please run down here and fill up your coal and supplies, leaving Commander Marchand in charge, who will, when you return to Charleston, come here and fill up the [*James*] *Adger.*" Du Pont to Lardner, Port Royal, 19 April 1862. *Ibid.*, 759.

blockading squadrons.[8] But the Charleston station was not only the largest, it was the most visible and controversial. For more than a month, the attention of Congress as well as the Navy Department had been focused on the Charleston blockade.

Senator Hale's investigating committee was frankly searching for a scapegoat. Northern newspapers had printed the report from the British consul at Charleston which claimed that merchant ships loaded with munitions of war passed in and out of Charleston at will. Demanding an explanation, Senator Hale confronted Secretary Welles with the report. Although Welles defended his theater commander at the time, he soon sent out a pointed warning to all Flag Officers to tighten the blockade. "It is represented," wrote the Secretary, "that vessels frequently run the blockade at Charleston, and that a constant if not extensive, communication is kept up between that port and Nassau . . .."[9] For his part, Du Pont was concerned enough to pass the warning along to Captain Lardner: "The Department is pressing me," he wrote.[10] A week later, Du Pont received a copy of the Congressional resolution which had prompted Welles' letter:

> *Resolved,* That the Committee of Naval Affairs be instructed to inquire whether there has been any laxity on the part of our naval officers charged with the blockade of the Southern Atlantic coast, and particularly at the port of Charleston, and whether there be any foundation in truth for the statement made by the British consul to his Government, that armed troopships of the Confederate States, carrying munitions of war, have been allowed to go in and out of Charleston and no

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[8] In his first journal entry after assuming command (21 April), Marchand carefully listed each of his ships and its commander:

Steamer *James Adger,* myself commanding, off Charleston
Steamer *Augusta,* Commander Parrott, off Charleston
Steamer *Alabama,* Commander Lanier, off Charleston
Steamer *Huron,* Lieutenant Downes, off Charleston
Bark *Roebuck,* Acting Vol. Lieutenant George A. Trundy, off Charleston
Steamer *Pocahontas,* Lieutenant Balch, off Stono Inlet
Bark *Restless,* Acting Vol. Lieutenant Conroy, off Bull's Bay
Ship *Onward,* Acting Vol. Lieutenant Nickels, off Bull's Bay

[9] Welles to Flag Officers Commanding Blockading Squadrons, Washington, 31 March 1862. O.R.N., XII, 691.

[10] Du Pont to Lardner, Port Royal, 19 April 1862. *Ibid.,* 759.

attempt made to stop them, and that the committee have power to send for persons and papers.[11]

Du Pont was stung by the wording of the resolution which seemed to imply that the reported violation might be due to professional incompetence, disloyalty, or both. He replied in a letter to Secretary Welles dated 2 days after Lardner returned to Port Royal, leaving Marchand in charge.

Letter: Du Pont to Welles, April 23, 1862.[12]

Much has been said in the papers at home and abroad of the utter insufficiency of the blockade, and a too ready credence given by our public functionaries and our merchants to the representations of parties interested in making out a case against the Government. . . . as to the assertion [that vessels are allowed to pass in and out of Charleston unchallenged], whatever may have occurred on this coast in the early days of the rebellion, if it be intended to apply to the period of my command, I have only to stamp it as one of those absurd partisan statements of which this rebellion has been so fruitful.

After receiving this communication, Secretary Welles defended the blockade's efficiency in a letter of his own:

Letter: Welles to Hale, May 9, 1862.[13]

Flag Officer Du Pont and the officers and men constituting his command, have acquitted themselves in a manner eminently satisfactory to this Department, and I trust equally so to the Senate and the country. That there have been instances when the blockade has been evaded can not be questioned, and my surprise is that, under the difficulties and embarrassments of the service, the extended and double coast that had to be guarded, the necessities of the people, the inducement of high prices to adventurous parties, and the contrivances and assistance rendered by certain foreign agents, that the violations have not been vastly more numerous.

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[11] *Ibid.*, 720.

[12] Du Pont to Welles, Port Royal, S.C., 23 April 1862. *Ibid.*, 771-3.

[13] Welles to Hale, Washington, 9 May 1862. *Ibid.*, XIII, 8-9.

The Charleston station, however, remained the focus of much official attention, and Marchand found himself occupying a critically important post. While delighted at his new role as squadron commander, he was still distressed at the dilapidated condition of his ship. He was chagrined that Lardner's ship was called back to resupply when the *James Adger* had been longer on station.

Journal entry: Blockading Charleston, Monday, April 21, 1862.

This ship [the *James Adger*] should have gone to Port Royal for supplies some days ago as she has now been 41 days off this place. Her coal is short and she has become exceedingly crank.

Marchand also expressed his increasing weariness of blockade duty:

Journal entry of April 21, 1862 continued

Blockading duty is necessary but onerous, without opportunities for doing anything to gain a reputation. For many months it has been the exclusive duty of this ship, and it is time that the officers and crew should be transferred to a fighting vessel.

Despite his complaining tone, Marchand seemed to find blockade duty as the squadron's senior officer somewhat less tiresome than it had been when he was merely a unit commander. Each day's minor events, and the activities of each ship, now had to be carefully scrutinized by Marchand's anxious eye. Though the tempo of events remained leisurely, Marchand's journal entries lengthened considerably as more and more he concerned himself with the daily activities of other ships in the squadron as well as his own. After listing once again the *James Adger's* complement of officers,[14] Marchand began his first journal entry as the squadron's senior officer with an inevitable reference to the weather.

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[14] "I give the names of all the officers of the ship who are kept from doing anything creditable to themselves and their friends:

Commander John B. Marchand
Lieutenant James P. Foster
Acting Master George B. Upham

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, April 21, 1862.

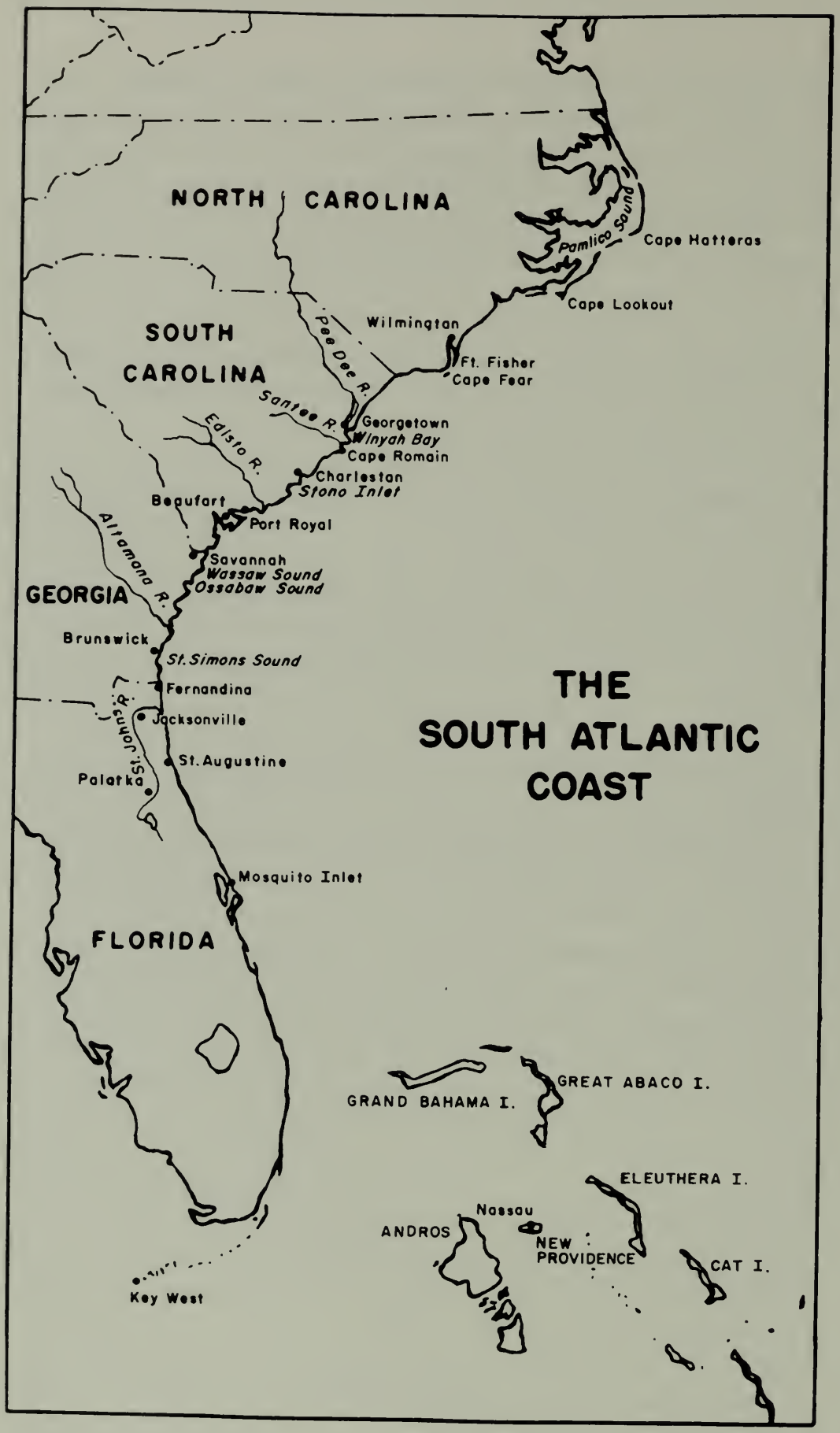
All day the weather was pleasant and in the afternoon, Captain Parrott of the *Augusta* called on board. After dark [we] shifted our berth from off the Main Ship Channel close to Maffitt's Channel in 3-1/2 fathoms water. In passing [we] showed our signal to the *Alabama* and the *Augusta*, but the *Flambeau* being fourth off and not seeing the signals but [only] the vessel's hull, supposed us to be an enemy attempting to run the blockade and fired at us. At first only the flash was seen, but a second [later] the ball whizzed over our heads. She then came up and spoke [to] us.

It is curious that both Lardner and Marchand were fired upon by ships of their own squadron on their first evening as senior officer. But the experience did not dampen Marchand's enthusiasm. He took the *James Adger* close inshore near Maffitt's Channel and had three of the ship's boats lowered, planning to send them to patrol the channel, though a sudden gale prevented their going.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, April 22, 1862.

At daylight and until after midday we had a gale from the southwest. About sunrise the ship commenced dragging the anchor and before it could be weighed we had drifted more than a mile seaward. Slowly we steamed back and again dropped our anchor. Again it commenced dragging, and again it was weighed, but not before drifting far out. A second time we steamed up and let it go veering 60 fathoms chain which held us during the blow. The wind subsided in the afternoon and after night it was moderate from the west.

Acting Master John P. Carr
Acting Assistant Paymenter William W.L. Greenway
Acting Assistant Surgeon Robert N. Atwood
Acting Master's Mate W[allace] W. Reed
Acting Master's Mate George Couch
Acting Master's Mate W.H. Crandall and pilot
Captain's Clerk Eugene Brisbee
Acting 1st Assistant Engineer Alexander D. Douglas
Acting 2nd Assistant Engineer Charles Kiersted
Acting 3rd Assistant Engineer James Fox
Acting 3rd Assistant Engineer John Canon
Acting Gunner Elisha J. Beacham"


NORTH CAROLINA
Pamlico Sound
Cape Hatteras
Cape Lookout
Wilmington
Pee Dee R.
SOUTH CAROLINA
Ft. Fisher
Cape Fear
Santee R.
Georgetown
Winyah Bay
Cape Romain
Edisto R.
Charlestan
Stono Inlet
Beaufort
Port Royal
Altamaha R.
Savannah
Wassaw Sound
Ossabaw Sound
GEORGIA
Brunswick
St. Simons Sound
Fernandina
St. Johns R.
Jacksonville
St. Augustine
Palatka
Mosquito Inlet
FLORIDA
Key West
GRAND BAHAMA I.
GREAT ABACO I.
ELEUTHERA I.
Nassau
ANDROS
NEW PROVIDENCE
CAT I.
THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST

Long after dark, the lights of a ship were seen approaching. We weighed anchor, stood for, and boarded her. It was the schooner *W.G. Bartlett* bound from Port Royal for Philadelphia. She came unnecessarily close along the land hence the necessity for examining her.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, April 23, 1862.

A clear, pleasant summer day, calm in the forenoon, and a moderate south-southwesterly breeze at night. Early in the morning [I] sent a couple of boats to the *Alabama* for coal, if any could be spared. Commander Lanier sent word that it has been long since he had taken in supplies but [we] obtained 1-3/4 tons from him. The *Augusta*, Commander Parrott, came near and during the day [we] got 15 tons of coal from her. In the early part of the day, the *Flambeau*, which has the guard duty, came near and her commander, Lieutenant Upshur, made me a visit. His object was to stand some distance out [and] watch for a Steamer expected to leave Port Royal today for New York and put letters on board. [I] gave him a letter bag but by night he returned without meeting anything. We had a boat armed and manned which the *Flambeau* took in tow to watch during the night inshore of that Steamer and to the north and west of Rattlesnake Shoal.

By invitation [I] dined in company with Parrott on board the *Alabama* and Lanier made himself agreeable. We had for dinner a fine turkey which Lanier obtained on a pillaging excursion a week or two ago down the coast. After dark, we shifted our berth. Toward midnight a light appeared in the offing. We went and it turned out to be from the U.S. Steamer *Connecticut* at anchor going north from delivering supplies.

On Thursday, 24 April ("a pleasant day with moderate south-southwesterly breezes"), while Farragut led his squadron past Forts Jackson and St. Philip in the Mississippi Delta, the *James Adger* remained hove to off Charleston. Marchand took the opportunity of the arrival of the *Connecticut* to write letters to his wife and to "persons about Washington in relation to try and get transferred to command of a better vessel." But his most

immediate concern was still the scarcity of coal. If Captain Lardner did not return soon from Port Royal to relieve him, he would have to go in without orders once again. The only other alternative was to obtain additional coal from another of the blockading ships. Lardner's orders of 19 April recalling him to Port Royal had indicated that the U.S.S. *Bienville* would be sent to Charleston with a full load of coal. Marchand, therefore, looked to her arrival to save him from the embarrassment of having to run into Port Royal for fuel without orders.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, April 24, 1862.

In the afternoon the U.S. Steamer *Bienville*, Commander [J.R. Madison] Mullany, arrived from Mosquito Inlet, Florida. I had expected her for the last three days as the flag officer, through Captain Lardner, had informed me that she was ladened with coal in bags for distribution amongst the vessels here, instead of which she had been furnishing coal to the vessels south of Port Royal as far as Mosquito Inlet and had now 350 tons when 'tis known that 125 is necessary to ballast the vessel. Therefore she had only 225 for use.[15]

The U.S. Bark *Restless*, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant [Edward] Conroy, came alongside and he came aboard informing me that he had lost an anchor and wished to obtain one. This Steamer from her losses could not supply him but at his suggestion I permitted him to try and obtain one from the *Roebuck* and permission to anchor near her tonight.

Toward dark, the vessels took their [night] stations: The *Bienville* [went] for this night to the south, as Mullany knew little of this place; I desired that Lanier should go seaward of the Rattlesnake Shoal but could not communicate with him in time as he was outside on guard duty.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, April 25, 1862.

A strong southerly wind prevailed last night and as our anchor is light and unreliable I had but little sleep although [I

[15] Actually the *Bienville* had been ordered to attend to the needs of the ships off Mosquito Inlet first and only then to proceed to Charleston. It is surprising, really, that Mullany was able to hold onto as much coal as he did. Du Pont to Mullany, Port Royal, 15 April 1862. O.R.N., XII, 743.

spent] a comparatively short portion of the time on deck. Today the wind continues in the same direction with calm weather and warm sun.

Early in the forenoon, the *Flambeau* came up and anchored near. Lieutenant Upshur, her commander, came on board and, as the *Pocahontas* came from off Stono Inlet, I detained him to hold a consultation with him and Lieutenant Balch commanding them both as to the proper positions for stationing their vessels to more thoroughly secure the blockade, they being long accustomed to this place. Upon the arrival of the *Pocahontas,* the measure was decided, and that steamer ran to the west of the Rattlesnake Shoal, close to shore, with instructions to send a boat nightly to watch closer to the land for passing vessels. The *Flambeau* then started to blockade Stono Inlet instead of the *Pocahontas.*

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, April 26, 1862.

Part of the past night it was nearly calm, [but] towards sunrise a strong wind commenced from the south and continued to [the] early part of the afternoon when it died away and came out fresh from the north. During the strong southerly wind in the forenoon, [we] veered to 60 fathoms chain to prevent dragging, the heavy sea rendering it necessary. Everyone on board felt gloomy and I more particularly at being kept there, with the boilers and engine in a crippled condition, through the selfishness of Captain Lardner who left on the 21st inst. for Port Royal knowing that the *Susquehanna* was in a better condition than this ship and better provided, as the *James Adger* had been off Charleston 23 days before the *Susquehanna* arrived. Now we have been 46 days here and necessity will compel me to take this steamer to Port Royal in a few days whether relieved by the *Susquehanna* or not.

About 2 p.m. two vessels were reported in sight, one a steamer, and the other a schooner acting strangely. I signalized and the *Bienville* started in pursuit. Upon the arrival of the latter at the two vessels, boats could be seen passing between the two steamers whilst apparently the Schooner was running away. I telegraphed to the *Bienville* to capture the schooner if suspicious. An hour after, the

Bienville came back and reported that one of the vessels was the U.S. Steamer *Uncas* from New York bound to Port Royal and [which] had in the forenoon overhauled the schooner but owing to the heavy sea [Mullany] could not, until the afternoon, board her [when he] found that she ostensibly was bound from Nassau to New York ladened with salt and that the *Uncas* was taking her to Port Royal.[16]

In the evening, Marchand wrote letters to his wife and to Flag Officer Du Pont. His lack of enthusiasm for blockade duty was apparent in the first line of his letter to Du Pont: "I have the honor to report that nothing of importance has occurred here since the departure of the *Susquehanna.*" He also reminded the Flag Officer that the *James Adger* was low on coal and once again in need of repair.[17]

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, April 27, 1862.

Last evening the wind changed suddenly in a squall to the northwest and after night hauled to the northeast blowing strong. The weather looked extremely ugly with much lightning. The consequence was that I did not pretend to sleep until after daylight and then only for a short time as strange vessels loomed up every now and then in the rain and mist which required to be looked after by some of the squadron. All proved to be innocent except one in tow of the *Flambeau.* The latter steamer, with her tow, anchored near [us] toward noon and Lieutenant Commanding Upshur came and reported that yesterday afternoon he captured his tow, the schooner *Active* of Nassau bound from that place to New York. The *Active* had some time ago escaped from Charleston to which place she belonged and on the 14th of this month obtained English papers and changed her name [to] *Acorn.* Her greatest freight was salt but had also an assorted cargo. Her crew and officers acknowledged that they were

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[16] The U.S. Steamer *Uncas,* Acting Master Lemuel G. Crane, captured the schooner *Belle* off Charleston on the afternoon of the 26th. Curiously, Marchand does not mention the destruction of the schooner *Chase* run aground off Cape Romain by Lieutenant J.F. Nickels on the *Onward* this same afternoon.

[17] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 26 April 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

trying to run into Charleston and that their families were there. I approved Lieutenant Upshur's course in sending her to Port Royal to the Flag Officer instead of north as the prize was old, worthless, formerly used as a wood boat in Charleston, and the foremast defective. Her nominal bill of lading showed the cargo as valued in Nassau to have cost about $1050.00. The crew of the prize was composed of Captain, Mate, two seamen, and [a] cook. The first and last were sent in the vessel and the Mate and two seamen I took aboard the *James Adger* to go to Port Royal by the first opportunity. Sent a dispatch to the Flag Officer in relation to the captive and urged [once again!] the necessity for getting this ship into harbor on account of the steam boilers.

Marchand's communications to Du Pont now began to assume a note of desperation: "Permit me to repeat the urgent necessity for the immediate repairs to the boilers of this ship and which can only safely be done in port."[18] Meanwhile, however, it remained Marchand's duty to keep the blockade as secure as possible. As a result of information obtained from the Mate and seamen of the *Active*, he made several adjustments in his disposition of the squadron.

Journal entry of April 27, 1862 continued

Learning from the three persons which came here from the prize that eleven schooners left Nassau at the same time to run the blockade, [I] signalized that several small vessels might be in the offing. For that purpose the *Alabama* stood seaward, looked around, and took an anchorage at sunset to guard the Main Ship and Lawford channels. The *Augusta* and *Bienville* also got underway, stood near, and then Captains Parrott and Mullany came to see me for information, spent a couple of hours, and at sunset took position more effectively to prevent the blockade from being broken. The *Huron* has been watching under steam and sail more especially outside; her indefatigable commander, Lieutenant [John] Downes, is determined that nothing shall escape.

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[18] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 27 April 1862. *Marchand Papers.* See also Upshur's report in O.R.N., XII, 778-9.

But even more valuable information was soon to come his way and from a most unexpected source.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, April 28, 1862.

A pleasant day. At two [o'clock] this morning, a boat containing fifteen Contrabands came alongside the *Bienville*, having left Charleston towards 10 o'clock last night. The most intelligent [were] questioned on board this ship. I learned that the Steamer *Cecil* from Nassau ran the blockade and entered Charleston before daylight in the morning of last Friday or Saturday, she drawing eight or nine feet water and is an iron propeller. Some ten days ago when it was said that 22 schooners had run out, only three started, and two of them grounded in the harbor and put back, the third was captured by the *Huron*. The greatest number known to go out at one time was six schooners and that [was] about a month ago of which we captured two. All vessels [attempting to run the blockade] pass north of Rattlesnake Shoal and hug the land and breakers until passing Dewee's Inlet and then steer east by north 'till striking [the] Gulf Stream. Vessels coming in pursue the same direction endeavoring to make Romain Lighthouse in the afternoon from whence a departation can be taken. Two wooden gunboats are building, one of them having the frame partly up, the other, known as the Lady's boat, had her keel laid about ten days ago, no iron clad boats are being built here. The Rebel army has been reduced here to increase their force in Virginia and Tennessee. Much dissatisfaction exists amongst the poor people who alone compose the army; and [the] commanding general (Ripley)[19] has repeatedly been heard to speak dispondingly of success [in regard] to the Rebel arms and government.

One of the Contrabands gave information that nightly six steamers were expected in from Nassau and England and one (the *South Carolina*) and two sailing vessels [were soon] to

[19] Brig. Gen. Roswell S. Ripley, CSA, was commander of the Second Military District.

> go out.[20] This information caused me to alter the positions of the blockading vessels, and [in order to] the more thoroughly protect [the] blockade, [I] sent the *Bienville* which, with the *Huron* and *Restless,* will guard the entrance to the north and east of Rattlesnake Shoal; the *Pocahontas* to take a position 4000 yards from the battery on Sullivan's Island north and west of the Rattlesnake Shoal and have a boat at night anchored half way between her and the battery; the *Alabama* to guard the Main Ship, Pumpkin, and Lawford's channels to the south; and the *Augusta* to watch the southern edge of the Rattlesnake Shoal. In the evening Captain Parrott came on board at my request, to interrogate the Contrabands for his own information.

That night the squadron was kept on alert "brightly on the lookout" for the *South Carolina,* but morning arrived without anything having been sighted. By this time, Marchand was certain that he and his ship would soon be called back to Port Royal for coal and repairs. The *James Adger* had now been 49 days at sea and desperately needed repair. Expecting orders momentarily, Marchand spent the morning "busily preparing reports and memorandums for the Flag Officer."

In the afternoon, when he saw Upshur in the *Flambeau* hoist that ship's identification number to a ship over the horizon, Marchand was convinced that Captain Lardner and the *Susquehanna* were finally returning. But when the ship came into view he discovered that it was the U.S. Gunboat *Unadilla.* Gratefully, though, its captain, Comdr. Napoleon Collins, carried orders for Marchand to turn over the blockade of Charleston to Commander Parrott and return to Port Royal for repairs and supplies.

The reason for the arrival of the *Unadilla* in place of the *Susquehanna* was that both Lardner and the *Susquehanna* had been ordered north by the Navy Department to beef up the stalled peninsular campaign. In fact, the *Susquehanna* was one of four ships soon to be personally directed by President Lincoln in an attack on Sewell's Point, Va. Du Pont had been rather reluctant to let the *Susquehanna* go. He wrote C.H. Davis that

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[20] The two sailing vessels were the *John Randolph* and the *Mackinaw*, both bound for Liverpool.

Letter: Du Pont to C.H. Davis, April 27, 1862.[21]

> One of two things must exist at the Department—either a disgraceful panic in reference to affairs in Hampton Roads, or an utter want of appreciation of condition of things on this coast . . .. Now the *Susquehanna* with my second in command, the only *Captain* [Du Pont's italics] in my squadron is taken from me—the only vessel [able] to meet any untoward event off Charleston and give protection to eight of these pasteboard ships.

It was, in fact, a "disgraceful panic" among the senior officers on the Yorktown peninsula that brought about the recall of the *Susquehanna.* McClellan had simply lost the initiative. The C.S.S. *Virginia,* though held in check by the *Monitor* in their famous engagement a month previous, still represented a potent threat to McClellan's left flank on the James River, and the "little Napoleon" was loudly calling for more naval support.

Marchand knew that the departure of the *Susquehanna* could well make him the permanent commander of the Charleston squadron, but he also knew that there were several other officers in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron senior to him. Du Pont might offer the Charleston post to any one of them, perhaps to a new "favorite" now that C.H. Davis and John Rodgers had been promoted out of the fleet. But Marchand's more immediate concern was the desperate condition of the *James Adger.*

In order "to give all the vessels opportunity for sending letters, and more especially to stay one night longer on the blockade" because it was "the dark of the moon," he determined not to leave until 8 o'clock the next morning.

Journal entry: Charleston and Port Royal, Wednesday, April 30, 1862.

> Early in the morning the different vessels left their blockading stations and assembled around this ship to deliver their letter bags. From the *Bienville,* [we] received the 15 Contrabands which came to her designing to put them under the Flag Officer's instruction. . . . At 9 [we] got underway and ran off Stono Inlet to get the *Flambeau's* mail. After leaving [there, we] chased a suspicious looking schooner

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[21] Du Pont to C.H. Davis, Port Royal, 27 April 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 20n.

which proved to be a prize of the Pilot Boat *Blunt* [en route] from Port Royal to New York.[22] [We] saw a large number of other vessels which we approached near enough to make them out as friends. About one in the afternoon [we] saw the blockading vessels in and off St. Helena [Sound] and an hour after, the ships at anchor in Port Royal. It was 3 before entering the southeast channel and after 4 before we anchored in Port Royal near the floating machine ship. [I] immediately called on the Commodore who was much surprised and pleased with the information obtained from the Contrabands in relation to affairs about Charleston.[23]

Journal entry: Port Royal, Thursday, May 1, 1862.

This day 34 years ago I entered the Naval Service of the United States. It has been a long time. Went on duty to the Flagship and whilst there met General [Henry W.] Benham.[24] Ship's company [was] employed coaling, and engineers [worked] about the boilers. The latter [were] found in much worse condition than expected.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Friday, May 2, 1862.

After breakfast [I] went and took a look at the celebrated yacht *America* captured up one of the rivers in Florida. The object in looking was to see if I could not transform her to a man of war and go cruising [in her] until the *James Adger* was ready for sea, but found her without sails.[25]

While repairs were being made on the *James Adger,* Marchand spent his days in conversation with his fellow officers. On Friday he was visited by Comdr. William E. LeRoy of the *Keystone State,* of whom Du Pont had a very high opinion, and Comdr. Augustus

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[22] Schooner *G.W. Blunt,* Acting Master James R. Beers.

[23] Du Pont was elated by the information and he reiterated it to his wife that night: "The *James Adger* brings important information, . . ." Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 1 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 23.

[24] Henry W. Benham, USA (1813-1884), was commander of the First Division, Department of the South.

[25] The original winner of the "America's Cup" was eventually taken into the naval service. The *Navy Register* for January 1863 lists her as part of the South Atlantic squadron. See Thomas R. Neblett, "The Yacht America: a New Account Pertaining to Her Confederate Operations," *American Neptune,* October 1967, 233-253.

S. Baldwin of the *Vermont*, for whom the Flag Officer had nothing but disdain. The *Vermont* was being used as a storeship for the fleet in Port Royal, and more than once Commander Baldwin had managed to elicit complaints from Du Pont. "Oh what an elephant that ship has been," Du Pont wrote to a friend. "The difficulty . . . is the entire *incompatibility* of the commander, who is under a sort of delusion, fostered by the Department when it put a battery on the ship, that she was a *man-of-war* and sent out as such; of course, to him, the storekeeper and his stores are there on sufferance."[26] After conversing at length with these two, Marchand inspected the progress of the repairs being made on the *James Adger*. "Work [is] progressing slowly," he wrote ruefully in his journal.

The next day, Marchand survived a potential threat to his command. Thinking, no doubt, that the Charleston command was too important to be entrusted to a mere commander, Du Pont offered the post to Capt. Sylvanus W. Godon of the *Mohican*.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Saturday, May 3, 1862.

A busy day in taking in coal and working on the engines. After breakfast, [I] was surprised by a visit from Commanders [sic] Godon and LeRoy. The former came by the Commodore's order from his ship, the *Mohican,* to consult whether he would prefer taking charge of the blockade of Charleston or to go to Brunswick [Georgia], his old station, as he is now stationed at Wassaw.[27] I understand he gives the preference to Brunswick which will leave me in charge again of the important blockade of Charleston.

In the evening Commander Raymond Rodgers made me a visit. I was disappointed at the small quantity of coal received on board today, all hands being employed in that duty instead of working by watches. A small mail [packet] arrived from the north but I got no letters and was much disappointed.

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[26] Du Pont's italics. Du Pont to Horatio Bridge, Port Royal, 13 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 53.

[27] Godon had been in charge of the squadron off Wassaw Sound, south of Savannah. On 8 May he was ordered by Du Pont to "resume control and blockade of St. Simon's Sound." Du Pont to Godon, Port Royal, 8 May 1862. O.R.N., XII, 802.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Sunday, May 4, 1862.

After muster and reading the Articles of War, [I] went on board the *Keystone State* to return the visits of Commanders LeRoy and Godon, but neither were there and I pulled to the *Vermont* and spent an hour with Commander Baldwin. This is the Sabbath and a day of rest to all on board except the Engineers Department and the mechanics from the floating machine ship employed on the boilers.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Monday, May 5, 1862.

Rather unpleasant weather with the prospect of still worse. Clouds are hanging around with lightning and thunder. Ordinarily we would feel in a measure indifferent to the condition of the weather at this season of the year, but having a large Bark secured alongside, from which we are coaling, and a 1300 pound anchor to hold both, creates uneasiness and more especially that the Bark can not be cast off without running foul of another vessel. We have been taking in coal at an unprecedented rate today, and if Providence favors, will finish tomorrow.

Did not go out of the ship today, feeling an unwillingness to reduce the working men, therefore my gig's crew were employed on ship duty otherwise than with me. A mail [packet] from the north arrived but I received nothing and feel very unhappy.

Marchand spent the next 2 days on board ship supervising the repairs and recoaling. "I have lost relish for the land," he wrote, "having been 60 days on shipboard having land in sight, but, 'till within a few days, an enemy's land." On 8 May he called on Du Pont once again and came away from the meeting confirmed in his opinion that the Flag Officer had little friendship for any of the officers of the squadron "except for a few of his friends." Perhaps his long talks with Commander Baldwin had added to that impression.

The next day Marchand "had a long talk with General Benham about a contemplated attack on Charleston." Benham was enthusiastic about the possibility of capturing Charleston by an assault from the landward side. He probably quizzed Marchand about the city's defenses. After this conversation, Marchand returned to his ship, where he complained in his journal about

"the little progress of the civilian mechanics" and expressed a growing irritation with Lieutenant Foster. "Would to God he was relieved or sent elsewhere," he wrote. "I would prefer doing the duty myself."

Journal entry: Port Royal, Saturday, May 10, 1862.

Summer day of the warm kind. [The] mechanics [were] engaged repairing [the] boilers and windlass. Last night three mechanics from the workship who had been engaged to work all night, ceased their labor suddenly about 9-1/2 o'clock on the boilers and returned to their vessel, thus throwing back the work and delaying the departure of our ship. The facts were reported through the duty authorities and I have been informed that these workmen were sent to New York by the mail steamer today by order of the Flag Officer. All the unemployed Contrabands which came to the *Bienville* off Charleston and we brought down, were today sent to Hilton Head and I wrote to General Benham about the most intelligent of the party, from whom information might be obtained.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Sunday, May 11, 1862.

A hot day. Had inspection at quarters. Did not leave the ship, but sent liberty men to Bay Point. The boilermakers [were] employed all day repairing the boilers, although this is the Sabbath. The sand flies have become numerous and very annoying making us wish heavily to get away from this place.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Monday, May 12, 1862.

Early in the morning, the U.S. Steamer *Alabama*, Commander Lanier, arrived from off Charleston and after breakfast, I called upon him. During the forenoon the U.S. Gun Boat *Pembina*, Lieutenant [John P.] Bankhead commanding, arrived from the south and the U.S. purchased Bark *Braziliera*, Lieutenant (Acting) Gillespie commanding, from Hampton Roads.[28]

After the crew had finished dinner [I] called on the commander [Du Pont] informing him that in all probability

[28] Actually Acting Master William T. Gillespie.

we would be able to leave tomorrow morning at daylight. Subsequently [I] received his written direction to assume charge of the blockade of Charleston with 14 vessels independent of the *James Adger* and that additional ones would be sent as they reached here.

Du Pont's orders now betrayed his serious concern for the blockade at Charleston:

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, May 12, 1862.[29]

Sir: You are acquainted, through our several interviews and from letters from the Department, how systematic and determined the efforts are to run the blockade of Charleston.

I rely upon the vigilance and determination you have already shown, upon your resuming the command of that post as senior officer, that everything will be done to make the blockade more and more stringent. I will keep increasing your force by every available vessel which reaches me.

At 10 o'clock that night, work on the boilers was completed and Marchand sent word to Du Pont that he would depart at daylight the next morning.

Journal entry: Port Royal and off Charleston, Tuesday, May 13, 1862.

At daylight [I] was called having but nominally slept during the night in anticipation of an early start today and trying mentally to arrange for effectually blockading Charleston. As the sun rose, our anchor was up and we [were] away. Having no Pilot to go out, that duty devolved [up]on me and at 7 o'clock [we] had passed the outer buoy safely and shaped a course for Charleston. Not long after, a schooner was seen for which we ran and [it] proved to be a coal vessel bound from Philadelphia to Port Royal.

Afterward, but not until nearly reaching Stono Inlet, [we] saw a gunboat which was found to be the *Ottawa*, Lieutenant [Johnston B.] Creighton commanding, accompanying a tug boat [which was] using for fuel, wood, creating a great smoke which, attracting my attention, [was why we] ran for

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[29] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 12 May 1862. O.R.N., XII, 818.

the *Ottawa*. Creighton informed me that the tug had been seized by the slaves in Charleston and ran out early this morning having somewhere about fifteen men, women, and children on board.

The "tug" was the Confederate gunboat *Planter*. Her seizure by a band of daring slaves from under the nose of the commanding general was a much-celebrated event among the men of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. The *Planter* was actually a Confederate harbor patrol boat and was extremely useful because of her very light draft. On the night of 12 May, her captain and engineer, the only officers assigned to the *Planter*, went ashore for a well-anticipated night at home, leaving the boat in the care of the Pilot, a slave named Robert Smalls. Seeing his opportunity, Smalls convinced the eight crewmen, also slaves, that they get the ship underway and escape to the blockading fleet. The crew "was of one mind to try it," so Smalls quietly got his wife on board and at 3:30 in the morning, they got up steam, let go their fasts, and slipped quietly through the water toward the open sea. Hoping that the sentries in the forts would think the *Planter* was on a routine patrol, Smalls sounded two long blasts on the whistle as they passed each fort in succession. They passed Fort Sumter at 4:15 and the sentinel on duty reported her passing to the officer of the day, but he "supposed (her) to be the guard boat and allowed (her) to pass without interruption." When beyond the range of the last fort, Smalls hauled down the Confederate flag and raised a white one, for "he was more apprehensive that the blockading ships might fire than the forts."[30]

Marchand noted that:

Journal entry of May 13, 1862 continued

The tugboat had been employed by the Confederate government and at the time of her being run away, had four large cannon, rifled, on board and had them aboard when we met her, which were designed to be placed in a new battery at the east end of Sullivan's Island.

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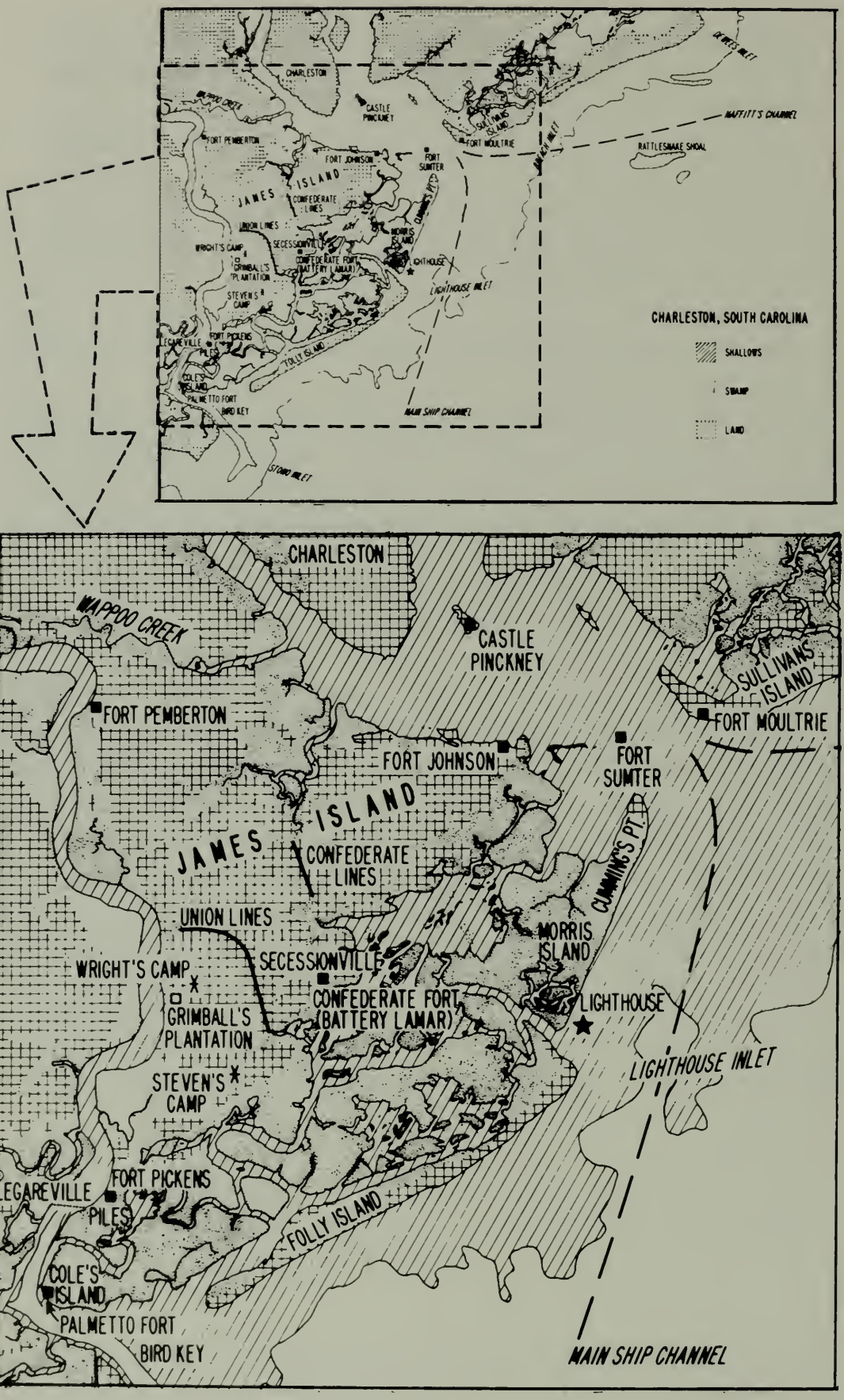
[30]See O.R.N., XII, 820-6, and O.R.A., XIV, 13-15. A good description is also found in a letter from Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 11 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers*, II, 50-1. Smalls later became a Congressman from South Carolina during reconstruction. The former captain of the *Planter*, by contrast, was tried and convicted for negligence in allowing the *Planter* to escape. See Burton, *The Seige of Charleston*, 96-7.

> The *Ottawa* and tug were bound for Port Royal, the former merely to escort her in sight of her destination and in the evening to return to her station off Stono Inlet.
>
> The Negroes who brought her out fetched late newspapers also. From the latter I find that martial law is proclaimed over Charleston and ten miles around and the Contrabands say that the citizens are removing into the country. Rats, it is said, leave a falling house.

Apparently Marchand couldn't bring himself to write anything about a "sinking ship."

After the surprise meeting with the C.S.S. *Planter,* the *James Adger* continued on toward Charleston, arriving at 12:30 in the afternoon. Marchand anchored near the *Augusta* and received Commander Parrott on board. Marchand noted in his journal that he found "a total change in the arrangements and discipline of the squadron and from present indications think I will have much trouble in reconciling things. I feel almost heartsick at the prospect before me."

Actually Marchand must have been pleased to retain the command off Charleston. It was an important command, though it provided little opportunity to make a reputation in combat. Only those who proved to be effective combat leaders had found promotion and glory in the war. Capt. C.H. Davis and Comdr. John Rodgers, Du Pont's "favorites," had both done so. Davis was given command of a large riverine fleet on the Mississippi, and Rodgers commanded a fleet of ships on the James River where on 15 May he attacked Drewry's Bluff and advanced to within 7 miles of the Confederate capital. Marchand lusted for a chance to match their feats and gain promotion for himself—he wanted to lead an expedition against the enemy. His hopes were soon fulfilled.


CHARLESTON
WAPPOO CREEK
CASTLE PINCKNEY
SULLIVANS ISLAND
FORT MOULTRIE
FORT PEMBERTON
FORT JOHNSON
FORT SUMTER
JAMES ISLAND
CONFEDERATE LINES
CUMMING'S PT.
UNION LINES
MORRIS ISLAND
SECESSIONVILLE
WRIGHT'S CAMP
CONFEDERATE FORT (BATTERY LAMAR)
LIGHTHOUSE
GRIMBALL'S PLANTATION
LIGHTHOUSE INLET
STEVEN'S CAMP
FORT PICKENS
EGARE VILLE
PILES
FOLLY ISLAND
COLE'S ISLAND
PALMETTO FORT
BIRD KEY
MAIN SHIP CHANNEL
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA
SHALLOWS
SWAMP
LAND

CHAPTER VIII

"FORT JOHNSON IS THE KEY OF CHARLESTON"
15-21 May 1862

A few hours after dusk on the evening of 15 May, the ships of the blockading squadron off Charleston sighted the lights of a strange vessel to the south, soon identified as the U.S.S. *Pembina.* Marchand was not surprised to see her. Du Pont had told him that more ships would be sent to the Charleston blockade as soon as they became available.[1] The *Pembina* was particularly welcome because her shallow draft would make her useful close inshore. Her captain, Lt. Comdr. John P. Bankhead, carried orders attaching his ship to the Charleston blockade, but he also carried orders from the Flag Officer for Marchand. They were exactly what he had hoped for:

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, May 15, 1862.[2]

Sir: From information brought by the Planter, rebels are abandoning a portion, certainly, of their defense in Stono. The battery on Cole's Island I have no doubt has been left, and I deem it highly probable they are abandoning Old Battery [Fort Pickens] opposite Legareville.

I recommend a reconnaissance to be made by two or more gunboats, which you can take yourself or send the senior gunboat officer in charge.

The tide serves in the morning, and if you find matters as I hope you will, then I desire you to send back a portion of the force to their stations on the blockade, for the moon is now waning and attempts will be renewed to run it.

The Confederate evacuation of the defenses in Stono Inlet was another product of General Lee's strategy of withdrawal to the interior. Three months earlier Lee had written to General Ripley

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[1] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 12 May 1862. O.R.N., XII, 818.

[2] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 15 May 1862. *Ibid.*, XIII, 5-6.

at Charleston: "I am in favor of abandoning all exposed points as far as possible within reach of the enemy's fleet of gunboats and of taking interior positions, where we can meet on more equal terms."[3] Though Lee had been recalled to Richmond on 3 March, his strategic outline for the defense of the southern coastline was retained by his successor, Gen. John C. Pemberton. On 27 March, therefore, Pemberton ordered the evacuation of Cole's Island and the shoreline fortifications on the Stono River and ordered instead the erection of fortifications across the narrow neck of James Island beyond cannon shot of the river. Though he kept a skeleton force in the imposing works along the river's edge, they were under orders to evacuate upon the appearance of a substantial naval force.

Ignorant of the strategic rationale for the Confederate withdrawal from Stono Inlet, Marchand hoped that his new orders would finally present him and his squadron an opportunity to strike at the rebels in Charleston. A survey of the charts indicated that the Stono River might prove to be a means of bypassing the principal defenses of Charleston Harbor and might even lead to the capitulation of the city itself. Such an event would merit both public and official praise as well as almost certain promotion.

After dismissing Bankhead, Marchand sat at his desk and began to write orders for the expedition. Naturally he planned to lead the assault himself. He would have himself rowed to the *Pembina*, since it was of lighter draft, and lead a small squadron of gunboats into the Stono River. He would also have the *Augusta* off the entrance to the river but only for a show of strength. It was midnight before he finished writing all the necessary orders, and he fell into bed tired, but eager for the dawn.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, off Stono, Friday, May 16, 1862.

At 3-1/2 in the morning I was up, made my toilet, and at four went to the *Pembina* taking my gig and her crew. [I] proceeded to Stono Inlet and anchored, where was the *Ottawa*, and in a few hours was joined by the *Unadilla* and *Augusta*, the object being to show a strong force on making a reconnaissance in that Inlet. My intention was to take the

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[3] Lee to Ripley, Savannah, 19 February 1862. O.R.A., VI, 394. See also Pemberton to General Cooper, Pocotaligo, S.C., 27 March 1862. *Ibid.*, 420.

Pembina, Ottawa, and *Unadilla* into the Inlet if the nature of the fortifications and the depth of water would admit.

At nine, several boats were sent to sound the bar, but I in my gig, and Lieutenant Bankhead of the *Pembina* in his, pulled across the shoal and entered the Inlet. Lieutenant Bankhead was more particularly engaged sounding whilst, in my gig, I pulled far ahead reconnoitering and endeavoring to see the [enemy] guns and draw their fire although it was hazardous as I had to pass within grape shot distance of their locality. I watched with much intensity for the flash of the cannon but none came and scanning everything closely found none in the Fort, many batteries all having been removed by the enemy. From information received from Contrabands and other sources, 48 cannon had a short time ago defended the place. The batteries, or rather embankments for batteries, were numerous, verifying the truth of the accounts of its being strongly fortified and the numerous wooden huts as quarters for soldiers showed that many had been stationed there.

Palmetto Fort, as were all the batteries, was on Cole's Island, but that fort showed the only existence of life about, everywhere else seemed abandoned. On the tall staff of the fort floated the Confederate Flag and on the parapet was a small company of soldiers—amongst the last, an officer on horseback. Halfway up the flagstaff was a lookout place, where was always perched one or two soldiers. On passing the fort they did not molest me, nor I them, but pulled along Cole's Island examining the deserted batteries. Just as I finished the last one, intending to go a few hundred yards further up Stono River, from curiosity as my reconnaissance was a perfectly satisfactory one, the gig's crew and myself were greeted first by a single shot then a volley from a squad of ten or twelve soldiers who, I subsequently learned from Lieutenant Bankhead, had left the fort and concealed [themselves] from me by the huts and breastworks. [They] had made their way [there planning] to fire upon us in the narrow part of the River. But the cowardly rebels were too anxious and too much afraid to approach too near, [and] concealed themselves behind one of the embankments and commenced firing volleys at us. They were Minnie Balls. I knew them by their sound as they whistled over and around

us. Having accomplished all I had in view and not wishing unnecessarily to risk the lives of any in the gig, I pulled back, but they continued their volleys as long as we were within range of their guns. Providentially, no one was hit, not even the gig. After getting out of the range of shot, I joined Lieutenant Bankhead who was on the way to my assistance, finished the soundings, then pulled up out and found that at the top of the high water only ten feet could be obtained on the bar and even with that a heavy sea was rolling in, preventing the possibility of any of the gunboats entering; much to my chagrin. But at the same time the boat reconnaissance was in every particular successful and satisfactory.

It was about noon when all the boats came out and the different vessels returned to their blockading status. I rejoined the *James Adger* about half past one and was visited by Lieutenants Balch and Collins and in the evening in company with the former called on Commander Parrott.

Marchand was disappointed, but not dismayed. Many of the defensive outworks had, indeed, been abandoned, and the Palmetto Fort would not be a serious obstacle to a determined attack. The depth of water once inside the bar was more than sufficient, plunging to more than 30 feet off Cole's Island; it was the sandbar across the entrance that blocked the way of the gunboats. Ten feet of water would have been sufficient for the three small ships were it not for the rolling sea which made the depth so variable. Marchand feared that a heavy roller might deposit one of the gunboats on top of the bar, blocking the channel and perhaps damaging the ship's hull. But it might still be practicable for one or more of the ships to pass the bar on a particularly calm day. Marchand planned to renew the effort the next morning with the rising tide, determined to get inside Stono River despite the risks. Doubtless he discussed the prospects of the expedition with Balch and Collins at dinner.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, May 17, 1862.

Again we have been favored with a pleasant day although very warm. [I] rose at four in the morning, got the ship underway, [and] stood for the *Augusta*. [I] asked

[Commander] Parrott to look out for the [blockading] vessels, [and] ran for the *Pembina* . . .. She got underway and together [we] came to anchor close to the bar at Stono Inlet. Boats from these two vessels and from the *Ottawa* were by nine in the morning engaged in sounding the bar and planting buoys. At the very top of high tide only ten feet water could be found. The swell on the bar was much greater today than yesterday rendering it being passed by the gunboats utterly impracticable.

Whilst the other boats were engaged sounding, I in the gig and Mr. [John P.] Carr in another of our boats were employed dragging for torpedoes [to see] if any had been placed by them (the rebels) between the bar and the inner end of Bird Key. Mr. Carr dragged carefully and I piloted but no infernal machine was found. We have information that 500 of them are in Stono River and they would naturally be placed above the Inlet as it has been so much used by those running the blockade. No alteration appeared in the condition of things then on the land, the rebel flag still planted above the men perched on the lookout and those on the parapet of Palmetto Fort.

On the way back to the ship, [I] called on Lieutenant Bankhead of the *Pembina* and requested him to watch closely and on the first opportunity to cross the bar with his vessel and the *Ottawa* and go into the Inlet when I would join him. A little before noon I returned to the *James Adger* . . ..

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, May 18, 1862.

Again a pleasant day. Last night I had a thorough good sleep, the first since leaving Port Royal, but the loss of rest the two previous nights was most probably the cause. At 9 a.m. the *Unadilla* came from her station and I joined her with the *James Adger* and both stood for Stono Inlet when we found the *Pembina* had already arrived and the *Ottawa* then at her station. The Commanding Officers of the four vessels all started to sound the bar.

We had scarcely left our ships when the large rebel flag flying from Palmetto Fort was seen to be hauled down and the rebels cast down the flag staff. Instantly smoke was seen to rise simultaneously from the houses about the fort and in

a few minutes 60 or 80 were in flames. The majority of them were small being the quarters or barracks of the soldiers whilst the others were officers' quarters and store houses. They were constructed of pitch pine wood, the black smoke rose in volumes from them and the conflagration was perfect. The cowardly rebels supposed we might get the gunboats over the bar today and without waiting to see if we were successful, burned everything. It was a gloomy but magnificent sight in the bright light of the sun, had it been at night it would have been a splendid display.

It was about eleven in the morning when our sounding boats were on the bar and there remained 'till midday when the tide was at its height. Only . . . ten feet was found with a heavy swell rendering it again impossible for the gunboats to cross. Afterwards, with Lieutenant Commander [John B.] Creighton, [I] pulled up nearly to the Inlet to take a look at the smouldering ruins and at one [I] returned to the ship, got underway and steamed up to our old berth off Charleston, the gunboats also resuming their stations.

Marchand's "show of force" had inspired the Confederates to abandon the only serious fortification left on the outer reaches of the Stono River, but he had still not succeeded in getting any of his ships inside the bar. Still, he was convinced it could be done. He was contemplating the many advantages which the possession of Stono would confer when he was informed that the U.S.S. *Keystone State* was returning from Port Royal and that Flag Officer Du Pont's pennant was flying from the peak. Grateful that he had some good news to report, Marchand called on Du Pont, but stayed only long enough to exchange pleasantries and pick up his mail: "three large boxes heavily charged with good things for my table." Not until the next morning did he report to Du Pont on the progress of the reconnaissance.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, May 19, 1862.

After breakfast, [I] went on board the *Keystone State* to call upon the Flag Officer . . .. We had long talks about the defense of Charleston interrupted most frequently by the Commanding Officer [Commander William E. LeRoy] calling

upon him. Nor was it 'till one in the afternoon that the conversation terminated and I returned to the *James Adger.*

Between the many interruptions, Marchand outlined his plan for a joint army-navy attack on Charleston up the Stono River. Du Pont was noncommital. He was impressed by Marchand's forcefulness if not by the plan itself. That night he wrote his wife that he had "talked a good deal with Marchand about affairs in Charleston Harbor and the nature of their defenses; he seems to have been posting himself up very well, and has some very clear ideas about it—he is a prudent man."[4] Du Pont was, in fact, very much predisposed to listen to a plan for reducing Charleston. Only the day before he had received a letter from Secretary Welles telling him of the Department's determination to capture that city.[5] But Marchand felt that he had not fully convinced the Flag Officer of the potential importance of Stono Inlet. Not to be deterred, he argued his case formally in a letter which he wrote that afternoon after Du Pont had left in the *Keystone State* to inspect the blockading force off Georgetown:

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, May 19, 1862.[6]

Sir: In a conversation I had the honor to hold with you this morning it is possible that I had not conveyed my ideas with regard to the reduction of Charleston as to be understood. Hence I will repeat.

I deem that Fort Johnson is the key of Charleston.[7] An army movement towards that place either across Stono River or from Stono Inlet will accomplish its reduction.

A slight demonstration of the army from the eastward either by Dewee's or Price's Inlets moving towards Fort Johnson can at any moment be made, I have daily hopes of getting some of the gunboats across the bar into Stono Inlet.

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[4] DuPont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Georgetown, S.C., 19 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 60-1.

[5] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 13 May 1862. *Ibid.,* 55.

[6] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 19 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 13-14.

[7] Marchand was not alone in this opinion. Confederate Generals Beauregard and Samuel Jones both agreed that "James Island was . . . the key to Charleston." Jones, *The Siege of Charleston,* 93.

But even if that could not be accomplished, he wrote, control of the river could still be secured using gunboats of lighter draft—such craft were available in Port Royal. Additional force was added to his argument by the fact that Mr. Boutelle had arrived off Stono that afternoon in the surveying Steamer *Bibb*, and after he and Marchand patched up their quarrel [see chapter VI], he gave his opinion that the bar across the Stono River could be passed. Marchand wrote that he was perfectly willing to undertake the operation himself, but that he could not provide the necessary diversion north of Charleston on which his plan depended. He also argued convincingly against a purely naval attack on Charleston, claiming that this was precisely what the Confederates expected and that for this reason they had strengthened their harbor defenses at the expense of their inland fortifications.

Letter of May 19, 1862 continued

. . . with our wooden vessels, attempting to pass the raking fire for miles, of the battery on Cumming's Point, Forts Mountrie, Sumter, Johnson, and the new one on the middle ground, each of which would have to be passed with a few hundred yards, might be utterly destructive and mortifying to us.[8]

Permit me again to repeat that Fort Johnson is the key of Charleston . . ..

Marchand had no intention of waiting for Du Pont to respond to his suggestion. He planned to rise before dawn again on the 20th to further explore the Stono River. But the details of positioning the Charleston blockading squadron kept him busy until midmorning. When he did arrive off Stono, a pleasant surprise was in store for him.

Journal entry: Off Charleston and Stono River, Tuesday, May 20, 1862.

It was ten in the morning before I was enabled to start for Stono Inlet when the *Unadilla*, *Pembina*, and *Ottawa*

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[8]Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 19 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 14. Fully a year later, on 7 April 1863, Du Pont led a flotilla of ironclads against the Charleston forts. They were repulsed with heavy losses and Du Pont wrote Secretary Welles that "Charleston cannot be taken by a purely naval attack . . .." Du Pont to Welles, off Charleston, 8 April 1863. *Du Pont Papers*, III, 5-6.

gunboats were assembled and the surveying Steamer *Bibb,* Captain Boutelle, with his buoy tender schooner. Mr. Boutelle had been engaged surveying for an entrance since yesterday afternoon and sometime before the *James Adger* reached the bar off the Inlet, I saw that the three gunboats had, in obedience to orders I had given their commanders, gone in the first favorable moment without waiting for me. Hence they entered the Inlet at the time I was on the bar and commenced throwing 11 inch shells into and beyond Fort Palmetto behind which the rebels had hoisted their flag. Almost instantaneously with the first shell the rebel flag was hauled down and soon columns of dense smoke and flames arose from buildings unconsumed last Sunday. As the gunboats advanced, shells were thrown into every thick wooded or suspicious place frightening out the enemy's pickets who took to their heels and ran for their lives.[9]

The senior officer of the gunboats [Collins], seeing that I was approaching with speed in my gig, anchored at the abrupt curve of the Stono River where Cole's Island terminated and I joined the little but terrific squadron. This holy-horrored squadron of gunboats was the:

Unadilla, Lieutenant Commander Collins on which I went aboard

Pembina, Lieutenant Commander Bankhead

Ottawa, Lieutenant Commander Creighton

When passing (in my gig) the two latter, I took Creighton and Bankhead to the *Unadilla* to consult that there might be unanimity of action. A stretch of the Stono River of 1-1/2 or 2-1/2 miles was before us. At two thirds of this distance on the south side was a pretty little village alone composed of large houses, the summer residences of the planters of the vicinity and the aristocracy of Charleston but totally uninhabited. Its position gave the advantage of the sea breeze,

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[9]The commander of the Confederate force defending Stono Inlet, Col. C.H. Stevens of the 24th South Carolina Infantry, described the action similarly: "Before any support could be sent forward, one of the enemy's gunboats passed up the river and took a position enfilading the bridge and causeway, where she commenced throwing grape and shrapnel completely cutting off all communications with the pickets and closing off their line of retreat . . .. The fire of the enemy was very severe and penetrated the cover of the detachment in every direction. The men were then very prudently withdrawn until the firing ceased . . .." O.R.A., XIV, 18. See also 16-19.

although the ocean was some miles off, and is known as Legareville, the residence alone of Episcopalians whose modest little church but tall spire is a landmark for entering the river from the sea. A little above but on the opposite side (north) of the river was a battery known as the Old Fort having been constructed during the war with Great Britain in 1812, now, however, known as Fort Pickens. Between Legareville and the Old Fort piles were driven across the river to obstruct the navigation against the gunboats, with a small aperture for vessels to pass in mid-channel. Still further above, a small steamboat was in sight running at full speed from us up the river and a little in advance another black-looking steam thing which I subsequently learned was a pile driver. But they were beyond chase. The first thing that attracted my attention was all the buildings in the Old Fort on fire, the torch having been applied by the rebels on sight of our dreaded gunboats. I have been officially informed that concealed obstructions had been placed in the river beside numerous torpedoes to be exploded by the passing vessels, hence caution was required and boats were sent ahead to drag in search of them. It was well on towards night when the gunboats came to anchor close to the staked obstructions in the river but the boats advanced in their search far above it. Not that I cared particularly to drag much above the barricade as the small steamer and pile driver had gone up from the piles and we could go in safety when they had passed.

Before sunset, Captains Collins, Bankhead, Creighton, and Boutelle with myself pulled in our boats and made a reconnaissance of the Old Fort [Pickens] and its burning houses. No guns were there, having been removed some ten days ago, but the battery was a long one extending four or five hundred yards to command the river from upward coming vessels and all their fires to concentrate upon the opening in the piled obstructions of the river.

Before leaving the anchorage, where I joined the gunboats and which had a fair view of the ocean outside of the bar five miles distant, we saw the U.S. Steamer *Keystone State* stand in and I signalized to the Flag Officer who was on board of her that the Old Fort opposite Legareville was abandoned and he immediately left for Port Royal.

Du Pont ordered Marchand to continue to explore the Stono River, and in particular "to examine the nature of the obstructions . . . and see if they could be pulled up—also to look out for torpedoes . . .."[10] Marchand had every intention of continuing the reconnaissance. He evinced his eagerness by accepting Collins' invitation to take over his cabin and sleep on board the *Unadilla* instead of returning to the *James Adger.*

Marchand was up early again the next morning, but because of delays caused by the necessity to mark the channel, it was nearly noon before the gunboats got underway. Marchand, on board the *Unadilla,* took the lead and while careful soundings were made by the leadsman, they steamed slowly upriver. With the Old Fort in ruins, the only obstacle on the river was the "barrier of stakes," but the gap in that barrier which had been left for the use of Confederate boats would serve the small Union gunboats just as well. They found no difficulty in passing the barricade, but about a mile beyond it they encountered shoaling water and Marchand had the signal to anchor run up immediately. No sooner had he done so than cries of help were heard from shore.

Journal entry: Stono River, Wednesday, May 21, 1862.

. . . scarcely had the anchor been let go when the officers and crew of two boats belonging to the surveying steamer *Bibb* which had but landed and were making a survey of the Old Fort made signs and halloed that the enemy was near. Some shots from the howitzer of the *Ottawa* fired amongst the hummocks rising in the marshes stirred up the enemy from every covert like partridges. At a distance of less than a mile I could see between 100 and 200 soldiers rise and retreat to the pine grounds. The shells from the howitzer of the *Ottawa* gave them additional speed nor did they stop their most precipitous flight until at the edge of the thicker pines about 1-1/4 miles off. Then they considered themselves entirely safe and turned to look at us.

An 11-inch shell was then thrown towards them which exploded close to the shelter they had taken. Such dire fright that followed was ludicrous, they separated and ran in all direction, across the marshes, over the cotton fields, through

[10] The orders were sent by "telegraph," or flag hoist. The quoted passage is from Du Pont's letter to his wife describing the event. Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Georgetown, 20 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 61.

the pines, each keeping as far from another as possible fearful that where two seen together another shell would be sent amongst them. When last seen from the masthead, they were still running.

That was not the only encounter with the enemy. A small boat's crew sent ashore by Boutelle to examine Fort Pickens discovered that it had not been entirely abandoned after all.

Journal entry of May 21, 1862 continued

. . . the officers of the *Bibb* . . . concluded to look into the magazine first (I had been in the previous evening) and on approaching the door was met by a rebel soldier with a bayonet in his hand. The officer's name was [Charles H.] Boyd and on pointing his revolver, the bayonet man surrendered. Mr. Boyd then stepped forward and on looking into the magazine was confronted by another soldier with musket aimed at him. He (Mr. Boyd) stepped back and called another officer [from] the *Bibb,* Mr. [John S.] Bradford, to come and bring the armed boat's crew. Upon their arrival the soldiers were individually called out of the magazine and their arms taken from them. They were six in number belonging to the 24th South Carolina regiment and were employed on picket duty. They were all sent to me on board the *Unadilla* and I ordered them to be taken to Port Royal in the *Bibb* which was expected to leave tonight or tomorrow morning.[11]

After these two unimportant but exhilarating confrontations with the enemy, Marchand's little flotilla continued its cautious exploration of the river. Opposite Fort Pickens was the apparently abandoned village of Legareville. Marchand sent Commander Collins and Mr. Boutelle ashore to make a cursory search and to gather additional information. They learned from several frightened Contrabands that another mile up the river was a magnificent plantation belonging to a Mr. Paul Grimball, who claimed to be a Union man and who the day before had raised a flag of truce above his home, though it was not seen by the ships

[11] Marchand commended both Boyd and Bradford for their "gallantry and firmness" in a letter to Du Pont. Marchand to Du Pont, Stono River, 21 May 1862. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., XIII, 15.

at the time. Collins and Boutelle then rowed up to his small wharf where they were met by an "old gentleman who seemed to be about 75 years of age."

Journal entry of May 21, 1862 continued

He begged us protection as he was a good Union man and represented that the rebel cavalry infesting the country on the south side of the Stono River of which there was two companies had repeatedly urged him to leave and take away his slaves; that last night when our boats had passed the barrier they insisted still stronger and told him that the Yankees in the gunboats would bayonet him in his bed and do the same to all his slaves. His reply was that he had been educated in New Haven; that the northern people must have much changed; that he still had faith that they were not so blood thirsty; and that he and his slaves would remain. Still, so strong was the impression upon his mind by the representatives that he and his slaves had slept the past night amongst the pines a mile from his house. His gratitude extended to tears that we would not molest but protect him from our own men. Several old Negro women, bowed down and thanked the officers that they did not come to bayonet them. The officers at first declined entering his home to take a glass of wine apprehensive it might bring him in trouble with the rebel forces in the vicinity but he said no, that they knew his political opinions and respected him. He next requested if not in contravention of orders not to injure a fine mansion and estate across the river which belonged to his son, who was absent far inland with his wife who had been deranged on account of this war and apprehension of the terrible gunboats. That the encampment of rebel soldiers we had seen there this morning was against his directions and that they had materially injured the estate by burning the fences and destroying stock, fruit and vegetables besides everything [else] within reach. He gave this morning's Charleston newspaper by a boat he sent, we returned the latest dates of northern papers.

Upon the return of the flag of truce the *Unadilla* continued up the river about two or three and a half miles to the residence of the son of Grimball [Thomas Grimball], anchored so as to swing in the narrow channel. Here we had

reached the utmost of our necessary reconnaissance, my instructions being to see the condition of the Old Fort and obstructions in the river with the view of our army crossing the Stono, but I went further and found the firm land beyond that they might land legions for an attack upon the southern defense of Charleston and in a letter[1 2] written to the Flag Officer late at night informed him that with the gunboats I would insure a safe transit across the river and the establishment of a permanent camp against the rebel forces.

I was informed that about four miles further up the river the enemy was constructing a powerful battery [Fort Pemberton] but [I] did not care to go any higher as my intention is to worry them and give the impression that the attack upon Charleston is to be made by the navy [so] that all guns may be placed for that purpose, leaving an open way for the army to reach Fort Johnson. The gate is now invitingly open to the army and we only await their coming. Should that be long delayed, my game will be played out and they will divine the secret of my movement.

The *Unadilla* again dropped down the river and, being joined by the *Ottawa*, passed below the barrier and Old Fort and anchored. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we heard the most terrific screams ashore, the lookouts at the mastheads having previously reported a stampede of slaves on the cotton and corn fields to the south of the river. A company of cavalry then was seen to emerge from the pines . . . charging at full speed amongst the flying slaves. For a moment I thought it might be the advance guard of our army from North Edisto on its way to Charleston as the gunboats had secured a transit across the Stono River for them, but the most diabolical scene opened upon us. The cavalry fired their pistols on all sides amongst the Negroes and then I knew it was not part of our army but the rebel force so I directed the gunboats to open fire upon the mounted men and a half dozen shells not only drove them from the cotton and corn fields, but from amongst the pines where they thought themselves safe. They went scampering in every direction the sight of which was indeed laughable. In the meantime the Negroes crowded down to the water's edge less than a

[1 2]Not found.

hundred yards from the gunboats and Lieutenant Commander Bankhead pulled off in his gig and had the poor creatures sent on board. Seventy-one came off who principally were women and small children as the able-bodied plantation men had in a great measure been sent into the interior. One Negro woman we saw hurrying down to the water's edge with eight little children. One of them sucking her breast, another she had on her shoulder, two others were holding only her scanty dress, and the other four little ones, at top of speed and almost naked, flocked around and materially impeded her progress. Another slave named London who brought off two of his own little children and his wife's sister's child informed me that his master had told all his slaves that they should not be removed from the plantation [but] that they had finished their field tasks for the day and were going to their houses, [and] that the company of cavalry had then come upon them. [The Confederates had] waited 'till their return to their houses before attempting to force them away from their home [to take them into the interior]. He further stated that the cavalry was so near upon their firing their pistols, and that he could not run as fast as the others having the children in his arms and his nephew holding onto his clothes, that he concealed himself under a bush in the swamp keeping his own and the children's heads above water. The rebel cavalry was on dry ground but a few yards from him when they had rallied after being driven back by our guns and, "that a great big thing making a noise in the air scaring his children to cry, came close to the soldiers and breaking all to pieces with a noise just like a cannon," drove the cavalry away. From the deck of the ship I saw two riderless horses careening on a cotton field and supposed that the riders had been thrown from their horses by one of our 11-inch shells. The Negro stated that he heard the Captain of the company halloo to some of his men to catch the horses.

Before returning below the barrier off the Old Fort, we had ascended the river to Paul Grimball's plantation where the first permanent land on the north side of the Stono River was found for the passage of the army. Four miles above, the rebels are at work erecting a strong battery [Fort Pemberton]. One thousand slaves are employed on the work today

and I desire that all the rebel energies be exercised in that direction knowing that the line of defense [along] the Wappoo Creek [is being built] against my pet gunboats for they are under the belief that Charleston will be taken by the navy and [I] wish to worry them by a show of gunboats until the army makes an advance.

CHAPTER IX

"A SUBJECT OF DEEP MORTIFICATION"
22-30 May 1862

The news that the Confederates were building defenses further up the Stono River did not disturb Marchand. His scheme required possession of the Inlet only as far as Paul Grimball's plantation. From that point, troops disembarked from transports could make their way across James Island to assault Fort Johnson from the rear. On the morning of 22 May, he talked with each of the ship's commanders and particularly with Commander Collins, the senior officer present, to stress the importance of keeping open the lines of communication to Paul Grimball's plantation. On the other hand, he warned, it was important not to be too aggressive or the Confederates might begin to appreciate the Union plan. Having given these instructions, Marchand had himself rowed over the bar and rejoined the blockading squadron off Charleston.

Once on board his own ship again, he learned that Commander Parrott, the senior officer in charge of the blockade during Marchand's absence, had permitted a British sloop of war to pass through the blockade and anchor off Charleston. Her captain had professed a desire to communicate with the British consul in Charleston and claimed the right as a neutral to do so. Even as Marchand climbed aboard the *James Adger,* this ship, H.M.S. *Racer,* could be seen anchored alongside a Confederate tug. But as Marchand watched, the *Racer* got underway and steamed out of the harbor. She passed near the *Augusta* and her captain told Parrott that he was bound for Savannah, his mission being to determine the strength of the blockading forces. He also asked Parrott to present his personal compliments to the senior officer. On learning of this, a dubious Marchand scoffed "what are the compliments of an Englishman—our natural enemy?"[1]

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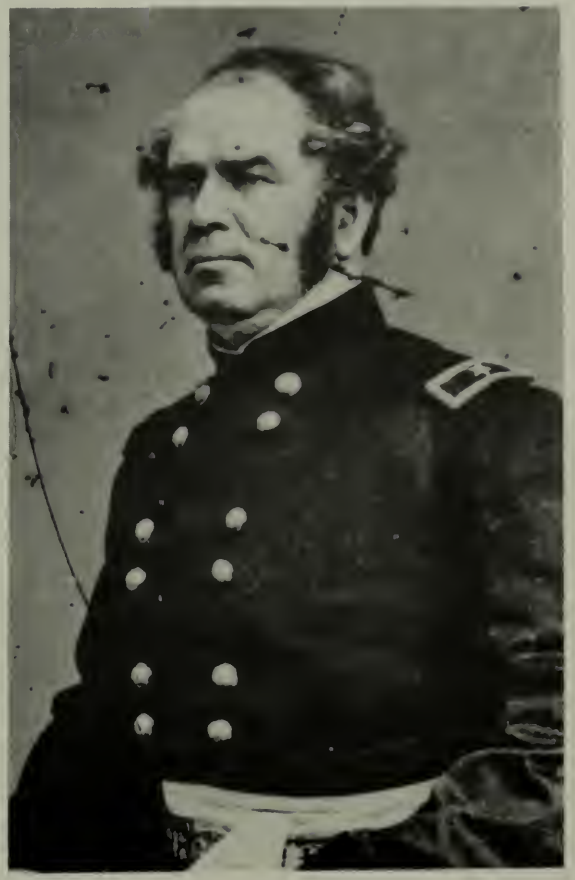
[1] Comdr. Algernon M'Lennon Lyons, RN. Steam sloop *Racer,* 11 guns, 579 tons.

THE GENERALS

Maj. Gen. David Hunter

Brig. Gen. Henry Benham



Brig. Gen. Horatio G. Wright

National Archives

Though back on his blockading station off Charleston, Marchand's thoughts frequently returned to his force in the Stono. He worried lest Collins, or someone else, jeopardize his cherished plan for assaulting Charleston. On the 22d he sent Parrott in the *Augusta* back to Stono Inlet to assess the situation.

> *Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, May 22, 1862.*
>
> Captain Parrott reported that he had in his gig gone up the river to near to Legareville and found the three gunboats below the barrier, that a reconnaissance above the barrier had not been made that day, that nothing had transpired since my leaving there except that the number of Contrabands seeking shelter amounted to about 300. I had before leaving the Stono yesterday instructed the commander of the gunboats that in the event of the rebels approaching to land all the Contrabands anywhere so as not to impair the efficiency of their vessels. I must colonize them. I should myself have gone to Stono River with the *James Adger*. . . .

Du Pont would not have agreed. The commander of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron was much more concerned about the effectiveness of the blockade than he was about the lines of communication through Stono Inlet. Only that week he had received information from the State Department that several dozen vessels had been purchased by a British trading company with the intent of sending all of them together into Charleston so that some at least would succeed in getting through the blockade.[2] Such an event would be disastrous for the nation, for the navy, and for Du Pont personally. Since the fall of Georgetown on 21 May, Charleston was the only city on the South Atlantic coast open to trade. While Du Pont agreed that it would be desirous to capture the city, he was less sanguine than Marchand about the possibilities of using the Stono River as an avenue of attack. Du Pont did not believe that the army could be counted on to carry out its part of the plan. Welles was willing to place Maj. Gen. David Hunter's troops under the Flag Officer for just such joint operations, but Du Pont had little confidence in them. "Our troops will not fight," he wrote, "if gunboats are within their reach."[3]

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[2] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 29 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers*, II, 74.

[3] *Ibid.*, 79.

Although he agreed with Marchand that "the harbor was impregnable from the sea except to an attack by ironclad vessels,"[4] he thought that a naval attack nevertheless would be necessary though it could not be undertaken until he had some ironclad ships.[5]

Du Pont did not discount completely the potential importance of Stono Inlet. He knew that the army was interested in a joint attack. Brig. Gen. Henry W. Benham, Hunter's second in command, had already approached him about the possibility of using the Stono River for an assault on Charleston. Benham had left that meeting with Du Pont convinced that an agreement had been reached, but a week later, when he sent a message to the Flag Officer asking for troop transports, he was rebuffed. Du Pont's new Chief of Staff, Comdr. Raymond Rodgers,[6] gave his own interpretation of the earlier meeting by explaining in a letter to Benham that "It was informally understood that General Hunter had not given his assent, and the matter was supposed to have dropped." If there had been any new developments, Rodgers wrote, Benham should have gone to Du Pont formally to arrange with him a corporate plan. The lack of cooperation, he claimed, was due to Benham's "failure to explicitly make known to the Flag Officer what assistance you wished for, and from your not having learned from him whether he could render that assistance at this time."[7]

Benham did not give up on his scheme. Instead he gained the support of the Departmental Commander, Maj. Gen. David Hunter. Though Du Pont was anxious to avoid any plan which would place the navy in a supporting role for the army, he realized that some cooperation with the army was necessary, and he wrote Hunter that he was at his disposal but to "respectfully request that you will be pleased to convey to me any of your plans and

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[4] Du Pont to Benjamin Gerhard, Port Royal, 27 May 1862. *Ibid.*, 74.

[5] This opinion was shared by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Gustavus Vasa Fox, who wrote Du Pont on 12 May: " . . . don't you think we can go squarely at it by the channels, so as to make it *purely Navy*? Any other plan we shall play second." Fox to Du Pont, Washington, 12 May 1862. *Fox Papers*, I, 119-120.

[6] His official title was "Captain of the Fleet."

[7] Rodgers to Benham, Port Royal, 22 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 25-26. This kind of interservice bickering was a common element during the Civil War and led at least one naval officer, Stephen B. Luce, to conclude that a college for senior naval officers should be established for the study of joint operations. The U.S. Naval War College was founded in 1884.

intentions in which you desire to have the cooperation with the naval forces under my command."[8] He wrote Marchand the same day asking him to extend his reconnaissance as far as Wappoo Cut and to "feel the battery there."[9]

As Du Pont was writing, Marchand dispatched Lieutenant Commander Downes in the *Huron* to look in at Stono and report any changes in the situation of the gunboats. There were none.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, May 24, 1862.

Captain Downes reported things there in the same condition as when I left except the increase in the number of the Contrabands and that the commanding general of the rebels on the north side of the river had a field battery of light guns. . . . The most annoying information was that so many Contrabands had received their protection, they did not know what was to be done with them.

While Marchand worried about the Stono operation, his blockading fleet proved remarkably successful in capturing several ships attempting to run the blockade. That afternoon, Commander Mullany reported the capture of the *Stettin*, a richly loaded trader out of Hull, England.

Journal entry of May 24, 1862 continued

Commander Mullany came on board and reported that about 3-1/2 o'clock this morning he had gotten underway and ran to the north and east after a vessel which soon proved to be a steamer and by her frequent change of course proved suspicious. . . . He headed her off, [and] the stranger lowered a boat which pulled towards the land having three or four passengers and the Steamer then ran seaward. Captain Mullany represented that he could not capture both the boat and Steamer, therefore [he] gave chase to the latter. Then several guns had to be fired, the shot of which passed ahead and astern, before the Steamer stopped. Possession was taken, a temporary prize crew put on board, and [it was] brought to me for action.

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[8] Du Pont to Hunter, Port Royal, 24 May 1862. *Ibid.*, 27-28.

[9] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 24 May 1862. *Ibid.*, 20-29.

Marchand sent the captured *Stettin* to New York for adjudication. Du Pont was pleased by the capture, but not with the disposition of the prize. He had been angered when a New York judge released a capture on a legal technicality and had resolved to send his own captures to Philadelphia.[10] Ignorant of this prejudice, Marchand sent all his prizes to New York. But even this did not detract from the nearly astonishing series of captures over the next 3 days.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, May 25, 1862.

After daylight in the mist and rain, heavy fire was heard to the north and we saw the *Pocahontas* and *Augusta* firing at what I thought a schooner. About nine in the morning the *Augusta* came alongside and . . . Commander Parrott came on board and reported that a Steamer had attempted to run the blockade at dawn of day inside of the Rattlesnake Shoal to which the Pilot Boat *Blunt* gave chase. The *Pocahontas*, seeing the Steamer, slipped her cable, stood towards her [and] opened fire upon which the strange steamer was run ashore a little to the eastward of Breach Inlet under the guns of Beauregard Battery at the east of Sullivan's Island. The *Augusta* and *Pocahontas* had opened fire to destroy the grounded steamer, but the heavy swell prevented good aim and the effects of the shot could not be ascertained.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, May 26, 1862.

Early in the morning a steamer burning soft coal and making a great smoke was seen from this ship and the other vessels of the Squadron off Stono Inlet. . . . As the vessel approached Lawford Channel, the ship *Shepherd Knapp* fired a gun to attract attention. Immediately the *Huron*, Lieutenant Commander Downes, got underway and commenced firing which was the signal in the blockading squadron "that she could not manage the case herself."

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[10] The private merchant vessel *Lauban*, captured off the mouth of the Rio Grande by the U.S.S. *Portsmouth*, was restored by Judge Samuel R. Betts of the District Court of New York on the grounds that she was loading from a neutral port (Matamoros, Mexico). See O.R.N., XVII, 99-115.

> The [watch] officer of the *James Adger* asked me to go in chase, [but I declined] to do so [thinking] mentally that should I as the Commander in Chief chase and overtake the prize out of sight of the rest of the blockading vessels by which the *James Adger* might alone have the prize money accruing from the capture and not allow the other vessels by signal to learn their place in the line of blockade I would justly be subjected to the charge of unjustice and meanness, and not wishing to make an invidious distinction amongst the vessels, waited a short time for some one of them to ask permission by signal to join the *Huron* in chase. In a few minutes the *Augusta,* Commander Parrott, made the desired signal and he started in pursuit. In the evening the *Augusta* returned and Captain Parrott reported that after chasing 30 or 40 miles, the *Huron* overtook the Stranger and brought her to, the *Augusta* being then near. The prize was the English Steamer *Cambria* bound from Nassau to New Brunswick with a most valuable cargo. By Captain Parrott's consent the *Huron* took the prize into Port Royal.

While Mullany was busy capturing blockade runners and Marchand worried over the delay in bringing troops to Stono to exploit the Union foothold there, the Confederate defenders were not idle. They constructed two floating barges armed with long-range, heavy-caliber field guns, and on 25 May, floated them downriver to challenge the Union gunboats. Collins' immediate reaction was to send for help. In the early afternoon of 26 May, the Schooner *Buoy,* tender to the *Bibb,* brought a plaintive note from Collins.

> *Letter: Collins to Marchand, May 25, 1862.*[11]
>
> I send this to request that you will have additional gunboats and with heavy rifles equal to those of the enemy sent in here as early as practicable, if you wish us to retain possession of this place.
>
> My opinion is that all these boats should be withdrawn, unless it is intended to occupy the shore.[12]

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[11] Collins to Marchand, Stono Inlet, 25 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 37.

[12] As captain of the U.S.S. *Wachusett* in October 1864, Collins demonstrated a good deal more confidence if not outright recklessness by attacking the C.S.S. *Florida* in neutral waters off Brazil.

Marchand was shocked:

Journal entry of May 26, 1862 continued

It was astounding news and I sent Lieutenant Commander Collins a verbal message to hold positions of the River at the expense of the gunboats and that at the first high tide tomorrow morning the *Huron* would be sent to his assistance.

It was impossible to send any additional gunboats that evening due to falling tides and darkness, but Marchand vowed to dispatch the *Huron* with first light and to go himself on board the *James Adger.* Meanwhile, he wrote to Du Pont enclosing a copy of Collins' report. He added a plaintive note of his own complaining that "We are much crippled for want of vessels and particularly [those] of light draft."[13] He sent this communication with the *Augusta* to Port Royal the next morning as he got the *James Adger* underway for Stono. But before he had gone a mile, the *Bienville* was sighted approaching from the north with a strange steamer in company. Marchand stopped his own ship and waited for Mullany to come on board to report.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, May 27, 1862.

Mullany informed me that before 6 o'clock this morning off Bull's Island he saw a strange steamer to which he gave chase and cut her off from the land. After firing, the vessel stopped and he took possession of her as a prize, she being the British Iron Screw Steamer *Patras* of London. That she had left the latter place about the 12th of April, had coaled at Falmouth and Bermuda, stopped at Nassau, and left Havana on the 21st inst. "for no particular place, only coasting along" being the words of her captain. No papers were found on board. It was said by the officer and crew that her cargo consisted of 1400 barrels of gun powder, 68 boxes of fire arms, one case of quinine, 848 bags of coffee, 10 boxes of merchandise, etc. It was nearly night before the prize was dispatched to New York.

Marchand's expedition to Stono was thus postponed another day. He might have proceeded to Stono despite the capture of the

[13] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 26 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 40.

Patras, but Captain Boutelle, stopping off at Stono on his way back from Port Royal, informed Marchand that things were not nearly so desperate as Collins had reported in his letter. Nevertheless, the next day Marchand took the *James Adger* south to Stono Inlet to have a look for himself.

> *Journal entry: Off Charleston and in Stono River, Wednesday, May 28, 1862.*
>
> At daylight got underway in the *James Adger* and . . . ran on and anchored off Stono Inlet. I saw the *Huron* outside of the bar with a signal flying for a Pilot, the *Flambeau* coming out of the Inlet, the *Unadilla* in the basin just inside of the bar, and the *Pembina* and *Ottawa* at anchor in Stono River.

Marchand prepared to embark in his gig to join the squadron inside when another strange vessel was sighted. It was the U.S.S. *Norwich,* released from the blockading force off Georgetown and sent to join the force off Charleston. Marchand spoke to her captain and discovered that she was dangerously short of coal. He therefore dispatched her at once to Port Royal, sending with her the officers and crew of the *Patras.* He then "attempted to cross the bar, but was taken sick, and returned in the gig to the *James Adger.*"[14] Back on board his own ship, Marchand signaled the gunboats inside the bar to make a reconnaissance to determine the location and strength of the armed barges.

While he waited to hear the results of that reconnaissance, two ships appeared out of the South. They were the *Augusta,* returning from Port Royal with a coal barge in tow, and the Steamer *Ellen,* which Du Pont had sent in response to Marchand's plea for more light draft gunboats. But unknown to Marchand, more help was yet to come and from a most unexpected and unwelcome quarter. Even while the *Ellen* steamed into the anchorage off the Stono River, Du Pont was writing the orders for the U.S.S. *Pawnee* to join her. The *Pawnee,* Comdr. Percival Drayton, was an ideal craft for work inside the Stono. Despite her shallow draft, she carried a deceptively strong battery. She had just returned from Fernandina, where Du Pont had been very pleased with her performance. The only difficulty was that Drayton was senior to Marchand and he would therefore become senior officer on the

[14] From the journal entry of 28 May 1862.

river. Du Pont did not see this as a difficulty. He felt that the Charleston blockade deserved a full-time supervisor, and Marchand could hardly be that while he was directing affairs on the Stono River. With Drayton to relieve him, Marchand could once again devote his full attention to supervising the blockade. Du Pont therefore dispatched Drayton to "assume command of the naval forces of the Stono River . . .."[15]

Ignorant of this new development, Marchand had himself taken aboard the *Ellen* soon after her arrival and on that ship passed across the bar into the Stono River. He immediately called a council of all captains on board the *Ottawa*. There he explained his plan for routing the armed barges. Lieutenant Commander Collins was to take his own ship and the *Ellen* up Folly Island Creek from which he could fire on the barges from the east. Marchand would take the other three gunboats up the Stono River and attack them from the west. Since the barges were unmaneuverable, they would be unable to fire at both squadrons and would be destroyed in the crossfire. It was a simple plan, but well thought out. Unfortunately, the morning's reconnaissance and the arrival of the *Ellen* had taken up nearly the whole day and so the attack was postponed until the morrow.

Journal entry: Stono River, Thursday, May 29, 1862.

All on the gunboats were at work at four in the morning and I went on board the *Pembina* and, having in company the *Huron* and *Ottawa* [and] after a little delay occasioned by the fog, passed up the Stono River past the place where the *Unadilla* was fired upon last Sunday, went through the barricade, passed the old fort and Paul Grimball's and anchored at Thomas Grimball's without finding a battery either in Folly Island Creek or in Stono River. The object of our part of the squadron having been accomplished and seeing that Lieutenant Commander Collins with the *Unadilla* and *Ellen* had been ashore [aground] but had gotten off, and I made signal to Collins to proceed in the execution of his orders which he satisfactorily accomplished, for when he returned at night he told me that he went up Folly Island River to the mouth of the creek where he had a full view over the marshes of the place where the floating battery had been

[15] Du Pont to Drayton, Port Royal, 28 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 52.

and nothing of the kind was there now and that he had been informed by some Negroes in the vicinity that the floating battery had been towed away on Monday. Collins sent boats up Folly Island Creek and found where a one-gun battery had been erected upon piles but the gun [was] gone and he burnt the carriage. That he also found where two other batteries were in a state of construction and a gun near each lying in the mud. Also that he had discovered a large army scow on shore suitable for the transportation of an army across the Stono River from the sea to a distance of two miles above Thomas Grimball's plantation thus ensuring again the safe transit of our army across the river where they desired so to do.

He had little time to spend on self-congratulation, however, for the U.S.S. *Pawnee* was soon sighted off the entrance to Stono River. On the *Ottawa*, Marchand waited inside the bar for the *Pawnee* to enter and then went on board to meet Drayton. That officer handed Marchand the following letter from Du Pont:

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, May 18, 1862.[16]

Sir: I have received your several reports, written within the last few days.

I take occasion to commend your zeal and promptitude in taking possession of the Stono River, particularly in reconnoitering the defenses of Cole's Island in a small boat, and drawing the fire of the enemy upon you at great risk to yourself and boat's crew.

I write now to request that, although I am completely at fault as to the intentions of the army, I am desirous to offer every facility in my power toward their operations, and I desire you to hold the *Bienville*, *Augusta*, *Alabama*, and *Keystone State* in readiness to come here and transport the troops to other points if required.

Commander Drayton has just arrived from Fernandina, and as the *Pawnee's* draft admits, with care, of her crossing the Stono bar, I have concluded to send Commander Drayton to that river in pursuance of the information you have

[16] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 28 May 1862. *Ibid.*, 51.

forwarded to me and of Lieutenant Commander Collins' report of the condition of things there.

I congratulate you and the blockading force off Charleston on its recent important captures as an evidence of your and their zeal and vigilance.

Marchand did not record his reaction to the letter except to write that "it was mortifying." He took Drayton on board the *Ottawa* and steaming slowly upriver, he pointed out the geographical features of the Inlet, including the place near the Grimball plantation where the army might land. Soon after the *Ottawa* anchored off Thomas Grimball's, a Confederate steamer was seen further up the river, but . . .

Journal entry of May 29, 1862 continued

Drayton hesitated about going after her as a Contraband from the wharf at Paul Grimball's hailed the *Ottawa* in passing, and reported that torpedoes had been placed in the river above Thomas Grimball's. However, daredevil Bankhead of the *Pembina* obtained permission to pull in the gig about a mile up to where there was a bend in the river to take a look at the whereabouts of the rebel steamer. He said it was much further up than expected and around another bend but induced Drayton to go on half a mile further up in the *Ottawa*. On getting that far, the temptation to fire upon the rebel was irresistible and, our shells just falling short, we were enticed about 2-1/2 miles up and then across the marsh saw the rebel batteries on John's Island just below the junction to the Wappoo Creek with the Stono River. The accidental reconnaissance was perfect and all desirable information being obtained the *Ottawa's* stern anchor was dropped . . ..

However satisfactory the reconnaissance, the arrival of Drayton was a severe blow to Marchand's hopes. He had, as he saw it, opened the river at considerable risk of his own life; he had developed and actively espoused a plan for a joint attack on Charleston from the Grimball plantation on the Stono River. And now, when it appeared that such an attack was in the offing, command was taken away from him and given to Drayton. He was guardedly reproachful in his report to Du Pont. After informing him that "we have the unmolested control of the Stono River," he added,

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, May 28, 1862.[17]

It was, sir, a subject of deep mortification that I found Commander Drayton had come to supercede me in command of the vessels in this river at a time when some credit might be obtained in safely passing the army across in its contemplated attack upon Charleston.

I will immediately rejoin the *James Adger,* to which I am attached.

For his part, Commander Drayton must have felt somewhat embarrassed by Marchand's poorly disguised reluctance to leave Stono Inlet. He, too, wrote Du Pont testifying that "I found that Captain Marchand had arrived here the evening before me with the *Ellen,* and having already ordered almost everything that I intended doing myself." He concurred with Marchand that "we are in as complete possession of the river as of Port Royal," and claimed that the navy could land and protect the army anywhere within range of its guns. A terse last paragraph noted that "Captain Marchand went out this morning to join his vessel."[18]

Du Pont's intelligence of affairs in Stono, however, was based on the panic-stricken report of Lieutenant Commander Collins. While waiting to receive news from Drayton, he wrote Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox that it was fortunate he "got Drayton up in time . . . to go in there. . . ."[19] When he received the reports from Marchand and Drayton, he was pleased by the success, but stung by Marchand's complaint. He took the time to write a lengthy justification that was little short of a reprimand.

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, June 10, 1862.[20]

. . . I regret to find that you express "deep mortification" that Commander Drayton had come to supercede you in command of the vessels at a time when some credit might be obtained in safely passing the army across, etc.

I have considered you as commanding for the moment the largest of the detached divisions of this fleet, as it is the most

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[17] Marchand to Du Pont, Stono Inlet, 28 May 1862. *Ibid.*, 53.

[18] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono Inlet, 30 May 1862. *Ibid.*, 55-56.

[19] Du Pont to Fox, Port Royal, 31 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 91.

[20] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 10 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 57.

important, and is so considered by the Navy Department—the blockading force off Charleston.

I refrained, so long as circumstances enabled me to do so without injustice, from relieving you by either Commanders Prentiss or Goldsborough, your seniors.

Now in reference to Commander Drayton: you wrote to me on the 26th, enclosing a communication from Lieutenant Commander Collins, calling earnestly for "additional gunboats with heavy rifles." You say yourself: "It would be desirable to have more light-draft steamers in the Stono River." The *Pawnee* was the only vessel that could cross the bar with a more formidable armament. Was I to take her commander out before sending her there?

. . . I am not insensible to such a remark as the one I have quoted above from your communication of the 29th ultimo.

Insensible or not, Marchand felt that once again opportunity had slipped through his fingers. While plans to exploit the foothold in Stono Inlet matured, he prepared to return to the blockade of Charleston and resume the tedious routine of shipboard life. He remained one more night in Stono Inlet on board the *Ottawa,* but early the next morning he bade Creighton farewell and set out in his gig to rejoin his own ship. On the way, he stopped to inspect the colony of Contrabands which he had founded and which now numbered "about 400 souls." He noted that "They were a happy set of darkies enjoying themselves in doing nothing."

About 5 in the afternoon, he reached the *James Adger.* Once on board, he learned of the capture of the *General Miramar* by Commander LeRoy in the *Keystone State.*

Journal entry: Stono River and off Charleston, Friday, May 30, 1862.

. . . about daylight yesterday, the *Keystone State* and *James Adger* seeing the *Pawnee* approach our line and supposing it to be an attempt to run the blockade, slipped their anchors and spoke [to] her. The two vessels continued their cruising and seeing the black smoke of a[nother] steamer, gave chase. The *Keystone State*, being the fastest, overtook and seized her but in sight of the *James Adger.* She proved to be the English Steamer *Elizabeth,* formerly [the

General] *Miramar*, from Nassau nominally bound for St. Johns, New Brunswick, ladened with contraband of war. She was sent to New York.

CHAPTER X

"THE BATTLE OF ARMIES"
31 May-19 June 1862

Relieved of command in Stono Inlet, Marchand devoted all his energies to the squadron off Charleston. Despite his disappointment, he went to work with enthusiasm. During the morning hours of 31 May, he wrote numerous official reports, issued directives reorganizing the blockade off the various entrances of Charleston, and received visits from Lt. Comdr. George B. Balch of the *Pocahontas* and Acting Volunteer Lt. Henry S. Eytinge of the *Shepherd Knapp.* In the afternoon the *Keystone State* steamed near with another prize, the *Cora,* of English registry. Commander LeRoy had caught her attempting the entrance into Charleston. Marchand, finally attuned to the Flag Officer's desires, dispatched her with a prize crew to Philadelphia. "I have been very busy all day," he wrote. It was a day typical of dozens to follow: organizing the blockade, dispatching prizes, and receiving visits from commanders in the squadron who more often than not were oppressed by some seemingly insoluble problem.

Despite the nearly continuous demands of managing the blockade, he remained concerned about the small squadron in Stono Inlet, for it was there that his plan was about to be tested.

General Benham had finally convinced Hunter to attempt an assault on Charleston through Stono Inlet. The army's plan was nearly identical to the one originally proposed by Marchand. The First Division, encamped on Edisto Island, was to cross the Edisto River and march overland to the Stono where it could be transported across to Thomas Grimball's plantation on James Island. This division would be augmented by the Second Division which was to be transported by sea directly from Port Royal. The combined forces under Benham would surge across James Island and attack Fort Johnson from the rear.

It was an appealing plan on paper and seemed to offer every chance for spectacular success with a minimum of risk, but it was

marred from the start by the absence of two essential elements.[1] First, there was no unified command for the combined operation. The divisional commander, General Benham, did not feel himself responsible either to Commander Drayton or to Du Pont. As far as he was concerned, the navy existed only to assist the army and he had little patience for Du Pont or his subordinates. Du Pont returned his antagonism. He was scornful of the army and doubted its ability to leave the protection of the gunboats.[2] His attitude was not unlike that of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gustavus Fox who wrote in a letter to Du Pont on 3 June: "I feel my duties are twofold; first, to beat our southern friends; second, to beat the army."[3] Fox had already written to Du Pont expressing a hope that the fall of Charleston should come as the result of a purely naval attack. Though Du Pont was not anxious to attempt a naval attack, he thought it would probably be necessary in the end because the army was so totally incapable of offensive operations. After sending Drayton to relieve Marchand, Du Pont wrote his wife that Drayton "knows the soldiers well; he considers them awful and incurable, and acts accordingly."[4]

If this conspicuous lack of harmony was not enough to damn the expedition, there was a second curious circumstance: the personalities of the four men in charge of the army's movements were so incompatible that there doubtless would have been disharmony even without the antagonism of the navy. It was this factor, the incompatibility of the army commanders, that effectively destroyed any realistic hope for precise timing in the operation.

The commanding officer of the Department of the South, Maj. Gen. David Hunter, was a calm, dignified, and courteous officer, but at 60 years of age he no longer had enthusiasm for ambitious military schemes. He was a soft-spoken man, not given to hasty decisions or precipitous action, who frequently attempted to secure the navy's cooperation by resorting to flattery. His

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[1] See Hazard Stevens, "Military Operations in South Carolina in 1862 Against Charleston, Port Royal Ferry, James Island, Secessionville," *Publications of the Military History Society of Massachusetts,* IX, 1912, 111-158.

[2] "I have not much confidence in the operation." Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 3 June 1862. Du Pont Papers, II, 98.

[3] Fox to Du Pont, Port Royal, 3 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 96.

[4] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 3 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 101.

communications to Du Pont, technically his equal in rank, were so politely worded as to be almost obsequious. Yet, despite this general timidity and deference, his personal abhorrence of slavery had prompted him to issue an unauthorized emancipation proclamation which claimed to free from bondage all "persons in . . . Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina—heretofore held as slaves."[5] Although his action was promptly disavowed by the Lincoln administration, Hunter's well-publicized opposition to slavery endeared him to northern radicals and probably prevented his being replaced by a younger and more vigorous man.

Hunter's second in command was Brig. Gen. Henry W. Benham. Benham was Hunter's opposite: young and impatient. He was rough, even rude, especially to subordinates. His language was coarse and his manner careless.[6] According to one observer, he was "utterly unaccustomed to the command and handling of troops, and swollen with new-found authority."[7] He was eager for action, but seldom planned far enough ahead to be able to predict the results of his action.

In the second echelon of command there were two divisional commanders. The First Division belonged to Brig. Gen. Horatio G. Wright who had accompanied Du Pont on the expeditions to both Port Royal and Fernandina. Du Pont thought well of him. But in June 1862, he was still untested in combat. At Port Royal and again at Fernandina, Du Pont's fleet had forced a surrender before Wright's troops could be landed. In the coming expedition, Wright would prove to be critically overcautious. He was as hesitant as Benham was precipitous. He had little confidence in his own troops and, like Du Pont, he feared that they would prove to be of little value when out of range of the protecting guns of the fleet.

The Second Division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Isaac Stevens, probably the only thoroughly competent officer in the Department. He was conscientious and thoughtful, and even Du Pont called him a fine soldier.[8] He was without Wright's timorous nature, but was equally repulsed by Benham's insufferable strutting.

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[5] *Lincoln Papers,* V, 222. Hunter also armed and uniformed the slaves whom he claimed to have freed and formed the first Negro regiment in the Federal Army.

[6] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 30 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 81.

[7] Stevens, "Military Operations," 137.

[8] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 30 May 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 81.

This unlikely quadrumvirate was charged with the command of some 20,000 Federal troops, a little over half of whom were to take part in the projected attack on Charleston.

In the predawn darkness of 2 June, Benham and 3,000 men of Stevens' division were embarked on the *Bienville, Alabama,* and the *Keystone State* which had been borrowed from Marchand's blockading squadron. At dawn they weighed anchor and steamed out through the north channel on their way to Stono Inlet. Meanwhile, the small gunboats still in the Stono River fired on suspected Confederate strongpoints to ensure a safe landing for the Union Army. Marchand heard the cannonade from the deck of the *James Adger.*

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, June 2, 1862.

This morning [I] could hear the gunboats in the Stono River fire for a long time and was apprehensive that an attack was being made upon them by the enemy. [I] sent the *Flambeau,* which happened to be near off that place, to ascertain if assistance was required and if sudden to go in, [but] if not, to signalize and I would send the *Pocahontas* having a heavier battery and less draft of water. Then watching more closely, I could see the shells from the gunboats burst and knew them to be shelling a camp of three Rebel regiments which I had seen when last in the Stono River [which were] located on James Island and I felt much relieved.

About noon a number of vessels were seen coming from the direction of Port Royal and stopping off and going into Stono River. They were transports and landed our army under General Benham for the purpose of attacking Charleston.

In the afternoon the *Bienville* came from towards Stono having put [about 600 soldiers] into light [draft] steamers to cross the bar having brought them from Port Royal. The *Bienville* had three small Schooners in tow which she had captured on her way from this place to Port Royal some five days ago. The *Bienville* was bound to Philadelphia for repairs . . .. I put on board her for passage to the north the crews of the captured Steamer *Elizabeth* and Schooner *Cora.*

Assistance from the *James Adger* was not needed; the gunboats in Stono Inlet had complete control of the waterways. Despite the successful landing of General Benham's troops, however, the army's plan was already going awry. To begin with, General Wright, with the larger contingent of troops, had refused to attempt a crossing of the Edisto River, the necessary first step in his projected march north to the Stono. He had heard a rumor that the Confederates had reoccupied Stono Inlet and felt that before he submitted his troops to danger, another reconnaissance was in order. "Ought not a reconnaissance of the Stono be made before we move?" he asked. "I think so, most decidedly." He reported "indications of an accession of forces on the part of the Rebels" on Johns Island across which he would have to march. He was convinced that his own troops were no match for these unseen rebels in the woods. "Of course I shall do my best with what I have, but with my very limited means it will be a matter of a long time."[9] Time, however, was critical. Expressing a view Marchand had voiced earlier, Du Pont feared that if Wright did not move soon, the chance of surprise would be lost. For his part, Wright claimed that he could not move until the navy supplied him with a gunboat to ferry his troops across the Edisto.

Du Pont was willing to comply with this request and he ordered the *Planter* to leave Stono Inlet and go to the Edisto to assist Wright. General Benham, meanwhile, found himself on the banks of the Stono River with only 3,000 men instead of the 9,000 he had expected. As if this were not bad enough, he feared that with the departure of the *Planter* he was being stripped of his naval support despite the presence of seven other gunboats on the river.[10] Benham ordered his men to dig in near the river's bank, and he asked Drayton to fire over their heads into the surrounding brush to dislodge any concentrations of rebels that might be gathering there. Though he doubted that it would serve any purpose, Drayton complied with his request and used up much valuable ammunition firing into the woods.

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[9] Wright to Drayton, Edisto, 28 May 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 54-55.

[10] The letter has not been found, but Du Pont mentioned Benham's message in a letter to General Hunter. Du Pont described it as an "attempt . . . to attribute his inability to meet his own arrangements to . . . shortcomings on my part." Apparently Benham blamed Du Pont for not arranging for General Wright's passage across the Edisto beforehand. Du Pont to Hunter, Port Royal, 1 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 67-68.

On board the *James Adger*, Marchand took note of the activity on shore.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, June 3, 1862.

Considerable firing took place from our gunboats in the Stono River and from the bursting of the shells [I] could tell they were trying their ranges on the enemy encampment on James Island. Yesterday there had been more firing than today.

Frustrated by the lack of detailed information on the progress of the operations, Marchand had no choice but to continue to oversee the blockade about Charleston and do battle with the unseasonably bad weather.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, June 4, 1862.

About nine last night a strong wind set in from [the] southeast . . . accompanied by rain squalls. An hour and a half afterwards these squalls became furious and our ship commenced dragging. It was nearly midnight before our anchor was aweigh as 60 fathoms had been veered on the chain. We then stood about one-half mile further out, contending against a most terrific squall, and let go a heavier anchor. The chain of the latter became jumbled on the windlass and before it could be veered the ship had drifted again towards the breakers. The heavy anchor, however, was again gotten to the bows and as daylight was advancing I kept the ship underway. Soon after dawn we anchored and my heart was delighted to see that none of my division of ships had been driven ashore during the night. The only one that put to sea was the *Flambeau* but by sunrise she was at her anchorage again. The gale broke about three this morning but I could not go below [because I was] feeling too much uneasiness about the other vessels therefore I remained on deck all night.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, June 5, 1862.

The *Alabama* came in this morning from a cruise and Captain Lanier came on board bringing with him a piece of

> cake sent to me by Mrs. Lanier from Baltimore. Captain Eytinge of the *Shepherd Knapp* called aboard on business. The *Flambeau* came up from her anchorage and Lieutenant Commander Balch, coming on board, reported the perilous condition his ship was in night before last. He [had] attempted to run out against the heavy green seas breaking over the vessel but . . . his steam power was insufficient. [He reported] that he [had] used five barrels of pork to raise additional steam. He had to cut away the launch towing astern, [and] the sea washed away his dinghy and another old boat. He could make no headway and was fast drifting on Rattlesnake shoal. He rejected the proposition of some of his officers to cut away the masts. He had but one anchor, and to avoid being driven on the Rattlesnake shoal let it go and eased the cable by using the whole power of the engine in the terrific squalls. He further reported that the Donkey engine was almost useless and desired that he might remain at anchor out near the Coal Brig for a couple of days, to repair the Donkey and fill up with coal. In consequence I had to alter the arrangement of the blockading vessels . . ..

The storm that damaged the *Flambeau* also plagued General Wright's two brigades attempting to cross the Edisto. The *Planter* had arrived and the movement had already begun when the storm blew in forcing another postponement. Finally, on 4 June, Wright's army completed its crossing and began the 15-mile march across Johns Island. Wright proceeded cautiously. He had been informed that the rebels were in considerable strength in Johns Island and to prevent their encircling him, he ordered that all bridges en route be burned behind them as they marched. One of the bridges, however, was destroyed with fully half of the army still on the southern side and those men had to wade across in shoulder deep water destroying much of their equipment and ammunition in the process.

All day and all that night the army struggled across Johns Island expecting at any moment to be assaulted by an unseen enemy. At Stono Inlet, General Benham waited with impatience. By the evening of 4 June, even Commander Drayton began to be concerned. "General Wright has not appeared," he wrote, "it

is very mysterious . . .."[11] At dawn on 5 June, there was still no sign of Wright's army, but at 10 o'clock the first elements of his advanced companies appeared on the southern bank of the Stono hallooing for transport across to Thomas Grimball's.

General Wright's troops, unused to marching, were exhausted from their modest journey. Drayton reported to Du Pont that he had never seen "a more used up army." If they had had to go into battle, he wrote, "I should have been fearful of the result."[12] Fatigue, however, was not the sole reason for the useless condition of the troops. The hundred degree heat was oppressive, and a participant remembered that "whiskey was given to the men to enable them to perform the journey; many fell to the rear, apparently exhausted for the sake of whiskey. Consequently, a few were very much overcome by the relief and could not march."[13]

Clearly then, there would be no immediate attack. In fact, Drayton wrote that "nothing seems to have been yet decided on."[14] He was right. For the next 3 days, Wright's weary troops had ample time to recover from their ordeal while the generals attempted to agree upon a course of action. Characteristically, Benham advised an immediate reconnaissance; Wright advised caution. General Hunter, who now joined the combined armies, agreed with the latter. Realizing that the Confederates could not now be surprised, he determined to wait several days to ensure that his forces were thoroughly rested before asking them to assault prepared Confederate defenses.

In the interim thus provided them, the Confederates were not idle. Rebel forces spent the next 3 days strengthening their fortifications. Near the center of James Island, the hard ground harrowed to a width of 125 yards near a small community called Secessionville, and there, Confederate forces had begun to erect a small fort.[15] When Benham's troops had landed on 2 June it had

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[11] The letter has not been found, but Du Pont quotes this passage of it in a letter to his wife. Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 5 June 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 106.

[12] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono River, 6 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 79.

[13] Eldridge, *The Third New Hampshire,* 166. Quoted in Burton, *The Siege of Charleston,* 101.

[14] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono River, 6 June 1862. O.R.N. XIII, 79.

[15] So named because of the antisocial habits of its 18th century founders, not in honor of the secession of 1860-61.

been a mere shell; even by 5 June it was barely defensible. But the Confederates now went to work with redoubled energy and in 3 days it was completed. Though not on the direct route to Fort Johnson, this small fort, which the Confederates named Battery Lamar, protected the rebels' left flank and was near enough to the Union lines to throw artillery shells into the Federal camp.

For the Union Army, the 3 days passed slowly. Du Pont worried over the inactivity. "For two or three days," he wrote, "I have had a vague impression that something could not be going right."[16] While the army rested at the Grimball plantation, the *James Adger* continued to steam slowly about the entrances to Charleston Harbor.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, June 7, 1862.

There was but little firing on the line of the Stono probably because it has been raining nearly all day.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, June 8, 1862.

All night the *James Adger* cruised up and down before Charleston outside of the line of blockading vessels at anchor, and [we] saw nothing 'till daylight when a trading schooner was spoken [to which was] bound from New York to Port Royal.

Just before midnight the flash and report of two guns were seen and heard towards our southernmost vessel of the blockading line and a rocket [was] sent up. We stood in to give assistance if necessary for a short time then recommenced our cruising. This morning I learned that the guns were fired by the *Shepherd Knapp* at what was supposed [to be] a steamer coming out. Either it was the usual Rebel tug boat which comes out nightly in Lawford's Channel to tow in such small schooner, if any, that may evade the blockading vessels by keeping close in shore under the shade of the trees, or else an illusion. At all events, the *Sumter* and *Pocahontas* slipped their cables and found nothing. Sometime after daylight the *James Adger* ran in and anchored.

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[16] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 7 June 1862. *Du Pont Papers*, II, 107.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, June 9, 1862.

A heavy northeast gale was on us last night and continued 'till 4 o'clock this afternoon accompanied nearly all the time by rain. I slept little last night. The waves were running so high and the wind [so] strong that upon going in to the squadron we did not anchor but steamed to the northeast and then drifted back which operation was continued all day, and at night we recommenced our working up and down before Charleston.

The Rebel batteries on James Island have been firing all day at intervals towards our troops or gunboats in the Stono.

As fate would have it, the target of the Confederate cannonade which Marchand heard "all day" on the 9th was General Wright's First Division. This special attention only helped convince Wright that any forward movement by his troops would meet with disastrous defeat. He estimated enemy strength at upwards of 30,000 and claimed that his troops were still tired and dispirited both from their march and from the continuous rebel bombardment. Though actual enemy strength on James Island was but a third of Wright's estimate, he was doubtless correct about the morale of his own troops.[17] Commander Drayton wrote Du Pont that "the spirit that leads to victory is [not] prevalent, but rather a despondent tone is the prevailing one."[18]

General Benham felt that the precarious position of the Union Army could only be salvaged by attacking and destroying the small fort near Secessionville. Tuesday, 10 June 1862, was "one of the most pleasant days" of the year in Stono Inlet. The army was rested, the weather had cleared, and Benham was anxious to launch an attack. Though Wright continued to argue for restraint, Benham finally convinced Hunter that a forward movement had to be attempted. They decided to launch an attack just after dawn the next morning.

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[17] Confederate strength in and around Secessionville was at no time greater than 8,570 and was usually much less. Federal strength totalled 11,618. A rebel deserter told Marchand that the Confederate defenders believed the Federals to have about 13,000 troops, thus both sides thought themselves outnumbered. See O.R.N., XIII, 141; and Stevens, "Military Operations."

[18] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono Inlet, 10 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 88.

All that afternoon, General Wright continued to request additional naval gunfire support. Drayton tried to comply, although he feared that he would soon run out of ammunition. He wrote Du Pont about the projected attack and indicated that he doubted its success. He did not think the troops capable of leaving the protection of the gunboats.[19]

While Benham's army girded itself for the dawn attack, Marchand was occupied tending to the needs of his squadron. With 11 ships in various stages of disrepair, he was kept busy distributing provisions and assigning stations.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, June 10, 1862.

. . . the *James Adger,* after cruising all night, had come in at five in the morning and took a berth in the blockading line next south of the *Roebuck.* . . . Captain Trundy of the *Roebuck* called and I authorized him to get two-months provisions from the *Shepherd Knapp* and since then, thinking of it, have determined that but one-month supply can be obtained else both vessels will require provisions at the same time.

The *Flambeau* came near and Lieutenant Commander Upshur came on board, reporting that he is nearly out of provisions and everything else having been here since the 9th [of] April and I directed him to proceed tomorrow morning to Port Royal for supplies and take the sick of the *Sumter* and the Contrabands from this ship to that place. The U.S. Supply Steamer *Massachusetts,* Lieutenant Commander [George H.] Cooper, arrived returning from the South and gave fresh provisions to all the vessels here and before sundown started homeward. Lieutenant Commander [James M.] Duncan of the *Norwich* called and I promised to supply him with water.

Sent the *Alabama* to cruise to the south and east of south and signalized the *Keystone State* to take the *Alabama's* berth between the *Roebuck* and *Flambeau.*

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[19] "I doubt the ability of the force here to go away from our protection." *Ibid.,* 88-89.

That night at Paul Grimball's plantation, as the Union troops slept by their guns, many of them doubtless thinking about the dawn attack, their sleep was interrupted by a cacophony of unexpected sounds: the popping of musketry and the deeper throated growl of artillery mixed with the eerie high-pitched rebel yell that announced a Confederate night attack. Although the "sudden and furious" attack was easily beaten off (Union forces suffering a loss of only 3 killed and 19 wounded), the fact that the enemy had possessed enough confidence to attack at all convinced General Hunter that his own attack had to be postponed. Commander Drayton even wondered if the strength demonstrated by the enemy did not make *any* future advance by the Union troops inadvisable.[20] He also noted in a letter to Du Pont that he had been required to give four barrels of whiskey to the army and he asked for four more barrels from Port Royal. No doubt the whiskey was for use in tending the wounded but some small amount may have been useful in consoling the dispirited Union troops.

Though Benham viewed the incident as only a temporary setback, Wright had visions of being driven into the sea. He wrote twice to Drayton claiming that "it would be unwise to diminish our present force, either naval or military, by a single man or gun 'till reinforcements arrive."[21] Another 3 days passed while the Union Army licked its wounds and contemplated its predicament. The Confederates, meanwhile, strengthened their fortifications. The besiegers had become the besieged.

On the blockade, Marchand, ignorant of the circumstances and widespread despondency ashore, continued to hold high hopes for future operations in Stono. Meanwhile, he was thoroughly encumbered by the everyday problems of maintaining the blockade. He received orders from Du Pont to dispatch either the *Augusta* or the *Alabama* to Wassaw Sound to replace Commander Goldsborough, who was to go to St. Simon's Sound.[22] Since Commander Parrott was senior to Lanier, Marchand would give him the option.

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[20] *Ibid.*, 89. Actually the Confederate force consisted of only one regiment, the 47th Georgia. See O.R.A., XIV, 35-38, and Stevens, "Military Operations," 140.

[21] Wright to Drayton, Grimball's plantation, 12 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 94, 101.

[22] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 10 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 89.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, June 11, 1862.

Immediately after breakfast we got underway and looked for the *Augusta* but not seeing her sent the *Blunt* in search. Towards evening saw the *Augusta* to the east of Rattlesnake shoal and again went after her. Captain Parrott selected to go to Wassaw and after turning over to the *James Adger* a quantity of stores for the gunboats in the Stono and receiving dispatches for the Flag Officer, left near 10 o'clock at night.

I dined with Captain Lanier on turkey.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, June 12, 1862.

A warm summer day.

The *James Adger* ran near the Coal Brig and commenced coaling at the same time furnishing the *Norwich* with water.

It was not until after sunset that we ceased coaling.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, June 13, 1862.

Another pleasant summer day. At daylight shifted berth close to the Coal Brig and recommenced taking in coal at which the crew were employed until sunset.

At six in the morning a boat came from the *Sumter* with . . . a letter from [Drayton] detailing the helpless condition of the army there. The gunboats then are in reality the only obstacle to prevent their being driven out. I sent for the *Sumter* to anchor near the *James Adger* and put on board a quantity of stores for the gunboats received from the *Augusta* night before last and dispatched her to deliver them on board the buoy tender off Stono Inlet.

Towards ten at night a sail was seen seaward. The *James Adger* slipped her cable and stood in chase.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, June 14, 1862.

It was past midnight when we had overtaken, boarded, and left the vessel chased. She was the Schooner *Home* from Port Royal bound to New York in ballast, having brought coal for the navy. She must be a slow craft as she has been five days coming from Port Royal. This morning at daylight after

picking up the anchor slipped last night we ran close to the Coal Brig and resumed coaling.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, June 15, 1862.

A pleasant day. [This] being the Sabbath day, the crew was mustered and inspected at Quarters.

By previous arrangement, the *Pocahontas* anchored near and Lieutenant Commander Balch came on board. We talked business and he remained on board here from ten in the morning until four in the evening having in the interval dined with me.

Towards three in the afternoon the U.S. Steamer *Flag*, Commander James H. Strong, arrived from Port Royal and reported for the blockade of this place. He is just from Washington and Baltimore but brings no news other than the distressing intelligence of the suicide of [the] late Commander Walsh on board the *Flag* a few days ago, being in the capacity of clerk to the Commander. Soon after the arrival of the *Flag*, the U.S. Steamer *Flambeau*, Lieutenant Commander John H. Upshur, also arrived from Port Royal having towed from there the coal schooner to Stono Inlet for the use of the gunboats inside. Dispatches were brought me by the *Flag* from Commodore Du Pont particularly in relation to the positions of the blockading vessels.[2 3]

In addition to the dispatches from Du Pont, Marchand noted that he "received a box of eggs and some thin shorts from [his wife] Maggie."

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[23] Marchand's arrangement of the blockading fleet on 12 June was as follows (from the journal entry of 12 June):

Since the reduction of the squadron, the following is the present disposition of the vessels:

Bark *Restless*	off Bulls Bay
Pilot B. *Blunt*	off Dewee's Inlet and watching beach Channel
Steamer *Alabama*	off Dewee's Inlet and cruising northerly and easterly
Steamer *Pocahontas*	off Breach Inlet
Steamer *Keystone State*	west of Rattlesnake Shoal
Bark *Roebuck*	in front of Charleston
Steamer *James Adger*	in front of Charleston
Steamer *Norwich*	in front of Charleston
Ship *Shepherd Knapp*	off Main Ship Channel
Steamer *Sumter*	off Lawfords Channel

Inside Stono Inlet, General Hunter had determined that there was little he could accomplish without reinforcement. The surprise Confederate attack had convinced him that General Wright's estimate of the enemy strength must be accurate. He returned to Port Royal leaving Benham in charge with strict orders not to initiate any advance during his absence.[24]

For the next few days, though there were no more rebel attacks, there were "constant alarms" among the Union troops.[25] They became increasingly dispirited as, night and day, the Confederate artillery near Secessionville continued to shell the Federal camp. Faced with a rapidly deteriorating situation, Benham determined that in order to solidify the army's hold on James Island and regain the initiative, the rebel batteries must be silenced. He called a meeting of the divisional commanders on board the transport ship *Delaware* and informed them of his decision. Their current situation, he claimed, was untenable unless they advanced. He dubbed the movement a "reconnaissance in force" and announced that it would take place an hour before dawn on 16 June. His brigadiers were lukewarm, at best, about the idea. Wright asked several pointed questions about the attack. "Have you impaired the strength of the enemy's works at Secessionville by the firing of your battery?" Benham replied that he had not, which was one reason why the enemy's works must be stormed by infantry. "Do you know of any instance where volunteer troops have successfully stormed works as strong as those which defend the approach to Secessionville?" Wright asked.[26] But Benham would not be put off. The brigade commanders resigned themselves to the attempt and left the meeting to begin preparations for the attack, now only a few hours away.

This time there was no preemptive rebel attack and the sleeping Union troops were awakened by their sergeants a few hours before dawn. Out on the river, the men on the gunboats were already awake. On board the *Hale*, Lt. Comdr. James H. Gillis got his ship

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[24] "You will make no attempt to advance on Charleston or to attack Fort Johnson until largely reinforced or until you receive specific instructions from these headquarters to that effect." Hunter to Benham, Stono River, 10 June 1862. O.R.A., XIV, 46.

[25] Wright to Drayton, Grimball's plantation, 12 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 101.

[26] Quoted by Hazard Stevens, "Military Operations," 141.

underway at 3 o'clock and in company with the *Ellen,* under Lt. M.C. Woolsey, proceeded slowly up Lighthouse Creek. These two gunboats were to provide support for the attacking troops, but they had been warned not to approach too close until the battle was fairly joined, so that the enemy would not be alarmed. They came to anchor by a large clump of trees only a short way up the creek and waited in a silence broken only by the gentle slapping of the water against the hull.[27]

Back at the Grimball plantation, the army was preparing to move out. General Benham originally had ordered a 3 o'clock attack, but at Stevens' urging had agreed to postpone it until four or "a quarter past four at furthest."[28] At a little past four, therefore, General Stevens' brigade left the trenches and began its short march to the enemy camp. At 4:30 the men on board the *Hale,* heard the sound of "heavy artillery and infantry firing." They raised their anchor and steamed further upstream, but in the darkness it was impossible to tell where their guns might safely be pointed. The firing was so general that Gillis and Woolsey decided to wait until the shape of the struggle became clearer.[29]

Meanwhile, General Stevens' brigade had reached the Confederate lines. The Irish 79th New York Regiment, an outfit Du Pont described as lawless, but very plucky, swarmed over the entrenchments. Inside the fort, the Confederates had been slow to respond, but they now directed a steady barrage of rifle and artillery fire on the attackers. Supported by elements of the 8th Michigan Regiment, the Irishmen tried to fight back, but they had been ordered that morning not to load their guns because of the importance of surprise and they now had to attempt to load under fire. Wright's division, which was to have come to their support, was nowhere in sight. Unsupported, the men of the 79th began to fall back, slowly at first, then faster as the Confederate artillery sent round after round of grape and shrapnel after them.[30]

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[27] See Gillis' official report. O.R.N., XIII, 107-108.

[28] Benham later tried to excuse himself by claiming that the failure of the attack was due to this postponement. See Benham to Drayton, Grimball's plantation, 17 June 1862. *Ibid.,* 105.

[29] See Gillis' report. *Op.cit.*

[30] For more detailed descriptions of the battle see: Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 19 June 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 123-124; Stevens, "Military Operations"; R. DeT. Lawrence, "The Battle of Secessionville"; and Burton, *The Siege of Charleston.* The army reports are in O.R.A., XIV, 41-106, 979-1015.

When the Federal repulse became apparent, Lieutenant Woolsey on board the *Ellen* decided that the time had come for the gunboats to open fire. They did so and sent several dozen high explosive shells into the conflict. But visibility was still poor and the communications from the army were vague and contradictory, and more than one shell landed among the retreating Union troops.

With the exception of the hapless 79th New York and the 8th Michigan, the whole affair was characterized by a lack of enthusiasm by the army. Benham's chief of staff, Capt. Alfred B. Ely, later said "there was no vigor, no dash, and as little with the generals as with the men." The exception to this last was General Stevens, who "wept at the defeat and loss of his men . . .." Stevens later claimed that his men would have carried the works if they had been supported by Wright. For his part, Wright claimed that his men *did* come up during the battle, but Stevens' men had already begun to fall back, and Benham, who was with Wright, issued a general order to retreat. The whole army returned to its camp hastened in its flight by the Confederate artillery. In the brief attack nearly 700 men had fallen.[31]

Hearing of the defeat the next day, Du Pont correctly predicted that "there will be all sorts of crimination and recrimination . . .."[32] But he agreed with popular feeling that the blame was to lay squarely upon General Benham. Benham had already earned for himself the animosity of nearly every officer in both the army and the navy by his imperious attitude, and it could not be denied that he had disobeyed Hunter's order not to advance. Du Pont noted that "Hunter is indignant, has recalled Benham to this place [Port Royal], and I trust will send him home." It was an ignominious end to a grandiose scheme.

On board the *James Adger*, Marchand had heard the sounds of battle, but was helpless to offer support during the battle or even to discover the result of the fighting afterward.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, June 16, 1862.

At daylight a very brisk and long continuous cannonade was kept up on the line of the Stono, an account of which I

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[31] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 20 June 1862. *Du Pont Papers*, II, 125-126. Union losses totaled 685, nearly all from Stevens' brigade.

[32] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 19 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 124.

am anxious to hear. Yesterday in the early part of the day the same thing took place there and all day long shots were occasionally passing. Today the battle of armies has ceased before the violence of the gale.

Though anxious to hear about the battle, Marchand was fully occupied contending with the storm. The gale was stronger than any he had experienced in the South Atlantic. The heavy wind "produced great seas giving violent motion to the blockading vessels." The storm increased through the day and into the night. After midnight the storm moderated and the wind shifted around from the northeast to east. But it remained "comfortless on deck and unpleasant below on account of the dampness and motion of the ship."[33]

The next morning, Marchand "was gratified to see that all the vessels were safe . . . after the heavy blow . . .." But the day after, he learned that not all the ships had survived unscathed.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, June 18, 1862.

The *Keystone State* anchored for a couple of hours near and Captain LeRoy having Captain Trundy of the *Roebuck* as passenger both called. The latter to report that in the gale of day before yesterday his windlass on one side was broken entirely through. He is trying to make such repairs that will enable them to use one side of the windlass. I sent his report of the affair, or rather made out a report on his report, to be sent to the Flag Officer. The *Flambeau* also anchored near and Upshur brought on board papers for a survey on the main driving wheel of his vessel. I ordered an examination by three Acting Assistant Engineers who as expected made a terrific report. [I] informed Upshur that the *Flambeau* could not leave 'till hearing from the Flag Officer. It was evident to my mind that there is a strong disposition on board there to go to the north hence the defect is much magnified. The complaints of the day did not end with the two steamers for the *G.W. Blunt* also came and her commander, Beers, reported that in the gale of the 16th the eyebolts were broken to which the gammoning of the bowsprit is secured

[33] From the journal entry of 16 June.

causing the latter to rise considerably. He wanted to go to Port Royal also but I told him that possibly the *Alabama* or *Pocahontas* might aid him in having the bolt removed. Nor did the complaints terminate there for the *Pocahontas* came and Balch hinted that he did not like being up off Cape Romain as the weather had been so bad. Supposing that he thought it a whim in sending him there I showed the Flag Officer's instructions to send a steamer up there.[34]

The *Norwich* came up by signal and Captain Duncan's smiling face was on board for an hour when I gave him his letters of instruction. Towards evening the gunboat *Seneca* also anchored near and [Commander Daniel] Ammen came on board for an hour on business. Thus I have been busy all day, writing reports or talking to the visitors.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, June 19, 1862.

At 2-1/2 o'clock this morning I was roused by report that a Schooner was attempting to run the blockade. [We] slipped our cable, went to quarters, and fired a shot which brought her to so close under our bow that we had to back to avoid collision. It was the U.S. dispatch boat *Hope* from Port Royal with dispatches to me from the Flag Officer . . ..

Du Pont was satisfied that the army had proven its incompetence by the disastrous attack on the rebel camp at Secessionville, and he was ready to write off the whole expedition as a failure. In the dispatches brought up by the *Hope* from Port Royal, he commended Drayton on his conduct throughout the expedition, but claimed that the requirements of the blockade dictated that some of his steamers be withdrawn to bolster the meager blockading force at Georgetown. Drayton agreed that future progress by the army was unlikely. "Without a large force," he wrote, "all advance is hopeless . . .."[35]

Drayton also reported that a "good deal of recrimination" was going on among the army officers at Grimball's plantation. Some of them, he noted, even laid blame for the defeat on the navy. But the most popular scapegoat was General Benham. "I have never

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[34] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 14 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 101.

[35] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono, 23 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 133-134.

met anyone who appears more disliked by everyone than he seems to be." Benham was now paying for his earlier cavalier attitude. "His great previous unpopularity does deprive him of that support which a man gets . . . from personal friends in times of misfortune."[36]

Benham, recalled to Port Royal, tried to excuse himself by claiming that he had ordered a reconnaissance in force, not a general advance, a reconnaissance made necessary by the threatening position of the rebel batteries which were shelling the Federal camp daily. But Hunter was not to be mollified. He placed Benham under immediate arrest and put General Wright in command of the army.[37] Like Du Pont, Hunter was convinced that no progress could be achieved at Stono Inlet without large numbers of reinforcements.

The military situation on James Island lapsed into stalemate. Temporarily, at least, the back door to Charleston was shut; the only alternative now was to watch the front door even more carefully.

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[36] *Ibid.*

[37] Benham was sent to New York and was reduced to his substantive rank as major of engineers. Six months later he appealed the decision to President Lincoln and was reinstated as a brigadier general though he was never again trusted with an important command. Hunter himself received little credit as a result of the expedition. He had authorized the army's movement to James Island without orders, and as Departmental Commander, he had to bear the ultimate responsibility for the repulse. The defeat at Secessionville, combined with Hunter's previous antislavery proclamations, was enough to discredit him. He was relieved by Brig. Gen. John M. Brannan on 13 September 1862. See O.R.A., XIV, 979-1015. Wright continued to advance in rank, finally becoming a corps commander in the Army of the Potomac. He retained his old habits, however. In the Wilderness (5 May 1864) and again at Spotsylvania Court House (12 May), his tardiness was critical in the failure of the Union forces to carry the rebel line.

CHAPTER XI

"UNREMITTING VIGILANCE"
20 June-8 July 1862

On 20 June, Marchand received "a most doleful account" of the battle on James Island from Commander Drayton. He was surprised to learn that the army was in a "helpless condition, the lives of them all depending on the gunboats."[1] But he had little time to devote to mournful rumination, for the responsibilities of supervising the blockade seemed to multiply each day. The squadron off Charleston now numbered 13 vessels, having been reinforced recently by the arrival of the *Flag*, Comdr. James H. Strong, and the *Seneca*, Lt. Comdr. Daniel Ammen. Marchand had to reorganize the squadron to fit the new arrivals into the pattern of blockade. Since he had no official clerk, he spent a great deal of time writing his orders by hand. Often the mere copying of letters kept him up until the small hours of the morning.

Marchand knew that the blockade of Charleston was deemed very important in high government circles. Secretary Welles had already warned Du Pont on 7 June to exercise "unremitting vigilance in the blockade" before Charleston.[2] Du Pont had passed the warning along to Marchand on 14 June together with a long list of vessels suspected of participation in the growing illicit trade between Europe and the Confederacy. A network of minor diplomatic officials in Europe, aided by self-appointed spies like Captains Eastman and deRohan and Mr. Train (see chapter III), kept careful track of potential blockade runners in European ports. These ships, however, seldom sailed directly to a Confederate port. More frequently, "legitimate" English merchantmen sailed to Nassau in the Bahamas. There, their cargoes were transferred to smaller and swifter blockade runners, some of

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[1] From the journal entry of 20 June. Drayton's letter has not been found.

[2] Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 7 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 81, and Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 14 June 1862. *Ibid.*, 101.

pretended English registry, some admittedly Confederate. These small, fast steamers then waited for a dark night to run for a Confederate port. They knew, and Marchand knew, that the best time for running the blockade at Charleston was during the dark of the moon and, if possible, when rough weather kept the blockading fleet a little farther out than usual from the harbor entrances. Though the weather had ceased to be an immediate source of anxiety, the moon was entering its darkest phase and Marchand kept himself and his ships on constant alert at night lest something escape their notice. During this period, he frequently stayed on deck all night, refusing to sleep lest an illicit ship get through the net he had so carefully spread before the entrances to Charleston.

But on this 20th day of June, Marchand had more to worry about than the familiar threat of blockade runners. For several weeks, the occasional presence of foreign ships of war among the blockading squadron had caused him much mental anguish. Even now, a few hundred yards away, the French warship *Renaudin* lay anchored, her mere presence causing Marchand more than a little anxiety. A month previous, during Marchand's absence, Commander Parrott had allowed H.M.S. *Racer* to penetrate the blockade and communicate with the British consular agent in Charleston. Though Parrott's action was in harmony with Navy Department policy,[3] the particular state of affairs in Charleston made that policy a subject of intensive reexamination. The argument centered on the status of the British consul, Robert Bunch. Bunch's sympathy for the Confederate cause was notorious. So blatant was he in expressing his opinions that Secretary of State Seward had revoked his exequatur and had asked for his recall. But Lord John Russell, the British Foreign Minister, had refused, and Bunch remained in Charleston continuing to act as British consul, a source of constant embarrassment to the United States. By allowing a British man-of-war to communicate with this man, it could be charged that Parrott had lent credence to Bunch's position. In addition there were some who felt that Bunch was acting as a source of information for potential blockade runners. In his dealings with

[3] In his orders to Flag Officer Silas Stringham (1 May 1861), Secretary Welles had written: "only public armed vessels of foreign powers should be permitted to enter the ports which are placed in a state of blockade." Soley, *The Blockade and the Cruisers*, 83.

British warships, therefore, Marchand had to be careful to impress them with the efficiency of the blockade, to show no obvious discourtesy to the representatives of a neutral power, but also to prevent any ship from taking undue advantage of its neutral status to violate the blockade. After the criticism which followed the visit of H.M.S. *Racer* to Charleston, Marchand intended to be doubly cautious the next time a foreign man-of-war approached the harbor.

An opportunity to exercise his caution had presented itself during the height of the operations in Stono Inlet:

> *Journal entry: Off Charleston, Sunday, June 8, 1862.*
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> Toward dusk the *Augusta* was seen standing towards the blockading vessels off Charleston in company with a vessel under sail. It was thought to be a prize and the *Augusta* followed [her] to our anchorage. Captain Parrott came on board and reported that the vessel that had accompanied him was H.B.M. Steamer of War *Rinaldo*, Captain Hewitt, bound to Charleston to communicate with the British Consul.[4] Parrott volunteered to go on board her tonight and tell the captain that there was no objection to his so doing.

Marchand allowed Parrott to do so, but the next day he issued a pointed warning that he would not tolerate any attempt by the rebels to use the presence of the *Rinaldo* as a subterfuge which would allow other vessels to run the blockade.

> *Journal entry: Off Charleston, Monday, June 9, 1862.*
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> The *Rinaldo* remained at anchor all day near the Rattlesnake shoal. About 6 p.m. she hoisted a large English Ensign at the fore [and] I fired two guns [as] a signal for the English Consul to come out. Parrott in the *Augusta* ran near the *Rinaldo* and went on board. I steamed up near to the *Augusta* and directed her executive officer to send word to Captain Parrott to tell Captain Hewitt that should a flag of truce come out of Charleston at night in obedience to his signal I could give no assurance that it would not be fired upon.

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[4] Comdr. William N.W. Hewitt, RN. Steam sloop *Rinaldo*, 17 guns, 951 tons.

No boat appeared. The Confederates apparently were unwilling to risk running out among the Union fleet even under a flag of truce. That night, therefore, a lieutenant from the British ship called aboard the *Alabama,* being closest to them in the anchorage, and told Commander Lanier that "they wished to send a boat into Charleston." Their reasons appeared legitimate enough to overcome his ready objections.

Journal entry of June 9, 1862 continued

[They desired] to land a Reverend Mr. Malet, brother to Sir Alexander Malet who had a passport from Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, to travel in any part of the U.S. which [passport] was shown [to] Lanier together with a letter of instructions from Lord Lyons to Captain Hewitt to land Mr. Malet in Charleston to communicate to his sister the intelligence of the death of her father. This was also shown to Lanier [as well as] a letter from Mr. Adams, our minister in London, recommending such a course to our government.

Marchand could not reject such impressive credentials. He agreed that a boat could be sent into Charleston the next morning.

Journal entry: Off Charleston, Tuesday, June 10, 1862.

The boat sent from the *Rinaldo* to Charleston returned to that ship after eight in the morning and soon after a small tugboat came out of the harbor having the English Union Jack flying also a flag of truce in which boat was the British Consul who went to the *Rinaldo* and, remaining an hour, returned to Charleston. On his departure a consular salute was fired by the *Rinaldo* and that ship got underway under sail. When passing us Captain Hewitt called to see me and gave the information that he was bound to Savannah and New Orleans and that the Charleston *Mercury* of this morning had stated that "Stonewall" Jackson had united . . . [his] Rebel armies and defeated General [John Charles] Fremont in the Valley of the Shenandoah but continued [his] retreat; also that the same paper mentioned that General [John] Pope had captured 10,000 soldiers of Beauregard's army about Corinth.[5]

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[5] See Marchand's official report, O.R.N., XIII, 85-6, and the Charleston *Mercury,* 10 June 1862. In the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic, a slowly retreating Stonewall

To his mind, Marchand had acted cautiously, allowing only what seemed to be minimum courtesy to the *Rinaldo.* Even so, not everyone approved of his course of action. Though there was no official reprimand, an anonymous Union sympathizer in Charleston wrote the New York *Herald* that Marchand's decision to allow Bunch to communicate with the *Rinaldo* had been irresponsible. The informant noted that after visiting the *Rinaldo,* Mr. Bunch was "immediately conveyed to General [Roswell S.] Ripley's office where he is closeted for an hour at a time with the general . . . or others of the Rebel leaders." The purpose of their conversations was clear: "what is the nature of their business if it is not to convey to them intelligence of the blockading fleet?"[6]

Marchand determined to be even stricter the next time. He did not have to wait long.

Journal entry: Off Charleston, Thursday, June 19, 1862.

A steamer was seen approaching from the north and east burning soft coal, escorted part of the way by the *Alabama.* I fancied it an English man-of-war but upon her anchoring off the Rattlesnake Shoal and being boarded by the *Keystone State* and visited by the *Flag* whose guard it is today, she proved to be the French man-of-war Steamer *Renaudin* five days from New York bound to Charleston with dispatches to the French Consul.

Here was a new wrinkle. Unlike Bunch, the French consul, Baron Durant de Saint-Andre, was still the recognized agent of his government in Charleston. And while the *Renaudin* was officially designated a "man-of-war," it was in reality nothing more than a dispatch vessel. It seemed unlikely to Marchand that the *Renaudin* intended to act as a guideship or a spyship for blockade runners. In his 6 months on the blockade, he had not yet seen or even heard of a blockade runner claiming French registry. The *Renaudin's* captain was Lt. Jean Augustin Marie LeCardinal, who told Commander LeRoy in the most polite terms that his

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Jackson threw himself upon Gen. John C. Fremont's incautious and divided corps. Though the Union armies were badly mauled, the purpose of Jackson's valley campaign was not to annihilate the Union army there, but only to prevent their joining McClellan's forces near Richmond. He therefore continued to retreat south down the valley drawing Fremont's bewildered army after him. Pope's "victory" was rather exaggerated. His troops fought a brief skirmish with elements of Beauregard's army near Corinth, but captured only a few Confederates. See O.R.A., X, 744, 762.

[6]O.R.N. XIII, 139-140.

assignment was merely to deliver official dispatches to the consul and then to go to Fort Royal to pay an official call on Flag Officer Du Pont. Marchand decided to permit the delivery, and 2 days later the *Renaudin* left for Port Royal. This time there were no unpleasant consequences.[7]

From dealing with neutrals, Marchand turned to dealing with blockade runners, a more familiar and less perplexing activity.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, June 20, 1862.

For a wonder we have a pleasant day. In the morning the *Alabama* came in with the Prize Schooner *Cataline* of Charleston which she captured at daylight some 10 or 12 miles outside of Fort Sumter in presence of the *Keystone State*. It was a very small schooner carrying only 33 bales of cotton which had, during the storm of the past night, run out of Charleston. As she was being boarded her paper (and possibly her flag) was seen to be thrown overboard. Her Captain would answer no questions, not even would [he] tell the name of the schooner, which had to be found out on her stern and which had been painted a lead color, the schooner herself was painted white. She was sent to Philadelphia for adjudication.

At the same time the *Keystone State* came in with another prize, the English schooner *Sarah* of and for Nassau. She came out of Charleston towards 11 o'clock last night in the rain and storm [and] passed close to the *Keystone State* [which was] at anchor [and] who fired some guns at her, then she passed quite near to the *Roebuck* who also fired at her. By this time the *Keystone State* had slipped her chain, stood after and captured her some 10 miles from Fort Sumter about 2-1/2 o'clock this morning. Her cargo is 156 bales of cotton. At the time of the capture her captain and supercargo were found beastly drunk in the cabin. She also was sent to Philadelphia for adjudication.[8]

Organizing the blockade, dealing with neutral warships, and dispatching prizes were the increasingly familiar daily activities of

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[7] Du Pont himself entertained LeCardinal on board the *Wabash* on 24 June. See the *Du Pont Papers*, II, 135n.

[8] See Marchand's official report, O.R.N., XIII, 120-121.

managing the growing squadron off Charleston. Supply was another. The 13 ships of Marchand's squadron were dependent on consumables such as coal, food, and drinking water and were constantly running out of one or all three. Rather than dispatch them to Port Royal, Marchand asked Du Pont to send a coal ship, the *Sea Lion*, to Charleston. For food and water, ships of the squadron often supplied each other when one became critically low. Occasionally, however, Marchand was caught unawares by unlooked-for shortages. That night, for example, Marchand "was utterly astounded" when Commander Lanier told him that he had "less than 80 tons of coal on board and that his consumption was 16 tons daily." He assigned Lanier a safe berth for the night where he could drop his anchor and conserve fuel.

That night, with all his ships finally in place, Marchand sat in his cabin until past midnight writing orders for the next day's assignments. He then fell into bed and slept soundly until dawn. Gratefully, the *Alabama* had no need to use her engines during the calm night, and she completed coaling from the *Sea Lion* the next morning. The 20th of June had been a busy day for Marchand, but no more so than many another day to follow. In fact, it would soon become a rarity for him to be able to sleep from midnight to dawn though even those 4 or 5 hours were scarce enough.

Supervising the blockade before Charleston was unquestionably a full-time job. Even so, Marchand was desirous of achieving more than a passive blockade, however successful. Despite the army's repulse at Secessionville, he still hoped that Charleston could be wrested from the Confederacy. To provide the army commanders in Stono Inlet with up-to-date information or perhaps even to discover that vital weak link in the city's defenses, Marchand wanted to conduct a close range reconnaissance of the harbor.

He had been told by deserters from Fort Moultrie that many of the formidable looking batteries around Charleston Harbor were incomplete, particularly those on Sullivan's Island and near Breach Inlet. These deserters also said that the women and children had all left Charleston, the money had been taken from the banks and sent to Columbia, and the officers had all sent their families into the interior.[9]

On the basis of their testimony, Marchand approved a

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[9] From the journal entry of 8 June. See Marchand's report to Du Pont. *Ibid.*, 82-83.

reconnaissance by Lieutenant Commander Ammen in the *Seneca* to determine the strength of the batteries.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, June 21, 1862.

Soon after noon, the *Seneca,* Lieutenant Commander Ammen, succeeded in passing through Pumpkin Hill Channel into the Main Ship Channel, and ran up until about two miles from Fort Sumter then turned and stood back. After running back a few hundred yards, a gun from the Fort was discharged at the *Seneca,* the range of the shot being just where she turned. During the time she was in the Main Ship Channel, she fired 13 eleven-inch shells and half as many more Parrott ones into the encampment of the enemy on Morris Island and one of the latter projectiles into Cumming's Point battery. There were nearly 100 tents in the encampment a mile or less above the site of the Lighthouse and the soldiers incontinently fled as the shells burst amongst the tents. One object of the reconnaissance was to ascertain the existence of batteries on Morris Island. One only was found and that at Cumming's Point and an important discovery was made that the guns of that battery could not directly command the Main Ship Channel as far as the *Seneca* went on account of the sand hills, but possibly might annoy [passing ships] by shot thrown at an elevation.

The projectile thrown by the gun at Fort Sumter was a solid shot and had a long range. Only one encampment was seen, but [there were] a few straggling tents more to the south, probably for pickets. No guns were seen mounted on Lighthouse Inlet battery. A floating battery was seen across Morris Island but nobody near.[10]

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, June 22, 1862.

A very warm day. About noon a breeze set in from the east. Made an inspection of the crew in quarters in the forenoon. Until eight in the morning being on guard duty, the *James Adger* was gotten underway before daylight in the morning and ran off seaward five or eight miles but was

[10] See Marchand's report to Du Pont on Ammen's reconnaissance. *Ibid.,* 131-2.

unsuccessful in seeing any vessel that had attempted the breaking of the blockade during the night. After eight in the morning [I] signalized the *Alabama* to take the guard duty.

Early this morning the *Seneca* seemingly ran into Maffitt's channel to make a reconnaissance of Sullivan's Island—no guns were fired and she came out and anchored half a mile from us, sending a boat to the *James Adger* with official papers and a message that Ammen would call tomorrow and report the events of this morning. The *Flambeau* came from off Cape Romain [and] reported that she is nearly out of coal. I will be compelled to withdraw her from that station until another coal vessel reaches from Port Royal and have directed her to take a station in front of Charleston.

[I] signalized [to] the *Sumter* and on her approaching, Lieutenant Commander [Thomas] Pattison came on board who I sent to place dispatches for the Flag Officer on Board the *Buoy* schooner off Stono Inlet and see if Commander Drayton from the Stono River wanted anything.

From sunset until 11 at night, Marchand was "employed together with two clerks in preparing papers for dissemination amongst this . . . squadron." He fell into bed at midnight but at 3 o'clock was awakened by the sound of gunfire.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, June 23, 1862.

About three in the morning the discharge of a couple of guns were heard [and] supposed to be on shore. I was called, went on deck and in a short time saw a steamer seaward of us and the *Keystone State* going out. Some black smoke came from the outside steamer, and knowing it to be an attempt to break the blockade, the *James Adger's* chain was slipped and we also stood out. The stranger then started off towards the southeast, our two vessels following in chase. In a short time the *Alabama* also started but in an hour returned to her anchorage. Then we saw the *Flag* off Dewee's Inlet also join the chase. I in the *James Adger* followed for 40 miles and finding that we had not speed to keep up with the stranger or the *Keystone State,* returned off Charleston and anchored a little after noon. About 3 p.m. the *Flag* also returned for the same reason after going about 60 miles in pursuit. Thus the

Keystone State also kept in pursuit and when last seen was holding her own, possibly gaining on the chase.

The *Keystone State* was the fastest ship in the blockading squadron, and Commander LeRoy was determined to chase down the blockade runner. In a few hours, the sun rose and the chase was identified as the *Nashville*! Her name had been changed to the *Thomas L. Wragg,* but there was no doubt about her identity. Here was a test for LeRoy's ship. The coal heavers worked furiously; LeRoy dumped his drinking water and several lengths of anchor chain over the side to lighten his ship and the *Keystone State* slowly began to gain on her quarry. But on board the *Nashville* the crew was fleeing capture and possible imprisonment. The sailors tossed their entire cargo, estimated at $1 million, overboard. They tore apart the deck cabins and burned the wood in the boilers to raise more steam. Slowly the *Nashville* began to pull away again. The chase lasted all day and into the night. For more than 300 miles they plowed toward the southeast at full speed. But finally in the falling darkness, the *Nashville* slipped into a rain squall and was lost to sight. She reached Abaco in the Bahamas the next morning where an exhausted but thankful crew related tales of the speed of the *Keystone State* to other would-be blockade runners. LeRoy, much disappointed, began his long cruise back to Charleston.[11]

Marchand, meanwhile, had returned to the blockade to discover to his great embarrassment that the blockade had been violated in his absence.

Journal entry of June 23, 1862 continued

Upon returning from the chase at noon I saw a large screw steamer painted lead color . . . near the Moultrie House close to [the] Beauregard Battery . . . and under the guns of Forts Sumter and Moultrie and the Battery on Cumming's Point. The steamer [was] showing English colors and two tugboats [were] engaged trying to haul her off. I signalized for, and Lieutenant Commander Ammen of the *Seneca* came on board.

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[11] See LeRoy's official report. *Ibid.*, 136-7. Also Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Charleston, 10 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 161.

From him I learned that at 2-1/2 o'clock this morning he was sent for by an acting masters mate who was officer of the deck and [who] informed him that a steamer had passed from the east by then and was then bearing southwest and that it was one of the blockading vessels but showed no lights. When Ammen looked, the stranger was off the Swash Channel and hauled up suddenly to the north for Maffitt's Channel. He knew it to be a vessel breaking the blockade [and] went to quarters, but it was too late; the stranger had entered the latter channel and was beyond reach of his guns in the intricacy of the passage. Immediately afterward another large steamer was seen following both having come close along the southern edge of the Rattlesnake Shoal at which he fired a couple of guns when the latter steamer trimmed and stood seaward again. This latter steamer was the one that the *Keystone State, James Adger* and *Flag* pursued at the break of day this morning.

The ship aground under the guns of Fort Moultrie was the *Memphis*, a notorious blockade runner, and Marchand was mortified that it had succeeded in passing the blockade. Though the Navy Department had not expected Charleston to fall as a result of the army's movement across James Island, it did expect that the blockade would remain inviolate. The escape of the *Memphis* was an embarrassment for all concerned, a professional embarrassment to the navy, a diplomatic embarrassment to the government, and a personal embarrassment to Marchand. Du Pont too was "greatly distressed"[12] though he defended Marchand in a letter to Secretary Welles:

Letter: Du Pont to Welles, June 27, 1862.[13]

It is unnecessary for me to state to the Department how much I regret this occurrence, but having myself visited the Charleston station, and given personal attention to the proper placing of the blockading vessels, I am satisfied that no improvement can be made in this respect, and in justice to the officers off there, I do not hesitate to say that greater vigilance could not be exercised.

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[12] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 30 June 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 141.

[13] Du Pont to Welles, Port Royal, 27 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 134-5.

I have already informed the Department that an arc of 13 miles has to be covered, and although it might be supposed that eight steamers and four sailing vessels would cover this, nautical men know that a ship may pass within two cable's lengths on an ordinary dark night without being seen.

That night, Marchand remained on deck all night determined that the *Memphis* would be the last ship ever to run the blockade into Charleston.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, June 24, 1862.

It was a sleepless night with me, having kept watch all the time 'till daylight, when Lieutenant Foster took the *James Adger* five or six miles out to see if any vessels were in the offing that would or had been attempting to violate the blockade. In a couple of hours she was anchored again, but further out than ordinary, to practice at target, but circumstances prevented its being done.

A fresh south-southwest wind sprung up rendering communication between the ships unpleasant, still the *Pocahontas* sent a boat and obtained from us a load of firewood and Ammen called aboard on business.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, June 25, 1862.

There was a fresh south-southwest wind all the past night. Today it has been almost calm. I was up, and nearly all the time during the past night with spyglass in hand, watching for vessels attempting to run the blockade. It was broad daylight at four when I went to bed. [I] slept 'till nearly nine and had a little touch of headache during the forenoon, but having so much to do, I forgot the pain.

Ammen came on board and I gave him permission to run north of the Rattlesnake Shoal to examine the sunken wrecks that in the event of him giving chase in that direction he might know how to avoid danger of them.

[In the afternoon,] a steamer was seen in the offing over which was a dense cloud of black smoke. Soon the *Flag* was seen near the stranger, [and] I signalized the *Flambeau* to go in chase. Soon all the vessels came in. The stranger was

H.B.M. Steam Sloop of War *Racer*. Her commander, Captain Lyons, called on me. He reported [that he was] just from Annapolis, bound here, and wished to communicate with the English Consul. He said he was going to remain about this part of the coast whilst Charleston was about being attacked but as there was no probability of that being close until the attack in Richmond was made, he would in a few days go to Port Royal.

Marchand assigned the *Racer* a position south of Swash Channel for the night and vowed to watch her carefully. He asked Lieutenant Commander Upshur of the *Flambeau* to anchor near the British ship and ensure that nothing untoward took place. But the *Racer* remained quietly at anchor apparently quite satisfied to do so. Marchand himself was once again up all night.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, June 26, 1862.

As usual during the dark night I did not lie down to sleep until after daylight and indeed 'till nearly sunrise when we shifted our berth further out to keep away from the Englishman. I was aware that a steam tug would come out with Mr. Bunch, the Consul, and did not wish the spies in her to be near to see the armament of our vessels, knowing that some would be around the *James Adger* during the day. As I anticipated, a tug came to the *Racer* having the English Jack and a flag of truce flying.

Not long after nine in the morning the U.S. Supply Steamer *Massachusetts,* Lieutenant Commander Cooper, arrived from Philadelphia.

The *Massachusetts* was one of several vessels acting as a supply ship for the blockade squadrons. Periodically she would bring fresh fruits and vegetables, nearly fresh meat, and most cherished of all—mail! The arrival of these supply ships among the blockading squadrons was usually the highlight of the week.

Journal entry of June 26, 1862 continued

Fresh provisions and vegetables were procured for the crew and officers and I purchased some stores from the Sutler on board as my provisions are fully well exhausted. Mr. Fox, 3rd

Assistant Engineer, who was sent home in the captured steamer *Elizabeth* [also] came in the *Massachusetts* and rejoined this ship. About two in the afternoon the supply steamer left for Stono and Port Royal. The only officers who visited the ship today were Balch of the *Pocahontas* and a master from the *Seneca*, the latter with a message from Ammen.

After sunset shifted berth much closer in and not far from the *Racer*.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, June 27, 1862.

Very little wind and a smooth sea today. It was not until nearly sunrise that I lay down to sleep being as usual on deck and below alternately the whole of these moonless nights. At the dawn of day stood seaward to take a look around for anything suspicious; finding nothing [we] returned and anchored.

Captain Lyons of the *Racer* came to see me to give the information that he would take his ship into Charleston Harbor in a few days. He informed me that the steamer which succeeded in running into Charleston in the morning of the 23rd inst. was the *Memphis* and [it was] the only vessel that has succeeded in getting into [Charleston].

The *Flambeau* went upon the fishing ground and caught about 1200 fish. Captain Upshur sent a number to all the officers on board this ship.

In the afternoon [we] ran beyond our outer line of blockading vessels, anchored, sent out a target made of two barrels and a flag at a distance of 1150 yards, and fired five rounds with the Starboard battery of which three were round shot and two of five-inch shells. Four rounds were fired from the Parrott gun. The target was not hit but the firing was good. It was observable that the crew requires practice.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, June 28, 1862.

A pleasant day. As usual I was up all this past night and turned into my bed at 4-1/2 in the morning. Early, too early for my comfort, Lanier came on board having just returned from cruising outside. He went without authority it not being

his guard and I made signal for him. He reported that the *Shepherd Knapp* had made signals that he understood a stranger and suspicious sail was outside and that he went in pursuit with the *Alabama*. Lanier breakfasted with me.

Had target practice with muskets by the whole ship's company except the Engineer[ing] Department and the Contrabands. The target was a ball 22 inches in diameter moored upon barrel 100 yards from the ship and the swell was considerably felt, both in the ship and by the target, the practice was as good as could be expected.

The quality of his crew's marksmanship was the least of Marchand's problems. That afternoon he received an angry communication from Lieutenant Commander Upshur of the *Flambeau* who objected most strenuously to the presence of the *Racer* among the blockade squadron:

Letter: Upshur to Marchand, June 28, 1862.[14]

I have to report that last night between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, it was reported to me by the officer of the deck, that the English vessel of war *Racer,* now lying within our lines exhibited a very large and brilliant light for some seconds and then flashed the same five distinct times. The aforementioned, officer and others who witnessed this, supposed it to have been a signal to the shore. I can scarcely credit this—but, to say the least of it, the presence of this ship among our Blockading Squadron is, to me, one of the Commanders, exceedingly embarrassing.

The *Racer* had exposed lights during the whole of last night, which might serve as a guide to vessels running the blockade.

I protest, therefore, that the efficiency of this vessel to prevent the egress or ingress of vessels attempting the blockade, is greatly impaired by the immediate presence *during the night,* of any foreign vessel; and I beg that, if in consonance with your views, the *Racer* be removed further out.

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[14] Upshur to Marchand, off Charleston, 28 June 1862. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., XIII, 150.

Upshur's letter presented Marchand with a potentially embarrassing set of alternatives. He could confront Captain Lyons with the accusation and risk a personal and official rebuff, or he could politely suggest that lights aboard the *Racer* be shuttered at night and only hope that the British ship would comply. In addition, Marchand felt bound by a previous commitment he had made to Lyons that the *Racer* would be allowed to run into Charleston Harbor. He decided to wait until after the *Racer* returned from that visit before raising the question to Captain Lyons.

Journal entry of June 28, 1862 continued

H.B.M. Steam Sloop of War *Racer* got underway and ran into Charleston Harbor, a tugboat under the English Union Jack and a white flag having a short time previously come out with a Pilot for her, or at least I so inferred as Captain Lyons had yesterday informed me that such would be the case.

The *Flag* came from her station and Commander Strong made me a visit. It was dark before we regained our anchorage in the blockading line.

In the end, Marchand's cautious avoidance of the problem saved him from having to face it at all. The *Racer* left Charleston the next day and steamed off to the south making a great deal of black smoke.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, June 29, 1862.

[There was] but little wind in the early part of the day, [but] towards noon it freshened and after night half a gale was blowing from [the] south-southwest with much lightning all around the heavens and threatening weather. I anticipate a northeast gale. During the past night a heavy rain squall was over us and, as I kept watch during the entire night, [I] was quite dampened although partially protected in the gangway. At four this morning [when] I first lay down to sleep, the daylight was not perfect at that time, hence I was called when it became so, and until six reports were made at short intervals. At 6-1/2 the *Keystone State* was reported as being near and anchoring [but] I was very sleepy having had no sleep for 21 hours and did not turn out. At seven it was

reported that Commander LeRoy was coming on board and having in company Commander Raymond Rodgers. Without sleep I turned out and in dishabille entertained them 'till eight. I wanted them to breakfast with me and so expressed myself, [but] both united in saying I had better go to sleep and they returned to the *Keystone State.*

Raymond Rodgers gave the startling intelligence that the army was evacuating James Island and the Stono River [and] consequently the attack upon Charleston, without even General Hunter communicating with the Flag Officer. It was the accidental circumstance of one of the officers of the *Wabash* being ashore at Hilton Head in the Quartermaster's office, hearing that transports were being sent to bring the army, that the Flag Officer knew anything about it. Consequently Raymond Rodgers came in the *Keystone State* to communicate with Captain Drayton as to ulterior movements of the naval forces in the Stono River.

For a full week after the Battle of Secessionville, the army had remained encamped on the banks of the Stono River near the Grimball plantation. Confederate forces near Secessionville had spent the week strengthening their fortifications across the island; the Union army was as securely hemmed in as if it had been locked in a prison. News of the army's evacuation was received with almost universal delight by the men of the army and with disgust by the officers of the navy. Marchand was shocked that the army was surrendering such a valuable foothold to the "key of Charleston." Commander Drayton was even more outraged. He wrote Du Pont that "what is being done will not only greatly inspirit the enemy, but depress our own troops, who must look upon themselves as beaten off, and by a force little, if any, superior to theirs."[15] He was even more forthright in speaking to the Union generals. He asked them sarcastically if they would next abandon Fort Pulaski and Fernandina, two more places which he claimed had been captured by the navy and handed over to the army.[16] His sense of outrage grew as time passed. Two days later he wrote: "My disgust at this wretched evacuation is more than I

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[15] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono Inlet, 30 June 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 158.

[16] Quoted in Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 4 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 150.

like to express, although I have done so pretty freely."[17] Commander Steedman added his voice to the general chorus of disapproval. The army, he wrote, has "shamefully and unaccountably" given up "the key to Charleston . . .. It makes me sick at heart . . .."[18] Du Pont, while more politic in his statements, agreed that the evacuation was unwise. "What you say about the army is very true," he wrote to his wife, "there is something inculcated at West Point which is *mean* . . .."[19]

General Hunter's rationale for the abandonment of Stono Inlet was based on the unlikelihood of reinforcements and a fear of tropical disease:

Letter: Hunter to Wright, June 27, 1862.[20]

Hearing from Washington that there is no probability of our receiving reinforcements and it being all-important to provide for the health of the command in the sickly season approaching, I have determined to abandon James Island, in order that the troops may be placed where, insofar as practicable in this climate, they may be out of the way of malarious influences, and where the picket duty will not be so exhausting on our men as at present.

Disappointed that the plans on which he had pinned such grand hopes had born such bitter fruit, Marchand resignedly returned to the familiar tasks of managing the blockade. He was busy "all day writing [orders] for the guidance of the blockading squadron."

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, June 30, 1862.

This has been generally a good day. A moderately fresh south-southwest wind has been blowing making quite a swell and a rain squall or two in the afternoon caused some discomfort. As usual I was up all the past night and begin to feel the inconvenience. In conversation with Commander

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[17] Drayton to Du Pont, Stono Inlet, 2 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 165.

[18] Steedman to Mrs. Steedman, Stono Inlet, 4 July 1862. *Steedman Papers,* 308-9. None of Marchand's personal letters have survived, but it can be safely assumed that his feelings echoed those of his "ancient friend" Steedman.

[19] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 30 June 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 143.

[20] Hunter to Wright, Hilton Head, S.C., 27 July 1862. O.R.A., XIV, 47.

Raymond Rodgers yesterday, he told me that the Flag Officer had suggested it being better that all light spars should be shut down. Consequently this morning our yards and topmasts were sent on deck and the smoke stack white washed.

After noon, the U.S.S. *Mohican,* in a serious state of disrepair from long service on the blockade, arrived off Charleston on its way north for overhaul. Marchand learned that her commander, Capt. Sylvanus Godon, would soon be leaving that vessel for another command[21] and Marchand thereupon announced that he "would make application for the command of the *Mohican* . . .." He had never despaired of being transferred from the *James Adger* to a better ship. He had repeatedly written the Navy Department asking for one of the new steam sloops that were under construction, but he now decided that the *Mohican* would be perfectly acceptable. It was smaller than the *James Adger,* but newer, and unlike Marchand's present command, it was not a converted merchantman, but a real ship of war. He wrote Secretary Welles asking that he "be transferred to the command of her or any steamer whose guns can be useful." He added an apologia for his "ingentle" request on the grounds that he had "so long been in an inefficient vessel."[22] But until succored by orders from Welles, it was Marchand's lot to continue the blockade in the "inefficient" *James Adger.*

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, July 1, 1862.

A very warm day. As usual [I] was up all night and am beginning to feel the wear and tear of this duty. About six this morning a battery on James Island commenced firing a salute and which was successively followed by all the forts and batteries around Charleston. Whether these salutes were fired on account of the army so dastardly evacuating the Stono or some victory elsewhere gained by the Rebels I am in doubt; I hope however it is only for the former. The army has acted shamefully but I am delighted to know that the navy is not to give up the Stono.

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[21] Godon was transferred to the *Powhatan,* a first-rate screw steamer of 2,415 tons.

[22] Marchand to Welles, off Charleston, 5 July 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

The *Pocahontas* and *Sumter* both came near and permission was given them to coal from the schooner. Received a letter from Captain Eytinge stating that the *Shepherd Knapp* is nearly out of water: the *James Adger* ran near and delivered her about 800 gallons.

The Rebel steamer *Carolina* towed a floating battery from Charleston around Fort Sumter and into the channel between Morris and James Islands. Whether they design keeping her there or taking her into Folly Island Creek I am unable to determine. [I] wrote to the Flag Officer and Commander Drayton about it.[23] The battery had one heavy gun mounted forward and the other aft, but we were uncertain if broadside guns were mounted. The Rebel steamer *Aid* was busily employed flying around the harbor and I fancied she was employed transporting troops to Sullivan's Island.

The private trading schooner *Delphine*, bound to New York, arrived from Stono Inlet and delivered us a small mail.

Towards ten at night a vessel was seen in the offing by her lights. The *Onward* made signal and fired a gun. The *James Adger* slipped, ran out, [and] spoke [to] the *Onward*, but we could see nothing and returned to our anchorage. The *Alabama* fired two guns and hoisted lights as if going in chase. Subsequently [I] learned that the strange vessel was the *Bienville* which had supposed to have seen a vessel about dark and went in pursuit and the lights seen were from the former searching the way to her anchorage.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, July 2, 1862.

Another burning hot day. As usual I was up all night and the effects are breaking me down . . ..

The surveying steamer *Bibb*, on her way from Stono to Hampton Roads, stopped a short time. Captain Boutelle made me a visit of an hour and explained the disgraceful course of our commanding general in evacuating the Stono and leaving our gunboats without any previous notion to the Flag Officer. The steamer *Massachusetts* on her return trip to Philadelphia stopped a short time but her supplies being nearly out, could furnish fresh provisions to but few vessels.

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[23] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 1 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 162-3.

Our steamers as usual crowded around the *Massachusetts* in expectation of being supplied. Lieutenant Commander Ammen came on board and explained the improbability of his making a reconnaissance through Pumpkin Hill Channel as suggested in my note to him yesterday[24] to look for the position of the floating battery towed down by the enemy yesterday.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, July 3, 1862.

A still more heated day. Had a little sleep upon deck the past night but as it was in the heavy dew, the consequence has been my feeling more unwell today than usual from long watchfulness. The moonlight nights will soon come round and I will have more sleep and less watchfulness. This morning I felt really sick and had much fever. I pray thee Heavenly Parent to preserve me in health during my mission here for my dear wife and children's reputation but Thy will not mine be done.

Ammen made me a visit, I am always happy to see him as he ever imparts information. The *Flambeau* came from her anchorage and went out to the fishing ground: in the evening she returned and Upshur brought me a number of black fish but what distressed me was his report that the driving wheel of the engine had most of the wooden cogs broken [and] therefore the engine [was] almost broken down. I directed him to anchor for tonight to the south and east off shore that in the event of bad weather and the engine entirely breaking down he might claw off shore under sail.

In the evening saw the Rebel steamer *Carolina* at anchor behind Morris Island. When she went there I do not know as some of the officers of the deck make few reports to me. Also saw the *Aid* plying between Charleston and Sullivan's Island as if transporting more soldiers to the latter place. Since the army has too disgracefully abandoned the Stono and gone God knows where, leaving the navy there alone, the enemy has been fortifying Morris and Sullivan's Island.

Today it has been reported to me that one of the two large ships in Charleston Harbor and which had been there almost

[24] Not found.

during the [entire] war, has had her sides painted lead colored as if designing to run out. This evening I could see the English steamer *Memphis* still alongside of a wharf in Charleston.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, July 4, 1862.

'Till two in the afternoon a succession of rain squalls then a northeast breeze sprung up which at dark was blowing heavy.

At noon the *James Adger, Alabama,* and *Keystone State* fired each about 34 guns in commemoration of the day, all the vessels of the squadron having been dressed with flags at eight in the morning.

By my orders, the Chief Engineer of the *Keystone State, James Adger,* and *Sumter* made an examination and reported the driving wheel of the *Flambeau* to be wrecked. I ordered Upshur to start out early daylight in the morning for Port Royal, the *Flambeau* to be towed by the *Bienville.* I should have sent the *Keystone State* or *Alabama* but both are comparatively slow and I expect the *Bienville* to be off Charleston Harbor tomorrow night again before the moon goes down.

Wishing to have a reunion of all the Commanding officers of this division I had sent out invitations for them to dine with me if the weather was good. It was raining and only Commanders Strong and LeRoy and Lieutenant Commanders Ammen, Pattison and Upshur dined with me, the remaining eight did not come. I thought the dinner a very nice one and I was highly pleased to point out to my guests the various good things sent by Maggie.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, July 5, 1862.

Never even attempted to sleep until nearly sunrise and then from the numerous reports made, did not succeed 'till about seven. Therefore I breakfasted at 11-1/2 in the forenoon. It was blowing quite strong all the past night from the northeast. After sunrise it moderated, yet throughout the day the fresh wind continued from the eastward creating an ugly sea.

Last night lights were frequently seen seaward and in the squadron. At one time the *Onward* made numerous signals by lights and fired a gun at a vessel near [her] which immediately anchored and was examined by a boat from the *Onward*. It was the American bark *West Wind* bound to report to the senior naval officer off Charleston [or to] the Commanding Naval Officer at Stono, if the army had abandoned that place.

Other lights and a gun from the *Flag* indicated something going on north and east of the Rattlesnake Shoal. It was a schooner, also designed for the army at Stono, which by mistake had so nearly reached Rattlesnake Shoal that had the gun from the *Flag* [not] compelled her to anchor, she would have grounded. Still so near was she to the Shoal that to prevent her loss the *Blunt* had to tow her clear.

About seven in the morning the *Bienville* came in from cruising, took in tow the *Flambeau*, and started for Port Royal. The *Blunt* came from her station to receive some ammunition for her guns and in the rolling motion of that vessel one of the four boxes was lost overboard whilst being taken out of the boat.

Captain Nickels of the *Onward* made me a visit in the *Blunt*. Lieutenant Commander [Clark H.] Wells of the *Vandalia* sent an officer with his orders from the Flag Officer to report to me[25] and later in the evening he called himself. Made signal to the *Roebuck* to go to Port Royal and in the afternoon she left.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, July 6, 1862.

A pleasant day but [a] rough sea. [I] slept on [my] couch 'till nearly two in the morning then went on deck and remained until sunrise. Afterwards [I] slept in my bed so late as barely to give me time to make my toilet, go on deck at 10 a.m. have the Articles of War read, the crew mustered, and inspect the ship. The *Bienville* returned after towing the *Flambeau* to Port Royal . . .. The captain of the *Bienville*, Captain Mullany, did not call but sent his First Lieutenant with a message that he was *sick*.

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[25] See O.R.N., XIII, 155.

The *Alabama* had anchored 200 yards off and Lanier sent me a most piteous letter . . . representing that he was sick. I wrote him a long cheering letter and sent a late newspaper. Lieutenant Commander Balch of the *Pocahontas* came on board, remained 2-1/2 hours, dined with me, and I told him that from the condition of the boilers of his vessel he must go to Port Royal tomorrow morning. The return of the *Bienville* entailed another assignment of the vessels, she took a position in the evening next southward of the *Keystone State* whilst the latter closed to the north nearer the *Seneca.* Wrote numerous letters to go to Port Royal by the *Pocahontas* tomorrow morning . . ..

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, July 7, 1862.

Still another pleasant day. Was writing 'till one this morning, when I lay down, at two was up again, at three again went to sleep and a little before four was called and informed that a steamer was running into Charleston. Almost instantly I was on deck and between Forts Sumter and Moultrie was a steamer (probably) painted lead colored with nothing but lower masts [raised]. She was changing her course frequently, heading sometime one way then another and a gun or two was fired, the usual signal that a steamer had run the blockade. I felt mortified that a vessel had passed the blockading squadron and lay down to sleep after sunrise when I was awoke by the officer of the deck, Mr. Huse, [who informed me] that the steamer was the *Memphis,* the same which had been lying alongside of the Charleston wharf for some time of which fact he was assured by that vessel not occupying the place she did last night and her great resemblance to the one seen between the forts. When I first saw the suspicious movements of the steamer this morning and had a good view of her I was satisfied it was a steamer in all respects like the *Memphis* if not her with exception only that she was much lighter in the water being without cargo. And as I am aware that no cotton is permitted to be exported, [I] am satisfied that it was the *Memphis* unsuccessfully attempting to run out. At least I lay that flattering unction to my mind.[26]

[26] See Marchand's official report. *Ibid.*, 175.

The *James Adger* having several days ago attempted and [only] partially gave water to the *Shepherd Knapp*, [we] ran there again and recommended that service when it was reported to me that the Donkey Engine had become broken down and no longer could be used for condensing fresh water. We delivered a few casks and [then] desisted as we were partially out and would have to depend upon other vessels for our own supply.

Captain Eytinge came on board, the most miserable complaining man, and [I] had to half quarrel with him. But before leaving he had received spirits as he accompanied me as a guest towards a strange sail. That strange sail was a ship seen all morning. I inferred that the light wind prevented her getting to the north in which direction she seemed bound. Her movements were suspicious and [were] so signalized from the other vessels of the blockading squadron. I had the anchor weighed and we stood for her. On approaching, a gun was fired at right angles from her as a signal to heave to which she did, having previously hoisted English colors. Mr. Carr boarded, but [was] seemingly delayed a long time [and] I ran alongside and ordered her to go on the other tack or anchor as she would not be permitted to pass our lines. Soon after she anchored and Mr. Carr returned with the ship's papers. She was the British ship *Lochinvar* of Swansea, England, Captain Wane of 684 tons, bound from Havana to St. Johns, New Brunswick in ballast. She had been an American vessel built in Castine, Maine, and sold and obtained English papers at Swansea on 17 February last and early in May had sailed from that place with coal for Havana. Her Log Book proved the correctness of this representation as well as the discharge of the coal at the latter place and taking in ballast and her leaving on the 1st of July. Mr. Carr was sent back to examine her hold [to see] if anything contraband was observable and returned without finding anything. The *Lochinvar* came in with her colors at half mast. Mr. Carr reported that a man was dead on board, that the Captain and two of the crew were sick, but the former moving about. [He also reported] that the ship had come in for medical treatment for the sick and that the Captain desired permission to anchor and remain 'till he died or recovered. I sent word [that] he might remain and I would

call or send to him tomorrow but that no lights were to be shown from the ship or the vessel gotten underway during the night, the penalty for violating which would be drawing the fire of our guns.

I must confess little humanity existed in my heart. They were, or pretended to be, Englishmen. The English are our natural enemies. Under their flag our country is violated by [vessels] attempting to break the blockade and nearly every vessel wishing to run into Charleston clears for St. John's. Tomorrow morning I will myself go and see the sick on board the *Lochinvar.*

After finishing with the stranger [we] ran [to the *Shepherd Knapp]* and put Captain Eytinge on board his ship and anchored amongst the vessels around the coal schooner.

About 9 p.m. when preparing to write this journal, the 1st Lieutenant, Mr. Foster, hurried into the cabin and reported that the ship was on fire. [We] went to quarters, the hose and water passed down the fore hatch and it was supposed the fire was in the fore hold. So unconcernedly was the whole affair managed that even the officer of the deck, independent of the crew, thought it a false alarm and a large number even retired without knowing to the contrary. The fire was in the forward port coal bunker in the skin of the ship occasioned by the coal heavers hanging a lamp unattended against the ship's side which [it] only burned a small hole. The speedy stream of water thrown by the Donkey [Engine] put it out.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, July 8, 1862.

A pleasant day. I am as usual up all night either on deck or writing. At sunrise, [I] went to bed but not before seeing the *Hope* at a distance coming towards us. Half an hour later I was again roused upon her arrival with the mail and dispatches from the Flag Officer. I had scarcely time to read the dispatches when a Brig was reported standing in, and as it was our guard duty we had to weigh and stand out towards her. She was a Brig ladened with coal sent from Port Royal to this place at my request, and [she] anchored near the *Vandalia.*

Whilst we were again anchoring, the *Flag* came from her

> station accompanied by a river steamer burning black smoke, the former signalizing a prize. Both anchored near and Commander Strong breakfasting with me as soon as he came on board, reported that the boats of the *Flag* and *Restless* succeeded yesterday (7th inst) in capturing and bringing out of Bull's Bay the British Side Wheel Steamer *Emilie* of Nassau, D.B. Vincent, Captain. She was formerly the *William Seabrook* of Charleston and [had] obtained a British register on 3 June last. She has an assorted cargo which by bill of lading cost $21,548.41 and left Nassau on 3d inst officially bound for Beaufort, S.C. By report from the crew, specie and Confederate bonds are concealed in the cabin and . . . Enfield rifles and other arms are on board not enumerated in the bill of lading. Before being captured, a large portion of the crew escaped to the shore and only the Captain, Supercargo, and four of the crew was found on board. Commander Strong reported that the Captain and Supercargo (both having previously violated the blockade) desired to be put ashore as their families are in Charleston, which proposition could not be entertained.

The capture of the *Emilie* was a colorful episode in the history of the blockade. Her smoke had been spotted at dawn from the deck of the *Restless,* the northernmost of Marchand's squadron. Immediately, Lt. Edward Conroy had ordered his crew to quarters and signaled the nearest friendly ship, the U.S.S. *Flag.* As he watched, the *Emilie* could be seen attempting to navigate into one of the shallow inlets that led from Bull's Bay to Charleston, and Conroy realized that there might be a chance to cut her out before she reached the safety of Charleston Harbor. He sent two of the ship's boats to attempt it. They were soon joined by two more boats from the *Flag* under the command of Acting Master D.F. Mosman, and at 8:45 all four boatcrews boarded simultaneously, "took possession and hauled down her flag, which was English."[27] The *Emilie's* supercargo, Henry A. McLeod of Charleston, later claimed in a deposition signed before the British consul in Philadelphia that when he protested the hauling down of the English flag, "Lieutenant" Mosman replied "Damn your protest; it's good for nothing." Then, according to McLeod, the "flag was

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[27] From Mosman's official report, *ibid.*, 178.

removed, and in a passion, jumped upon, the officer [Mosman] saying 'This (an American flag in his hands) flag will take its place.'" Then, according to the deposition, a scene of general dissipation ensued:

> All Lieutenant Mosman's men made a general rush . . . the cabin was torn out, champagne and other liquors were taken and drunk profusely, causing intoxication and riotous conduct. The seamen's trunks were broken open and their contents scattered about and a great deal stolen; one sailor, on returning to the *Flag*, being intoxicated, fell overboard and was drowned. An officer, in a quarrel with a sailor, drew a knife and cut him severely in the arm.[28]

In an obvious attempt to make themselves appear the injured party, the claimants protested that their cargo was made up entirely of "dry goods, boots and shoes" with only a little "sporting powder" and "a few thousand sporting caps." They also claimed that they had been in Bull's Bay only because they had run aground there quite by accident on their way to Beaufort, S.C., a port declared legally open to trade by President Lincoln because it was occupied by Federal troops.

Commander Strong dealt with these claims in a letter to Du Pont a month later.

Letter: Strong to Du Pont, August 14, 1862.[29]

> They say the steamer ran aground. So she did, but it was several miles inside of Bull's Island, in the inland channel leading to Charleston. It was owing to its being low tide that she grounded. As to the robbing, etc., it has been reported to me that the robbing, if there was any committed, was by their own crew, who loaded their boats and left on the approach of my boats. As to the man that was "wounded with a knife by one of the officers," as sworn to in the affidavit, it did not come to my knowledge 'till I learned it through this affidavit. I made inquiry of the man himself. He says he hit his arm against the point of a sword bayonet and scratched it a little, but it was not of sufficient consequence to go to the doctor with; it was not done by an officer.

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[28] The deposition was signed by McLeod, the first and second mates, the captain's steward, and three of the crew. *Ibid.*, 181-2.

[29] Strong to Du Pont, off Charleston, 14 August 1862. *Ibid.*, 182-3.

Yet even Du Pont had to admit that "some irregularities appear to have occurred," though he was willing to excuse them because of "the inexperience of the officers, particularly in permitting their crews to go into the cabins and saloons of the prize, where the liquor . . . was scattered about."[30] In any case, the rich cargo of the *Emilie* was enough to cover a multitude of minor indiscretions.

That night, Marchand himself dealt somewhat more gingerly with another British ship, the *Lochinvar.*

Journal entry of August 14, 1862 continued

In the evening [we] ran alongside the *Lochinvar,* the English ship which came in and anchored yesterday on account of the sickness of the captain and two of the crew and death of one man. When near, [I] sent a boat, the officer of which I directed to give my compliments, ask the condition of the captain and crew and inquire if I could render assistance. On return of the boat, [I] was informed that a medical officer's assistance was requested, and Dr. Atwood volunteered and went. On returning, he reported that the disease was the yellow fever of a light kind, that the captain and the two men were improving, that all who had taken the disease was affected before leaving Havana or the same day they started, and [he] did not think the vessel infected, also that the ship was perfectly clean. Upon inquiry the Doctor informed me that not a word of thanks was given for his attention.

The good doctor's ministrations must have had a benevolent effect, for the next day, the *Lochinvar* "left her anchorage and stood to the northward and eastward beyond sight."[31] Marchand noted in his journal that "Bullish like, no acknowledgement was made for the attention bestowed."[32]

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[30] Du Pont to Welles, Port Royal, 21 August 1862. *Ibid.*, 183-4.

[31] From a note at the bottom of a letter from Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 7 July 1862. *Ibid.*, 174.

[32] From the journal entry of 9 July.

CHAPTER XII

"RELIEVED FROM COMMAND"
9 July-8 August 1862

For Marchand the blockade of Charleston now became increasingly tedious. He no longer entertained any hope that the city would be captured by the army, and he could not foresee any alternative to interminable blockading duty. He also became increasingly dissatisfied with the *James Adger*. She had not been built for such demanding and constant service as blockading duty required. After 6 months off the south Atlantic coast, she was beginning to fall into disrepair. Her engines and boilers were cranky and increasingly unreliable. Like many another ship on the blockade service, she needed a thorough overhaul.

The men, too, were in need of a respite from the monotony of shipboard service. In the confined quarters of a ship of war there could be no real privacy and there was seldom a break in the monotonous yet demanding daily routine. To cap it all off, it often seemed that their prolonged labors were useless. Blockade runners continued to steal into Charleston on dark nights. Only if, quite by chance, a Union vessel lay directly in the intruder's path was she even sighted; and each ship that succeeded in running the blockade was then trumpeted in Confederate newspapers as proof that the blockade was ineffective. Accusingly, northern newspapers picked up the refrain. English newspapers reprinted the stories, giving encouragement to those who would make further attempts to sell their goods at inflated prices in the Confederacy and return with a precious cargo of cotton. The number of ships which attempted to run into Charleston increased rather than diminished, and the blockade runners were now better officered and less likely to blunder into the Union fleet. But the biggest factor in the new-found success of the blockade runners was the steam engine. On an earlier visit, Lieutenant LeCardinal, surprised by the strength of the squadron off Charleston, had suggested to Du Pont that two frigates should have been able to securely

blockade Charleston. Du Pont's reply was that frigates were useless against steam vessels. The steam engine, he claimed, "had changed the nature of blockades" forever.[1] The blockade runners now had the ability to run into port in any kind of weather and with either a rising or falling tide. They could time their approach to the most advantageous moment, slipping in or out on dark moonless nights unseen by the blockaders. Unable to cut off these elusive ghost ships, the men and officers of the blockading squadron grew sour and belligerent in their frustration.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, July 9, 1862.

I slept all night being the first time since the dark nights commenced two weeks ago and as the moon was bright I done so with a clear conscience. The early part of the day was pleasant but towards noon a stiff south-southwest breeze sat in making the sea rough.

We were getting underway when the *Alabama* anchored near and Lanier came on board. He complained that I always got underway whenever he came near. I saw he was on a growl and as he had eaten would not breakfast with me. My object in getting underway was to go near the coal schooner to assist in coaling the prize steamer *Emilie* which we did. The *Flag* also came from her station to coal and fit out that prize. Commander Strong came on board and we uneffectually attempted to rally Lanier but it was useless.

Even the commodore's flagship was not exempt from the general mood of despondency. The *Wabash* had been on blockade duty in the south Atlantic since May 1861, and Du Pont was concerned for the morale and physical well-being of her crew. Though he was loath to send his own flagship north while he himself remained at Port Royal, he decided that any other course of action would constitute selfishness on his part and would therefore be unfair to the crew.

Letter: Du Pont to Henry Winter Davis, July 8, 1862.[2]

I am sending home the *Wabash;* it's like digging a pit under me, but flesh and blood could stand it no longer. They have

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[1] Du Pont to Fox, Port Royal, 14 August 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 254.

[2] Du Pont to H.W. Davis, Port Royal, 8 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 157.

never landed (the crew) since they enlisted last March a year ago except to fight or work. I shall go with her as far as Charleston and, after looking to things along the coast, will return and hoist my flag in the *Vermont* until the return of this ship. The men have never uttered a grunt, and this is one reason why I send them. I am much worked, by broken steamers particularly; five came in since yesterday. I never send them home when I can help it, for they rarely come back, and the facilities for repairing here are few.

The *Wabash* appeared off Charleston in the predawn darkness of 10 July:

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, July 10, 1862.

The past night, although moonlight, did not afford much sleep to me as I was employed writing 'till 10-1/2 [then] up at 12 to take a look, turned out [again] at two on approach of the *Hope*, and for [the] full day at three. At 1-1/2, a red light from the *Vandalia* showed that a vessel was seen. I turned out and after some time a schooner was seen approaching; it was the *Hope* bringing information that the Flag Officer was coming and at three the U.S. Frigate *Wabash* arrived and anchored near the *Vandalia*. The *James Adger* was gotten underway to meet her, but much delay was experienced in weighing our heavy anchor, nor not 'till long after her anchoring was our ship standing towards her, then we [first] took a look seaward and [only] at sunrise anchored near the *Wabash*.

After breakfast I called on Commodore Du Pont. [I] had . . . several papers to show [him] which had been received yesterday, and . . . my correspondence which was voluminous. Much was to say and little time as the Flag Officer had many calls from the commanding officers of this division. I blushed to tell him that the *James Adger* was also a "lame duck" and at my suggestion he sent the senior engineer of the *Wabash* [on board] who reported that the condition of the boilers and of the *James Adger* was such as to require her immediate return to Port Royal. I then received instructions to take the *James Adger* to Port Royal upon the arrival of the *Augusta*.

Letter: Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, July 10, 1862.[3]

We anchored about daylight in the midst of the blockading fleet. The captains have been on board and with the old story of broken engines—the squadron is half crippled. The *James Adger,* Marchand's ship, is following suit and has to be sent to Port Royal; *Sumter* ditto.

Despite Du Pont's permission to return to Port Royal, Marchand's departure would have to wait until the *Augusta* returned from Wassaw Sound. He might have felt a twinge of jealousy as he watched the *Wabash* up anchor and steam north.

Journal entry of July 10, 1862 continued

In the afternoon, Flag Officer Du Pont . . . shifted his flag from the *Wabash* to the *Keystone State* and in passing . . . , the *Wabash* cheered, the *Seneca* and *James Adger* done so also. Near sunset the U.S. Steam Frigate *Wabash,* C.R.P. Rodgers commanding, steamed away for Philadelphia to give her crew liberty, they having been 14 months on board.

Before leaving, Du Pont mentioned to Marchand that he had forwarded his application for command of the *Mohican* "with a favorable recommendation." Meanwhile, however, the blockade routine continued.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, July 11, 1862.

I turned in at 11 o'clock last night as the moon was bright and at three this morning was on deck as suspicion was attached to something dark seaward. We got underway and stood out but found nothing. The *Keystone State* bearing the flag of Flag Officer Du Pont left at four in the morning and stood to the south . . ..

After taking a look around, the *James Adger* was anchored near the *Fernandina* to relieve her of part of her deck load of firewood, which was accomplished during the day. To me this was a day of rest as the sea was too rough for visitors and I employed my time preparing written instructions for this division of the squadron for the coming week and preparing to turn over charge of the blockade to Parrott.

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[3] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, off Charleston, 10 July 1862. *Ibid.,* 160.

Towards evening . . . the *Augusta* appeared in sight to the south and west and we stood towards her. For an hour or more we lay drifting close to each other, the wind and sea preventing communication by boats or by voice. Just before dark the wind lulled considerably and Commander Parrott came on board. Until 9-1/2 p.m. we talked explanatory of the mode of carrying on the blockade of which he will take charge tomorrow morning.

The night being rainy and dark, we cruised all night in hopes . . . of capturing the *Memphis* should she attempt to come out . . .. Our lights were not kept burning as the squadron kept [track of] the run of this ship, knowing the object in view. That a faithful lookout should be kept, I remained on deck 'till nearly sunrise.

Journal entry: Charleston and Port Royal, Saturday, July 12, 1862.

This morning I finished the remarks of yesterday after turning out at 7 o'clock. I found the weather very pleasant, a moderate southwest wind caused an agreeable coolness in the air and I awaked with a little impatience for Parrott in the *Augusta* to reach [here] that we might start for Port Royal. In the meantime we ran near the coal brig and took in tow a large boat which two days ago had been picked up adrift by the *Sumter* having in it a gas generating apparatus for inflating balloons and which had without doubt been cut adrift by some of the army transports in the hurried desertion of the Stono by our army. Two days ago, Lieutenant Commander Pattison of the *Sumter* gave an amusing account of getting the boat with that apparatus. When seen floating, he thought it an infernal machine to blow up some of the blockading vessels and cruised round it for some time. At length his boat approached when they made the discovery of its intention.

On Parrott's arrival he breakfasted with me and at nine he returned to the *Augusta* and we started for Port Royal.

On our way we did not see a single vessel at sea until getting near Port Royal but we saw our blockading vessels in North Edisto and [at] St. Helena and the gunboats in Stono. The condition of our boilers did not permit our going fast and it was not 'till 3 p.m. that we reached the entering buoy

of the southeast channel off Port Royal and stood in. The buoyage is good and I had no difficulty in piloting the ship inside.

Upon approaching the anchorage, we saw the flag of the Commander in Chief flying from the *Vermont* and alongside of which we ran for instructions. The captain of that ship, Commander Baldwin, said that the Flag Officer's instructions were for me to anchor wherever I chose, and soon we dropped our anchor to the north of the flagship. I found the *Vermont, Keystone State, Flambeau, Wyandotte, Norwich, Pocahontas, Unadilla, Huron* and *Roebuck* and other vessels of the navy, some preparing to leave for blockading purposes, others for the north having broken down and one or more aground to prevent sinking.

It was four before we anchored. I was fatigued and having little sleep last night and on deck all day, after dinner lay down and rested. At six [I] washed, made my toilet, and called on the Flag Officer. He appeared more than usually kind. [I] talked with LeRoy who was on a visit, drank ice water with him and Baldwin, returned to the *James Adger* at eight, [and] wrote several letters . . .. Our late cruise blockading Charleston was of 59 days duration and I feel much broken down by watchfulness and care.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Sunday, July 13, 1862.

A pleasant but warm day. Nobody has come to see me today. It is the Sabbath and everything is quiet. A good deal of back work in writing accumulated during the last few days and I brought it up.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Monday, July 14, 1862.

Nearly calm in the morning and a fresh south wind after noon. Early and before sunrise, the First Lieutenant and Chief Engineer were at work, the former careening the ship to reach a suction hole form put below the water's edge, and the latter preparing and taking apart the appendages to the engine. I felt a responsibility in careening the ship to a greater extent as the First Lieutenant had exhausted all proper means and it was insufficient. But by a little management the object was effected and it was found that the sleeve of the suction hole was not in as bad a condition as anticipated: a

few minutes work restored it to a condition to prevent leakage for a couple of months. The ship was then partially righted, hands were employed cleaning the copper and the operation of pumping the water out of the hold commenced (which had been turned off from the boilers to give additional list to the ship) but which was not accomplished until the middle of the day.

Du Pont was seriously concerned about the dilapidated condition of his squadron. The side-wheel steamers in particular, like the *James Adger,* seemed to be breaking down all at once. He feared that if the Navy Department did not send replacements for them that Charleston would be "pretty much uncovered."[4] Before sending the *Wabash* to Philadelphia, he had asked C.R.P. Rodgers to impress upon the Department the impossibility of maintaining an efficient blockade with a fleet of broken down steamers and a few sailing ships. Dutifully, Rodgers told Welles that Du Pont's forces were insufficient to the task assigned him. Even the "new" ships arrived in a broken down condition, he said. And if they were sent back for repairs, they frequently never returned. Rodgers' pleas had their desired effect. Welles fired off a letter to Commodore Hiram Paulding at the Philadelphia Navy Yard ordering him to give preference to ships designated for the South Atlantic Squadron.[5] Welles also dispatched several newly commissioned ships to Port Royal. He ordered the Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard to send the *Housatonic* and the *Canandaigua* to Port Royal "the moment they are ready for sea."

Letter: Welles to Captain John B. Montgomery, July 15, 1862.[6]

Your last weekly report states that they will be ready by the 25th of this month. The Department desires you to press forward the work on them. It is important that they should sail before the 25th if possible, as Flag Officer Du Pont's

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[4] "Our Flag Officer is worried to death. All of his sidewheel steamers and several of his gunboats are breaking down. I hope the department will send him two or three fast steamers for blockading purposes. If not, Charleston will be pretty much uncovered." Steedman to Mrs. Steedman, Port Royal, 22 July 1862. *Steedman Papers,* 313.

[5] Welles to Paulding, Washington, 19 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 200.

[6] Welles to Montgomery, Washington, 15 July 1862. *Ibid.,* 191.

force has been much diminished by the necessary return of vessels for repairs.

Welles also wrote to Du Pont:

Letter: Welles to Du Pont, July 28, 1862.[7]

Rest assured, my dear Sir, we will do the best we can to reinforce and support you, and notwithstanding you are heavily pressed, I know you will make all reasonable allowance for the additional demands that are made upon us.

Du Pont did not let the fact that he was "heavily pressed" prevent him from participating fully in the nearly continuous social activities of the squadron in Port Royal. On 14 July, he hosted Marchand at a dinner on board the *Wabash:*

Journal entry of July 14, 1862 continued

In the afternoon [I] dined with Flag Officer Du Pont in company with LeRoy, Commander Baldwin of course being at the head of the table. About four we sat down at the table and it being the first time for 62 days that all troubles of ship or blockading duty being off my mind, I forgot myself and after 8 o'clock, LeRoy first rose to return to his ship which reminded me of my forgetfulness being the senior officer as guest.

In the evening Marchand received two long-delayed letters from a brother-in-law, Comdr. George F. Emmons, captain of the *Hatteras.* They were dated 3 April and 6 June, respectively, and had lain undelivered in the post office at Port Royal since they arrived because of insufficient postage. Marchand spent the evening catching up on his family correspondence.[8]

Journal entry: Port Royal, Tuesday, July 15, 1862.

The morning as usual [was] very hot, but towards noon the sea breeze sat in making the weather pleasant.

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[7]Welles to Du Pont, Washington, 28 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 175.

[8]Marchand, Emmons, and Comdr. Thornton A. Jenkins had all married daughters of Paymaster Francis A. Thornton, U.S.N.

> It had been arranged at the Flag Officer's dinner talk yesterday that LeRoy, Baldwin, and [my] self were to call on Mrs. and General Hunter, so at ten this morning I pulled to the *Keystone State* [and] thence to the *Vermont* where a tugboat was waiting for the purpose of conveying us over to Hilton Head. Mrs. Hunter was indisposed and we did not see her, but the General was hospitable and for a while [we] enjoyed iced champagne and watermelons. Then we called on other army officers and returned to our respective ships at 1 p.m.

While Marchand enjoyed this social interlude at Port Royal, Congress was enacting legislation in the national capital which would soon provide changes not only in the routine of blockade, but in Marchand's naval career.

On 14 July, Congress approved an act abolishing the liquor ration in the U.S. Navy. Henceforth liquor would be permitted on board U.S. ships of war for medicinal purposes only. Throughout the navy, professional officers welcomed the new legislation with satisfaction, united in their belief that it would add to the efficiency of naval ships as well as improve the character of the enlisted men. Only one rather feeble protest was raised against it. The petty officers and men of the U.S. Ship *Onward* presented Lt. Comdr. J.F. Nickels with a petition protesting the "tyranny" of the act. Nickels forwarded their petition to Du Pont without comment, but the Flag Officer rejected it out-of-hand, reminding the complainants that they had all sworn to "oblige" themselves to any laws "that may be established by the Congress."[9]

Two days later, another congressional bill was enacted which reorganized the rank structure of the navy. It established for the first time the rank of rear admiral and set limits on the number of officers to fill each subsequent grade. There were to be 9 rear admirals, 18 commodores, 36 captains, and 72 commanders. The grade of lieutenant commander was formally recognized, and the title "ensign" was selected to replace that of "acting master." Of the lowest three commissioned ranks, there were to be 144 officers each. Three of the rear admirals were to be senior to the other six—these last to be officially listed as "retired." The three

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[9] Du Pont to Nickels, Port Royal, 23 August 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 275. Also printed in *Du Pont Papers*, II, 192-3.

senior admirals were Goldsborough, Farragut, and Du Pont. C.R.P. Rodgers, in Philadelphia with the *Wabash*, first heard the news 2 days later. He wrote Du Pont a congratulatory letter claiming that "your commission will be sent to you within a month." But even more important, from Marchand's point of view, was news that Comdr. Samuel F. "Hazard has, I learned, been ordered to relieve Marchand, who I suppose will get a better command."[10] But this letter, dated 18 July, did not reach Port Royal for another week.

Congress passed a third act which was of less immediate concern to the men of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. The Militia Act authorized the first conscription in American history.[11] What long term effect *this* new law might have on the navy was unclear. But Marchand had more immediate worries. On the day of its passage, he was still occupied with repairs for the *James Adger*.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Thursday, July 15, 1862.

As usual burning hot until the sea breeze sat in about ten in the forenoon. The crew being short in consequence of sickness and going home in prize vessels I did not like to reduce the working hands in coaling by taking away the gig's crew, therefore did not go out of the ship today.

That afternoon, Marchand was pleased to learn that the crew had completed coaling though "the engineers and mechanics [were] still employed on the boilers and engine."[12] Later, H.M.S. *Racer* arrived from Charleston and fired a 13-gun salute to Du Pont. That night Marchand was once again busy writing for several hours before going to bed.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Friday, July 18, 1862.

The weather was very warm with light south westerly winds until four in the afternoon when clouds rose from the westward and lightning soon after from every quarter of the compass, then it was that rain commenced falling and has continued until this hour (11 p.m.). Yesterday night the

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[10] Rodgers to Du Pont, Philadelphia, 18 July 1862. *Ibid.*, 163-5.

[11] Dated 17 July 1862. It also provided a disability pension for sailors.

[12] From the journal entry of 17 July.

Henry Andrew arrived from the Stono River bringing Commander Drayton to have an interview with the Flag Officer. I met him today and arranged things with regard to cooperation of the naval forces in the Stono and off Charleston.

During the relaxation from blockade duty off Charleston I have abandoned myself to sleep . . . and it was not 'till 9-1/2 this morning that I had turned out of my berth, completed toilet, and breakfasted. At 10-1/2 [I] went to the flagship *Vermont* but did not see the Commodore for a long time as Captain Lyons of the English ship *Racer* was with him and I did not wish to see him. On board the *Vermont* [I] met LeRoy, Whiting, Balch, Downes, and Ammen. After an interim with the Flag Officer, I returned to the *James Adger* in Ammen's boat as I had sent the gig to Hilton Head to deposit letters, both public and private, in the mail which left at two this afternoon.

Journal Entry: Port Royal, Saturday, July 19, 1862.

Changeable and rather unpleasant weather. [I] was awake[ned] by information of the arrival of the Supply Steamer *Massachusetts* at 7 o'clock and that Lieutenant Commander Cooper was coming alongside. He only delivered a letter from Maggie dated 12th inst. and notice of two boxes from her which proved to be as usual most good things for my table.

Twice [I] went to the *Massachusetts* and once to a schooner for [private] stores and in the evening to the *Seneca.* Ammen, commander of the latter, was not on board [so] I could not scold him for his not dining with me today. [I] invited him for tomorrow.

Journal entry: Port Royal, Tuesday, July 22, 1862.

About one, Steedman called and begged off dining with me as the Flag Officer had invited him to an excursion in a tugboat up the river. At three Ammen came and we sat down to dinner and had about half dined when the tug with the Commodore came alongside to invite Ammen and myself to join the party which we did. Then the tug called at the other vessels and all commanding officers [were] taken on board.

We had a pleasant steam up the river and seeing a very shady spot near a fine looking house suitable for a pick nick place we all landed (provisions and everything).

On stepping ashore, we were amazed to see three persons dressed as ladies on the bank above us. These were the first I have seen since leaving Baltimore on the 13th December last. A couple of army officers were there. Soon we found that we had stumbled upon a school established by the Abolitionists of the North with the patronage of the army for the education of young and old "Contrabands." The ladies which we accompanied to the house were the teachers, but such ugly three ladies I did not expect to meet together. They made themselves very agreeable but it could not be removed from my mind but that they had come from Massachusetts and New York with the view of "catching" some army officer or at least gaining eclat that on their return home they would not be compelled to remain in a state of "single blessedness." Besides education, the Negroes worked the land for miles around, raising corn and cotton, the latter more especially. I examined the cotton, the bolls had formed and in about two months they would open. The sun was descending, we returned to the tug, ate and drank the good things provided by the Flag Officer and wardroom officers of the *Vermont* and delighted with everything. We all returned just at sunset. I went to the *Paul Jones* and remained with Steedman 'till 8-1/2 in the evening.

In the early part of the afternoon I sent Lieutenant Foster to Bay Point with my regrets for the misconduct of two of the crew of this ship on liberty yesterday and to ascertain the amount of pecuniary injury they done the inoffensive Negroes.

Journal entry: Port Royal and at Sea, Wednesday, July 23, 1862.

The work on the appendages of the engine was incomplete but Mr. Douglas, the chief engineer, informed me that we could go to sea and the unfinished work might be sent afterwards. I called on the Flag Officer at eleven, reported that we would be ready for sea this afternoon, had a long talk about . . . conducting the blockade of Charleston, received

my written orders to reassume it, and returned to the *James Adger.*[13]

Early [I] sent to the Express and Post Officer for the [mail for the] blockading squadron off Charleston and [I also sent] money to Bay Point amounting to $30 for the injury inflicted upon the Negroes' property by two of our liberty men a couple of days ago.

[The] day before yesterday, [I] promised to dine with Steedman today at four if I did not get to sea. Finding that we could leave, [I] notified Steedman and about 3 p.m. he, LeRoy, and Ammen called to take leave. At 4:30 we weighed anchor, stood out, and soon after six passed the outer buoy of the southeast channel, I acting as Pilot. A course was shaped to carry us 10 or 15 miles from the land in hope that we might pick up a prize.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, July 24, 1862.

A pleasant but warm day. All last night we steamed slowly along at a distance of about 10 miles from the land. At daylight nothing was in sight seaward but inshore could be seen the masts of the blockading squadron off Charleston and for which we ran. Not long after[ward], the *Bienville* stood out for us and Commander Mullany reported the condition of things. We both ran in and anchored near the *Augusta.* Parrott came on board. It was 6 o'clock [and] both he and I had been up most of the night and were sleepy, [but] he declined sleeping in my room 'till breakfast and returned to his ship. After breakfast Commander Mullany came on board and we had a long talk.

Commander Lanier, still "in a growl," also came on board and remained until evening.

Mullany had left for some time when Parrott again returned to the ship by invitation and after a vast amount of trouble, Lanier was persuaded, or rather forced, to dine with Parrott and myself. When Lanier left in the evening he

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[13] "You will please proceed as soon as the *James Adger* is ready for service again, and resume the blockade off Charleston and its approaches as senior officer.

"I need add nothing to this order, except to invoke a continuance of that earnest zeal which has hitherto marked your efforts in conducting this most difficult service." Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 23 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 207.

involuntarily expressed himself to the effect that he had for one day forgotten his sickness and was particularly contented with his being off Charleston.

Upon my arrival in the morning it was reported that a steamer had succeeded in running the blockade during the past night.[14] From the confused information I could obtain, the strange steamer was first seen a little before four in the morning. Those at the northern end of our line said she was then in the Main Ship Channel some distance south of a line with Cumming's Point on Morris Island. Those on towards the southern end of the line before Charleston represent that she bore on a line east of the Moultrie's house on Sullivan's Island and therefore was either in the Swash or Maffitt's channel. Each party [was] desirous to show that the steamer did not pass near them. From the different accounts I am under the impression that the steamer passed through Maffitt's channel.

The Commander of the *America* [Acting Master John *Baker*] represented that about midnight, he then being at anchor towards Dewee's Inlet and north of the Rattlesnake [Shoal], saw a steamer attempting to pass westward between him and the Rattlesnake. He slipped his chain and fired three shells. Upon the first discharge the stranger, which had barely headway and seem[ed] to be feeling his way along, turned suddenly and in a few minutes was lost to sight in the darkness. The wind being light he [Baker] could not make progress and soon anchored supposing that the inner vessels would see and hear the discharges of his guns. Whether this was the steamer that succeeded in violating the blockade is uncertain as experience proved that they come but rarely singly . . .. The U.S. Steamer *Massachusetts* Commander Cooper which we yesterday left at Port Royal arrived and this division of the squadron obtained fresh provisions.

Before sunset the *James Adger* took position in front of Pumpkin Hill channel and the *Augusta* off the Swash. Before night the *Pembina* gave chase to a steamer which proved to be the army transport *McClellan* bound to Port Royal.

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[14] Parrott described it as "a rather large three-masted propellor." Parrott to Du Pont, off Charleston, 24 July 1862. *Ibid.*, 209-10.

The only event Marchand deemed worthy of notice in his journal on 25 July was the arrival of a privately owned trading schooner, the *Delphine.* She appeared in the afternoon and "commenced making sales among the squadron."[15] The *Delphine* and vessels like her operated under permits from the Secretary of the Treasury and therefore had legal sanction. But often their arrival presaged an outbreak of drunkenness on board ship. Marchand therefore distrusted these "floating grogshops" though he was impotent to act against them for he feared a mutinous reaction among the crew.[16] In reality, the *Delphine* was nothing more than a sophisticated bumboat, the logical development of those that had hawked their wares to sailors for hundreds of years.

The next day Marchand was pleased to be able to report to Du Pont an unsuccessful attempt to break the blockade.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, July 26, 1862.

[I] lay on deck all night and soon after sunrise ran the steamer out to the fishing ground near the coal vessel. [I] heard the discharge of a gun about 1-1/2 o'clock in the morning, and we were all ready for a run. [It was later reported that] a steamer resembling the *Planter* made an attempt to run in; that the *Crusader* saw [her] fired two shots, slipped her cable and stood after [her] but was so slow . . . that the stranger soon ran out of sight seaward. The *Crusader* then ran to the *Alabama* [and] on giving the information Lanier got underway at three in the morning in chase. Lanier sent me word that after getting underway he ran 25 miles in unsuccessful search for the steamer, and that he found a large life boat adrift which he now has. Captain [Alexander C.] Rhind sent me word that when the steamer turned to go back after his firing at her she was in about six feet water.[17]

That afternoon, the U.S.S. *Wyandotte* appeared from the southwest. She was another of Du Pont's "lame ducks" and was

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[15] From the journal entry of 25 July.

[16] Drayton to Du Pont, *Fernandina,* 14 April 1862. O.R.N., XII, 741.

[17] See Marchand's official report. *Ibid.*, XIII, 216-7.

on her way to New York for extensive repairs and overhaul. Her captain, Lt. Comdr. William D. Whiting, brought "numerous official communications from the Flag Officer and two personal ones from the Navy Department."[18] These contained welcome news:

Journal entry of July 26, 1862 continued

The first of the latter . . . acknowledged the receipt of my application for a transfer to the *Mohican* bear[ing the] date 15 inst. the other was dated two days afterward detaching me from the command of the *James Adger* upon the arrival of Commander [Samuel F.] Hazard, then to proceed by the first opportunity north and report by letter to the Navy Department. The presumption is that the *Mohican* will be assigned to me and I have not the least doubt but that it was done through the influence of Flag Officer Du Pont although I had been unremitting in writing to friends (many of them, however, proved not to be such) to give their aid getting me transferred to a vessel that carried suitable guns for war purposes . . .. I wrote my thanks and devotion to the Flag Officer for the exchange.[19]

Parrott, Wells and Whiting were on board and remained a couple of hours, when the latter left, got the *Wyandotte* underway, and stood towards New York. By her [I] sent a letter to Maggie which . . . was commenced when the *Wyandotte* first appeared in sight [and which began by] complaining of the little probability of my getting clear of the *James Adger*, and was closed by the agreeable news of my detachment.[20]

Having learned of his imminent relief from the *James Adger*, Marchand could hardly think of anything else. He began preparations immediately.

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[18]Not found.

[19]Marchand's acknowledgement of his official orders is in the Marchand Letter Books, but no copy of his letter to Du Pont has survived.

[20]Not found.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, July 27, 1862.

A quiet day. Being the Sabbath, nothing was done other than usual morning inspection. No visitors came but sadly must I confess that I desecrated God's day by working preparatory to leaving this ship.

Though Marchand was thoroughly ready to depart the *James Adger* and leave the Charleston blockade in the care of another, his job was not finished yet. On 26 June, Du Pont had learned from a young English refugee from Charleston that in addition to the *Memphis,* two other ships had slipped through the blockade into Charleston during the past week.[21] This increased flow of illicit trade into Charleston threatened to compromise the government's legal position on the blockade, for international law experts agreed that "if the number [of ships] entering or leaving be large in proportion to the number prevented, a strong presumption is at once raised, that the blockade is not efficiently maintained, and, as a consequence, the blockade cannot have legal effect . . . ."[22]

Du Pont was distressed that the seemingly formidable squadron off Charleston was apparently insufficient to stop the flow of trade into the city. Having already returned the U.S.S. *Flag* to Charleston, he now dispatched three more ships to Marchand—the *Sebago,* the *Blunt,* and the *Mohawk*—but he could do no more because so many of his vessels were still in various stages of disrepair.[23] He wrote Marchand a private letter protesting that "I am doing all I can to increase your force, but everything . . . comes in broken down." He also had a complaint about violations of the blockade occurring elsewhere on the South Atlantic coast:

Letter: Du Pont to Marchand, July 28, 1862.[24]

A steamer got out the other day, midday, from Ossabaw, Collins having deliberately left his station. Strong saw her and could have caught her from Wassaw, but considered her the

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[21] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 28 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 171.

[22] Deane, *The Law of Blockade,* ix.

[23] Du Pont to Mrs. Du Pont, Port Royal, 27 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 167-8. See also O.R.N., XIII, 217-8.

[24] Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 28 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 219-30.

Darlington. A Contraband told Steedman and Goldsborough she was coming down, and they took her for something else, and went on eating their dinner together.

This has been pretty hard to swallow, I confess.

Even before he received this plaintive appeal, however, Marchand had decided to return to his practice of staying all night on deck even though he continued his preparations for leaving the *James Adger.*

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, July 28, 1862.

As usual [I] lay on deck all night either watching or ready for a call. The day has been pleasant with exception of some heaving threatening rain squalls.

Was engaged all forenoon in packing my trunks preparatory to being relieved from the command of this ship.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, July 29, 1862.

A pretty warm day with squally appearance. As usual [I] lay on the settee on deck after ten last night with little sleep 'till daylight when I turned into my berth, but every few minutes had to receive reports of strange vessels, direct signals, or hear of one of our vessels moving.

The 1st Lieutenant [was] engaged all day painting the bulwarks of the ship . . . preparatory to his and my own relief coming soon. [We] wish to give a favorable impression to them.

Early in the afternoon accessions to this division of the squadron commenced arriving from Port Royal. First was the U.S. Steamer *Flag,* Commander J.H. Strong, next the U.S. gunboat (double ender) *Sebago,* Lieutenant Commander E.W. Henry, next the Pilot boat schooner *G.W. Blunt,* Acting Master J.R. Beers commanding, and fourthly the Steamer *Mohawk,* Lieutenant Commander Aaron K. Hughes. The commanding officers of the new arrivals of course called and [so did] several of the others. My time was as customary much employed in duty and entertainment.

In the evening [I] sent the *Flag, Mohawk,* and *Blunt* cruising off as it was too late to alter [the] position [of the

squadron] and [I] placed the *Sebago* between the *James Adger*, off Pumpkin Hill channel, and the *Augusta*, off the Swash channel . . ..[25]

[I] received a private letter from the Flag Officer commenting upon [how] the mode the blockade is kept up elsewhere under his command and mentioning certain steamers having succeeded in running into Charleston some time ago.[26]

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, July 30, 1862.

[I was] on deck all night as usual and just before sunrise went below to turn into my berth. Scarcely had I taken off my clothes when a signal was reported from the *Crusader* that her engine was disabled. I again dressed, directed signal for the *Alabama* to come within hail, and sitting down wrote a long dispatch and a private letter to the Flag Officer[27] and a short letter to Maggie . . ..

Whilst so engaged, the *Alabama* reached me and Lanier came on board reporting that he had sent a boat to the *Crusader* and ascertained that her engine had entirely broken down. Lanier was not at all dissatisfied when I ordered him in the *Alabama* to tow the *Crusader* to Port Royal. By eight in the morning both vessels were off.

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[25]This morning the following vessels composed my command. [From the journal entry of 30 July.]

Steamer	*James Adger*	Commander	Marchand
Steamer	*Flag*	Commander	Strong
Steamer	*Augusta*	Commander	Parrott
Steamer	*Alabama*	Commander	Lanier
Steamer	*Bienville*	Commander	Mullany
Steamer	*Crusader*	Lieutenant	Rhind
Steamer	*Mohawk*	Lieutenant	Hughes
Gunboat	*Pembina*	Lieutenant	Bankhead
Gunboat	*Sebago*	Lieutenant	Henry
Ship	*Vandalia*	Lieutenant	Wells
Ship	*Onward*	Act. Vol. Lieut.	Nickels
Ship	*Shepherd Knapp*	Act. Vol. Lieut.	Eytinge
Bark	*Restless*	Act. Vol. Lieut.	Conroy
Bark	*Fernandina*	Acting Master	Moses
Schooner	*G.W. Blunt*	Acting Master	Beers
Schooner	*America*	Acting Master	Baker

[26]Du Pont to Marchand, Port Royal, 28 July 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 219.

[27]The official dispatch is in the Marchand Letter Books and O.R.N., XIII, 222. The "private letter" has not survived.

Marchand wrote to Du Pont that "there is no reason to think that any effort has been made to violate the blockade of this place since the morning of the 26th . . .."[28] He also reported that the French steamer *Renaudin* which had been in Charleston Harbor since his return from Port Royal had finally steamed out of the harbor that afternoon. LeCardinal sent word to Marchand that he was bound for New York with the French consul and his family on board, and that a "grand battle" before Richmond was expected soon. After his departure, Marchand was visited by "quite a number of the Commanding officers . . . making it a busy time."

Once again Marchand stayed on deck all night. He slept fitfully suffering from the stifling humidity of a South Carolina summer. In Charleston, meanwhile, the captain of the *Memphis* decided to attempt an escape. Sometime in the early morning hours of 31 July, the *Memphis* slipped out of Charleston Harbor and passed through Maffitt's Channel into the open sea. Despite Marchand's watchfulness, nothing was seen or heard on board the *James Adger* and the next day her absence from the harbor was not even noticed.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, July 31, 1862.

> As usual the past night [I] lay down and rose up from the settee on the quarter deck. The heat was great, my underclothes were wet with perspiration, whilst the outer were wet with the heavy dew. At daylight I turned into my berth and slept nearly two hours . . ..

A few hours later, however, 40 miles southeast of Cape Romain, the *Memphis* was sighted by the U.S.S. *Magnolia,* Lt. William Budd commanding. After a 2-hour chase during which the *Magnolia* steadily gained on the blockade runner, Lieutenant Budd ordered his crew to open fire on the *Memphis.* A shell "exploded close to his starboard quarter, the fragments flying over his poop," and the *Memphis* finally hove to.[29] Lieutenant Budd took possession and sent her to New York for adjudication. His action elicited a

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[28] *Ibid.*

[29] Budd to Welles, New York 4 August 1861. O.R.N., XIII, 225-6.

personal congratulatory letter from Welles,[30] but at Charleston, Marchand remained ignorant of either the escape or the capture and believed the *Memphis* to be still in Charleston Harbor. Not until 2 August did he discover his error. Mortified, he wrote Du Pont that the *Memphis* had escaped "at a time when I fancied it impossible without [her] being seen by the blockading vessels."[31]

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, August 1, 1862.

As customary [I] lay on deck watching all night and at daylight ran further out to give room for such vessels as might think proper to approach without risk of getting on the shoals about Pumpkin Hill Channel off which we had been lying at anchor.

About 9-1/2 o'clock last night, being on deck [I] saw the flash and heard the report of two cannon towards the south and west and supposed they were from the *Blunt* arriving in that direction. Immediately I saw the *Bienville* run out and as it was her duty [day] knew she would attend the case as other vessels could not leave their stations. This morning I was informed that the guns were fired by the *Shepherd Knapp* upon the supposition that a vessel was coming from Charleston through the Main Ship Channel and that Captain Eytinge thought that she did not get out. Of the latter fact we toward the end of this line are entirely convinced for hundreds of eyes were watching.

The *Sebago, Huron, Flag, Augusta, Bienville* and other vessels came near for information and most of the commanding officers were on board to visit me.

Not all of Marchand's headaches stemmed from blockade runners, however. He also had problems with some of his own officers. A curious incident concerning Lt. Comdr. Clark Wells of the *Vandalia* and drinking water began on the first of August. Wells came on board the *James Adger* that afternoon to ask Marchand where he might obtain drinking water since he had only 7,000 gallons left. Marchand pointedly reminded him that he had volunteered to supply the *Vandalia* from the *James Adger* several

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[30] Welles to Budd, Washington, 14 August 1861. *Ibid.*, 227.

[31] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 2 August 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

days before, but Wells had rejected that offer as inconvenient. Apparently it was still inconvenient, for Wells now insisted that he be supplied from the U.S.S. *Flag* which was nearer his anchorage. Marchand gave his approval and Wells left. But the next day he was back again asking ingenuously "where he was to get water." Though Marchand once again offered to supply him from the *James Adger,* this time Wells wanted to be supplied by *Bienville.* Again Marchand gave his consent. But Wells, apparently thinking that it was Marchand's responsibility to order the *Bienville* to comply, did nothing about it. Later in the day, the *James Adger* got underway and gave Wells 1,250 gallons of water. Marchand took the opportunity to talk to Wells "plainly" about "the unnecessary quantity of water consumed by his crew and officers." Marchand noted in his journal that Wells left "considerably miffed."

That evening the U.S.S. *Marblehead* arrived from Port Royal. Her captain, Lt. Comdr. Sommerville Nicholson, brought Marchand late newspapers from which he learned of the passage of the "Navy Grade Bill" (see above). After careful scrutiny, Marchand despaired that "promotion is now distant than ever." He could not have been more wrong. Though he was not to know it for another month, he had, in fact, already been promoted, his commission as captain to date from 16 July. Perhaps part of the reason for his prompt selection was the lobbying of C.R.P. Rodgers, who noted that he had "spoke[n] to Fox about Marchand" while in Philadelphia with the *Wabash.*[32]

Though ignorant of his promotion, Marchand was fully aware of his imminent relief, and that knowledge made his last few days as senior officer off Charleston more bearable. Daily he looked for the arrival of Commander Hazard. But meanwhile Charleston remained his chief concern and ships continued to test the blockade, succeeding with embarrassing frequency.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Saturday, August 2, 1862.

A black ugly rainy and squally night has just passed. For more than an hour after daylight it was so rainy and misty that objects only at intervals could be seen and then, in one of the short intervals, a two masted lead colored steamer was

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[32]C.R.P. Rodgers to Du Pont, Philadelphia, 18 July 1862. *Du Pont Papers,* II, 165.

seen inside of the Moultrie house in Maffitt's channel. She was either at anchor or aground but an hour afterward she stood up the harbor. Whether she succeeded in running in through the blockade or attempted to come out is uncertain. I am afraid it was the former.[33]

Early in the morning, the *Vandalia's* boat came alongside and brought four Contrabands, one a female. They left Charleston at ten last night in a boat taken from the Navy Yard . . ..

The Contrabands supplied Marchand with valuable information about the defenses of Charleston, though the information proved scant comfort to the blockaders. Marchand passed the information on to the Flag Officer.

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, August 2, 1862.[34]

They represent that there are about 3,000 soldiers in the city preparing to leave for Richmond; that a guard alone remains on James Island, but do not think that the number of soldiers in the forts has been changed.

They state that two pile drivers are employed daily in driving piles in the harbor from Palmetto or Log Fort on the middle ground northwardly across Folly Island Channel to the southern edge of Hog Island Channel, and that these piles are close together. A row of piles also runs between Palmetto or Log Fort on the middle ground southward to Fort Johnson, but are at such a distance apart that vessels pass between them in daytime.

They also report about the two vessels building, one designated as a ram; the other, the Ladies' gunboat.[35] Both are expected to be completed in a couple of months. The former is very sharp forward, is of two feet thickness of wood, and the sides are roof-shaped. The Ladies' gunboat is built like an ordinary gunboat. She is intended to be plated with iron. A portion of the iron for covering them is on hand,

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[33] See Marchand's report to Du Pont below.

[34] Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 2 August 1862. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., XIII, 240-1.

[35] So named because its construction was financed by donations from the ladies of South Carolina. A list of contributors is printed in Orvin, *In South Carolina Waters.*

and is six inches wide and two inches thick, but a sufficient quantity has not yet arrived from Richmond. A portion was obtained from vessels running the blockade. They added that they heard everybody say that when iron plated they would sink so deep into the water as to be unable to get to sea, and could be used only in the harbor.[36]

They also state that at intervals steamers succeed in getting into Charleston and escaping from that place, and enumerate the frequency that vessels have been turned back on account of our blockading force.

It is painful to report the latter statements after every mortal exertion has been made with the vessels you have intrusted to my charge to prevent the occurrence of a violation of the blockade. I feel almost hopeless of success . . ..

Marchand spent the rest of the day reorganizing the squadron hoping that he could increase the efficiency of the blockade.

Journal entry of August 2, 1862 continued

Made signal and Lieutenant Commander Henry came on board, I directed him to take the *Sebago* and assume the position of the *Mohawk* off Lawford's Channel whilst the latter took his station south of the Swash Channel. In the afternoon, [I] signalized the Marblehead to chase a schooner approaching our line, [but] by mistake he must have gone after another vessel and did not return at night. After supper [I] ran up to the *Huron* and directed her to take a more northerly position. Downes coming on board I explained it to him. On our return to position off Pumpkin Hill channel, [I] spoke [to] the *Augusta* and *Mohawk* and gave sundry directions.

At night, Marchand was "as usual" on deck "alternately snoring and watching." But again nothing suspicious was seen. All day on 3 August, the nearly constant refrain was the breakdown of ships in the squadron:

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[36] In fact, the two gunboats proved to be eminently seaworthy. On 31 January 1863, they steamed out of Charleston Harbor and attacked the blockading fleet. Two of the Union warships, including the *Keystone State*, were forced to surrender and the Confederate ironclads steamed back into the harbor claiming that the Union blockade had been raised. See O.R.N., XIII, 577-622. 660.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Sunday, August 3, 1862.

. . . a boat came with Lieutenant Commander Hughes who informed that the starting bar had broken off in the socket and would require three or four hours to have restored. She did not leave for North Edisto until about one in the afternoon. The *Huron* came from her berth and anchored near. Leave was given to put out her fires for three or four hours to repair a hole in her starboard boiler. It was completed and she again is in her berth west of the Rattlesnake [Shoal] before sunset. I was extremely busy writing to the Flag Officer until after 1 p.m. when I sent the dispatch schooner *Hope* back to Port Royal. So busy was I that I had not time to be present at mustering the crew and hearing the Articles of War read.

In his letter to Du Pont, Marchand lamented once again the frustration of blockade duty:

Letter: Marchand to Du Pont, August 3, 1862.[37]

The last three nights have been extremely dark with rain squalls and mist. Signal lights and rockets from Fort Sumter are of frequent occurrence, and yesterday morning, when the mist thinned, a lead-colored sidewheel steamer was discovered either at anchor or aground in Maffitt's Channel inside of the Moultrie House. Soon after, she stood into Charleston Harbor. Whether she succeeded in running in or was attempting to come out is uncertain, as the thickness of the weather prevented her from being recognized by any of the blockading vessels, although the *Huron, Augusta,* and *Sebago* were at anchor close in to the entrances of Maffitt's, North, and Swash Channels, and in plain view had the weather been clear.

The blockade of this place is most worrying. I view it a personal affair whenever it is violated, but such feelings are not unexpected, and would be proud to endure them if the government can only understand the difficulties to be encountered.

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[37]Marchand to Du Pont, off Charleston, 3 August 1862. *Marchand Papers.* Also printed in O.R.N., XIV, 241-2.

Du Pont sent this letter and the one dated 2 August on to Secretary Welles. In a letter of his own he added: "I have no reason to doubt the watchfulness of any of the officers of this division of my squadron, and having been myself on two occasions off Charleston, I can fully appreciate the great obstacles in the way of maintaining a perfect blockade."[38]

Journal entry of August 3, 1862 continued

Commanding officers Hughes, Nickels, Beers, and others called on board. A strange steamer approaching our lines, the *Augusta* spoke [to] her and her signal showed her to be the army transport *Arago* from New York to Port Royal; she ran near two or three vessels and threw late newspapers overboard for them. One contained the information that Flag Officer Du Pont was made a Rear Admiral.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Monday, August 4, 1862.

Was up on deck all the past night as usual. At one in the morning saw lights of one of our steamers towards Breach Inlet moving seaward. At 2-1/2 [I saw] another. I did not like the idea that [that] important place should be left unprotected and longed for daylight to solve the mystery. When daylight came, the weather was dark and heavy with a great rain and when it cleared up the *Augusta* came near and reported that the *Huron* had captured a schooner and which she towed in and anchored near us. Lieutenant Commander Downes reported that about one this morning a schooner was seen coming out of Charleston through Maffitt's Channel, passed between the *Huron* and *Buoy* at [the] west end of Rattlesnake [Shoal] and stood eastward; that he slipped [his anchor chain] and quietly following after, captured her. She was the schooner *Aquilla* of and from Charleston bound to Nassau ladened with 300 or 400 barrels of turpentine. She was 77 tons burden and seven years old. No papers were on board and the written leaves of the log book [were] torn out. Neither could a flag be found on board. She had a crew of five persons and the captain, W.H. Ward.[39]

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[38] Du Pont to Welles, Port Royal, 7 August 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 240.

[39] See the official reports of Downes and Marchand, *ibid.*, 235-6.

Most of the vessels clustered around for information . . .. A number of the commanding officers came on board.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Tuesday, August 5, 1862.

[I] lay and watched on deck as usual last night and turned into bed after daylight. Again I went on deck before breakfast and finding the orders [that] I had given the 1st Lieutenant neglected, I set people to work myself and he hearing me give the order came on deck much miffed and tried to bluff me off. He had been visiting another vessel yesterday and turned into his bed very early last night. After breakfast, got underway and again anchored on the fishing ground near the coal brig. Soon after nine commenced target practice with muskets. The target was a barrel head elevated five feet and anchored about 60 to 70 yards from the ship. The officer of the division conducted the practice and every enlisted man except three Contrabands fired three rounds, the Marines four. The practice was not as good as could be desired. It was nearly three in the afternoon before it was finished.

The *Bienville* ran out and spoke [to] a steamer. It was the U.S. Gunboat *Paul Jones,* Commander Steedman, on a short cruise in search of a couple of steamers that had been prevented from running into Savannah River by the guns of the Martello tower on Tybee. Steedman wrote me a long note. The *Bienville* also spoke [to] the *Star of the South,* an army transport bound to New York from Port Royal, and obtained dispatches for me from the Admiral.[40] One was to send the *Sebago* to Wassaw and I immediately signalized her to come within hail. On her arrival [I] sent on board the four Contrabands who came off the *Vandalia* on the 2nd inst. and directed Lieutenant Commander Downes to put on board her the four remaining crew of the prize schooner *Aquilla* captured yesterday. Then dispatched the *Sebago* with orders to stop at Port Royal and report to the Admiral.

About 2 p.m. the prize schooner *Aquilla* sailed for Philadelphia, we having sent three of our best men whose time had nearly expired to form six of her crew.

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[40] *Ibid.,* 233.

The vacant space left in the blockading line by the departure of the *Sebago* was filled by the *Blunt* which place was off Lawford Channel.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Wednesday, August 6, 1862.

A very pleasant day. Lay as usual on a settee on deck all night. Today for the first time for months on the blockade I had nothing to do with business without the ship. Commander Strong called upon me. The *Augusta* [was] employed coaling, and the *Bienville* watering the *Vandalia*[!] The *Flag, Augusta* and *Bienville* were the only vessels in the squadron that moved today. I was busily preparing papers and my own traps in anticipation of the arrival of my relief, Commander Hazard, in the *Wabash* which is now hourly expected from Philadelphia.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Thursday, August 7, 1862.

Pleasant but exceedingly hot day. [I] tried to sleep 'till the moon went down at 2-1/2 in the morning, but it was utterly useless. From that time until daylight [I] did not care about it. At 4-1/2 in the morning [when I] turned into my bed it was then broad daylight but scarcely had I laid down before the officer of the deck sent a message by a stammerer that a small steamer like the *Ellen* was in sight outside. [I] gave directions to call me on her approach and then lay tumbling about on my bed with occasional naps of sleep 'till nearly 8 o'clock.

On going on deck the officer informed me that he had sent me word that the steamer was very suspicious and he fancied black smoke from the funnel. That the *Flag* and *Bienville* both gave chase and on the former nearing the stranger again separated. I confined the stammerer for neglect of duty in bringing a wrong message. During the day I learned that the suspicious vessel was an army transport bound from Port Royal to New York and was boarded by both the *Flag* and *Bienville.*

Early, that is 8 o'clock, [I] made signal for the *Huron* to come within hail and dispatched her off Stono to communicate with the squadron inside . . ..

The *Bienville* brought a letter from Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Commander Conroy, of the *Restless,* full of complaints. In the evening, the *Adger* ran to east end of Rattlesnake Shoal and I had a talk with Strong about the complaints. At dark, resumed our old anchorage off Pumpkin Hill Channel.

Journal entry: Blockade of Charleston, Friday, August 8, 1862.

As usual [I] lay on deck watching although the night was moonlight. At daylight the steamer *Isaac M. Smith* . . . came near and from her came Commander Hazard to relieve me from the command and Lieutenant Owen to relieve Lieutenant Foster.

The *Isaac M. Smith* brought a mail in which was a letter from Maggie dated 27 ultimo and a private letter from the Admiral suggesting that I should go to Port Royal instead of going north in the *Smith* and suggesting that I should take the *Marblehead* to convey me there. Watmough, Wells, Nicholson, and Parrott called, the latter dined with me.

At 8 o'clock in the evening Commander Hazard relieved me from the command of the U.S. Steamer *James Adger,* having been attached to her since 31st August 1861.

For once Marchand slept soundly, free at last from worry about the blockade. He rose at dawn the next day and, after hurried ablutions, went on deck to bid goodbye to the officer of the deck. He left the *James Adger* at 6 o'clock, noting in his journal that he had been in command for 22 days less than a full year. Commander Hazard was unable to see him off because of illness, the seriousness of which was not yet known, but which would soon deprive him of his new command.

The *Marblehead,* with Marchand on board as a passenger, steamed into Port Royal Sound at 2 o'clock that afternoon in time to witness the salute honoring Du Pont's promotion to rear admiral.

Journal entry: Charleston and Port Royal, Saturday, August 9, 1862.

When off [the harbor entrance] we heard much firing and the cause was [soon] revealed. Today the flag was shifted

from the *Vermont* to the *Wabash* and hoisted at the main, being saluted by all the men of war in the harbor as well as by the army at Hilton Head.

Du Pont received Marchand "most cordially" and invited him to stay on board the *Wabash* as his guest while he awaited transportation north, but Marchand declined, thinking that his presence would be a burden. He stayed instead on board the *Marblehead,* sleeping on deck to avoid the unbearable heat below decks. The next day, he bade farewell to his friend Steedman and boarded the army transport *Arago* for the trip to New York.

His journey north was leisurely and a pleasant change from the constant demands of blockade duty. He spent his days reading Knickerbocker's *History of New York,* and in the evenings he joined the passengers gathered on the quarterdeck for singing. In the midst of one of these song fests, on the night of 12 August, a sudden rain squall broke over the ship, chasing most of the passengers to cover. But Marchand was glad for the storm. He found it a pleasant change from the heavy heat of Charleston and the next day he noted that the storm had "purified the air" making it "quite cool and pleasant" on deck.

At daylight on 14 August, the dark line of the Jersey shore was plainly visible off the port bow, and to Marchand the sight was beautiful: "Never did I think it more charming, probably from long looking at the low coasts and neglected lands of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida." There were large crowds on the beaches of Long Island. Proof, wrote Marchand, "that the Civil War now raging in our land has not drawn away the seekers after pleasure and health at our great watering places."

At 10 o'clock the *Arago* came alongside the wharf in New York Harbor and Marchand disembarked. That night he took a train for Baltimore where at 4 o'clock in the morning of 15 August he "rejoined the family at Bolton Mansion."

EPILOGUE

For the officers and men of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, the situation off Charleston went from bad to worse during the late summer and fall of 1862.[1] The converted steamships on blockade duty continued to break down at an increasingly rapid and alarming rate. The men, too, were beginning to break under the strain. Marchand's relief on the *James Adger*, Comdr. Samuel F. Hazard, fell ill almost immediately. Less than 2 weeks after assuming command he was certified as unfit for sea duty by two ship's doctors, and he turned over command of the squadron off Charleston to Commander Steedman.

Steedman found the duty as comfortless as it had been for Marchand. On the second day of his tenure as senior officer he wrote his wife complaining that "I never take off my clothes until daylight in the morning and most of the time I make my bed of the boat oars here on deck."[2] Even more unbearable was the fact that despite his vigilance, ships continued to run in and out of Charleston. Rear Admiral Du Pont wrote Secretary Welles on 28 August that "some two million sterling of arms and merchandise have gone in[to Charleston] in the last ten days."[3]

Part of the reason for the inefficiency of the blockade was the poor condition of so many of the blockading vessels. Du Pont wrote Assistant Secretary Fox that "every vessel off Charleston is a lame duck now except the *Huron*, *Bienville*, and sailing ships."[4] But another reason was that the blockade runners grew increasingly skillful. They were no longer amateurs hoping to run through the blockade in privately owned sailing barks. The men who now navigated the channels off Charleston were professional blockade runners in specially designed steamships, painted gray to blend with the sea at night. They were cunning and swift and

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[1] For a firsthand day-by-day account of events in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron after August 1862, see S.P. Boyer, *Naval Surgeon.*

[2] Steedman to Mrs. Steedman, off Charleston, August 1862. *Steedman Papers,* 320-1.

[3] Du Pont to Welles, Port Royal, 28 August 1862. O.R.N., XIII, 287-8.

[4] Du Pont to Fox, Port Royal, 21 August 1862. *Ibid.,* 268-9.

knew their trade. The blockade, though gaining in strength each day, was growing increasingly inefficient.

The solution to this state of affairs, according to the Navy Department, was the capture of Charleston itself. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gustavus Fox was convinced that nothing afloat or ashore could stand up to a bombardment from the new Union ironclads, and he wrote Du Pont that with a few such vessels, the reduction of the Charleston forts would be a simple matter. Du Pont demurred, but Fox urged the plan upon him and would brook no objections. The urgency of capturing the city was highlighted by a daring assault on the blockading fleet itself by the two Confederate ironclads that had been under construction in Charleston Harbor for several months. In the early morning hours of 31 January, they steamed out of the harbor and attacked the *Ottawa* and the *Keystone State*. Both wooden ships were forced to surrender, though the Confederates were unable to take possession. After an hour the ironclads steamed back into port unharmed. Southern newspapers announced that the blockade had been lifted.

Though there were no more sorties from the harbor, Du Pont pushed forward his plans for an assault on the forts. He developed ingenious antitorpedo devices—metal barges that could be pushed ahead of the Union ships to trigger the "infernal machines" prematurely. After lengthy preparations, the attack finally took place in April 1863. It was a disaster. The Union fleet was repulsed with heavy losses and the invulnerability of the ironclad was dramatically shown to be a myth as the U.S.S. *Keokuk*, riddled by nearly 100 hits, slowly filled with water and sank. Though he had consistently opposed the assault from the beginning, Du Pont was the only available scapegoat. He was forced into retirement and replaced by Rear Adm. John A. Dahlgren.

Marchand's own career was untainted by any association with either the faltering blockade at Charleston or the disastrous attack on the harbor forts. After a very pleasant month spent at home with his family, during which he finally learned that he had been promoted to captain, Marchand traveled to Philadelphia to assume command of the *Mohican*. He held command for but 8 days. On 30 September his commission was revoked and he was recalled to New York to serve on a Naval Court of Inquiry. But the *Mohican* had been taken from him only that he might be given a newer and bigger ship. On 25 October he received orders to proceed to the

New York Navy Yard and take command of the new steam sloop *Lackawanna.* He wrote Secretary Welles that he would proceed "without delay."[5]

[5] Marchand to Welles, Baltimore, 25 October 1862. *Marchand Papers.*

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